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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

VOL. XXVIII MARCH 15, 1901 No. 163

## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

A World-emotion

WE sincerely regret that the very early date on which our REVIEW goes to press in order to appear in America on the 15th of the month, has prevented until now our expression of high admiration for the good life of the great Queen who has lately passed from among us.

It would be impossible to add anything to the countless tributes of respect and affection which have been heaped round the grave of the Mother of the British Empire. We have witnessed the consummation of a long life lived wisely, and of a gigantic responsibility faithfully performed. Such a phenomenon, in such a position, is rare to see; and those of us who would strive to pierce beneath the veil of things, cannot but be conscious that we have been spectators of a great happening. We have seen what an ordered life in high places can accomplish; we can dimly imagine how the higher

ordering within made use of the lesser ordering without. This much, however, is clear, that the world has experienced a new emotion. In the earlier days, no doubt, the world experienced massive sensations when some great physical shaking seized it, and some great catastrophe shook its body with cataclysmal waves. But never has earth felt psychically as she has felt to-day. Never before has she had a nervous organism with which so to feel. To-day she is covered with a network of wires and cables, and any important happening is instantly flashed over her surface.

The death of Victoria has given the world for the first time in history a realised moral sensation, if one may so phrase it. We have seen what can be accomplished; and if we are wise, we shall from it be able to foresee what may be the nature of the future development of world-feeling towards the realisation of a self-conscious unit humanity, feeling together, thinking together, aspiring together.

* * *

"We Theosophists!"

BOTH this REVIEW and also all other periodical publications conducted by members of the Theosophical Society for the carrying out of its three objects contain emphatic declarations that:

"The editors do not hold themselves responsible for any opinions, whether religious, philosophical, or social, expressed in signed articles." That:

"The Theosophical Society is not responsible for any theories or statements put forward in this REVIEW, by whomsoever expressed, unless contained in an official document."

Such declarations are binding upon us by the rules and constitution of our association. According to these no member has any permission to speak in our common name; no one, from the last-joined recruit to the President-Founder, has any right to

invoke the authority of our common name, or any synonym or expression which involves our common liberties, in favour of his or her opinions or views on any subject whatever.

And yet we are always meeting with such phases as "Theosophy teaches," or, still more reprehensible, "We Theosophists." We protest, and most emphatically protest, against the continuance of this distinct abuse of our common liberties. We join a Society whose rules and constitution promise us immunity from this danger; we are assured that the Theosophical Society is not a sect, has no dogmas, but only three objects, and a guarantee of the widest tolerance and liberty of belief. In entering its ranks, we are led to believe that we shall not be called upon to subscribe to any set creed, and shall not be held responsible for anything but our own personal belief, whatever that may be, and that, however much it may differ from the beliefs of other members, our liberty to hold it is assured. We all of us solemnly agree to these conditions on joining. We agree to promote, each in our own way, the realisation of the three objects of our association; but beyond this, and more important than this, we further agree not to involve the Society in our personal doings and sayings.

* * *

The Taking of Names in Vain

We have, then, no right to use such phrases as "We Theosophists." Such declarations not only stultify our declared non-sectarian attitude, but also inflict the most exquisite pain on our thinking fellows. For what greater pain can there be than for one who is endeavouring to grow in height and depth and breadth, who is opening his heart to sense the greater life, to find his fellows advertising the world that he thinks and believes precisely this thing and that, and feels this way or that, when he knows that it is not so, and that much attributed to him he repudiates with all his energy. It is often not so much that he repudiates general ideas, as that he resents having his precise attitude to those ideas defined. He feels it is not his way; in brief, it is no one else's way but the particular speaker's or writer's. So far from it being the view of all of "us Theosophists," it is the idiosyncrasy of a single unit among us.

All this is indeed a "taking of our name in vain." If only every member of the Society would think that the words Theosophy and Theosophist are sacrosanct, are not his or hers to use at their pleasure, but names of power deposited as a sacred common trust among us from the region of the ideal, then we should indeed be more sparing of their use. "Names of power" indeed, when we reflect how that it is the most fantastic statement upon which the general mind pounces when contacting such a movement as ours, and that it is not our sanity which receives notice in the press, but our insanity. Theosophy does not teach this or that, but each individual member who writes and speaks, says or states this and that. Let us then be more careful to say: "*I* think this is true," instead of "This is Theosophy."

* * *

A Quarter of a Century's Work

We would strongly urge those of our readers who are interested in the history of our Society to procure the January number of *The Theosophist*. Appended to it they will find the President's statistical summary of the Society's doings during the first five *lustra* of its existence. The "General Report" extends to some hundred pages, and every member of the Society should take this opportunity of learning something of its general history. Our President-Founder in his address well says that these twenty-five years have "brought the Society from its cradle to its time of adolescence, and vindicated its title to be considered as the friend of religion, of good morals, of intellectual development, a prominent social factor of our epoch, to be taken into account by the future historian."

* * *

The Society has spread its roots into forty-two countries of the world, and has issued no less than 607 charters to its branches.

Some of its Results

Colonel Olcott, speaking at Benares, divides the results of this activity into seven categories:

Firstly: We have spread throughout the world the teachings of the ancient Sages and Adepts about the universe, its origin and its laws, showing its intimate agreement with the latest discoveries of science; and about man, his origin, evolution, manifold powers and aspects of consciousness, and his planes of activity

Secondly: We have won thousands of the most cultured and religiously-inclined people of the day to the perception of the basic unity and common source of all religions.

Thirdly: In loyalty to our declared object of promoting human brotherhood, we have created in Western lands among our members a kindlier feeling towards colleagues of other nationalities; and, far more wonderful than that, we have effected a fraternal agreement between the Northern and Southern schools of Buddhism to accept a platform of fourteen statements of belief as common to both; thus bringing about for the first time in history such a feeling of common relationship.

Fourthly: We have been the chief agents for bringing about this revival of Hinduism in India, which, we are told by the highest Indian authorities, has revolutionised the beliefs of the cultured class and the rising generation. An outcome of this is the revival of Sanskrit literature, much of the credit for which was given us by the late Professor Max Müller, and, so far as India is concerned, has been conceded by the whole Native press and the pandit class. Another evidence is the foundation of this Central Hindu College, which, within the past two years, has received gifts in cash of Rs. 140,000 and in real estate of Rs. 80,000. After only this short lapse of time we see success achieved, contributions of money flowing in constantly, and every augury of a grand future career of beneficence before it.

Fifthly: We have revived Buddhism in Ceylon to such an extent that the situation as regards the relations between the Sinhalese and the Missionaries has been completely changed; the people generally are now familiar with the fundamentals of their religion, and their children, previously ignorant of even the smallest feature of it, are now being taught it in every respectable household.

Sixthly: We have started an educational movement in Ceylon, which has already led to the opening of 150 schools, attended by 18,400 pupils, under the management of our Society members in Ceylon, and some fifty other Buddhist schools under private management, whose pupils would bring up the above registered attendance to about 23,000 or 24,000.

Seventhly: An attempt to educate and uplift the distressfully down-trodden Pariahs of Southern India is promising the most gratifying results.

* * *

Would we had the insight to see, even though dimly, the real results which have been accomplished! Colonel Olcott has classified them, in the only way he could, as they appear outside; and, indeed, it must be confessed that the most important results are those to which he has given the fewest words. His first two categories represent the unifying nature of our effort, the others are means to this end, if haply they can be so used. We may,

Means to an End

however, point out that in Ceylon this has not as yet been the case; in spite of the marked revival of Buddhism in the island, there is no sign there of any comprehension of the vaster issues which our Society puts before it as its objects. The better mutual understanding between all religionists, which is one of our main ends, is a matter in which there is no interest in modern Lankâ. The only revival of a religion in which we can take a real interest is the purification of its cult and doctrine, so that life may flow into it, and flow so strongly that it shall break down the old walls of partition and so permit the erstwhile sectarian to bathe in the one ocean of the spiritual life of the world. This is our task the world over, and anything that makes for its realisation we welcome as work done and a desirable result. May then the day come when we shall be regarded not only by the Sinhalese but also by the Missionaries as friends and fellow-labourers for the best interests of both religions. Doubtless it will not come in our present life-time, for the prejudices to be broken down are the growth of millennia; but come it must with the development of the common sense of the world, and they who have been pioneers in consciously working for this consummation will then know how at all times to pour forth the sunshine in which their fellows will bask.

* * *

The Buddhist Appeal to the Churches

THE account of the Japanese Buddhist appeal "to all the ecclesiastics in the world," which we published in our last issue, was evidently based on a telegraphic summary. As the matter is one of great interest to all lovers of universal religion, we now subjoin a fuller account taken from *The Manchester Guardian* of January 21st. It is, of course, not to be expected that the present Western Churches will take any notice of this "Heathen" document; they are not yet religiously civilised enough to respond to so courteous an appeal for a better understanding. Nevertheless it is a distinct gain for universal tolerance that such a document should have been put forward at all; and that it has been put forward by Japanese Buddhists is an augury that in Buddha-lands, where there is still energy and self-respect, there the true spirit of the Buddha is still alive. The Churches in

the West have here missed their opportunity. The spiritual lead in the Chinese question has been taken by the Buddhists, and lovers of the Christ cannot but feel that He must be better pleased with the "Heathen" in this respect than with His professed followers. The fuller account of this interesting document runs as follows:

The representatives of the great Japan Buddhists Union at their headquarters, within the Kenninji Temple, in Kyoto, Empire of Japan, met on October 11th last, and drew up a circular in connection with the Chinese emergency, for issue to all the ecclesiastics in the world, and a copy of the document has just been received in London. The signatories, after referring to the manifold forms of religion which exist, argue that the fundamental principles all are essentially the same, all being based on universal love. The circular proceeds: "A retrospect of history shows that reverend ecclesiastics of all nations, especially the missionaries from the various Christian Churches, have sailed to China, in spite of its great distance, and have settled there, one after another, for more than a thousand years, since the days of the Tang Dynasty; and, not withstanding the greatest difficulties, they have, with one heart, exerted their energies for the propagation of their doctrines, and, at the same time, for the development of Chinese civilisation." High praise is given to the missionaries for the work they have done in the way of establishing schools, libraries, hospitals, asylums, orphanages, etc. Yet, it is remarked, the Chinese, contrary to expectation, have failed to appreciate the favours bestowed on them, and have destroyed churches, persecuted ministers, and taken the lives and property of Christians. This fact surprises the Buddhists, when they consider the generally mild and amiable character of the Chinese, and that originally they were not hostile to foreigners.

Proceeding to seek for the causes of this radical change, they say: "The Chinese have perceived that these missionaries have secured for themselves an immunity calculated to subvert the established customs and manners of the country. They have also recognised in their attitude a tendency to ignore the statutes of the country, and a desire to accomplish the most selfish ends by the oppression of the Chinese Government and people. They have, moreover, supposed that the foreign evangelists in China have arrogated to themselves the power of protecting the followers of their creed in utter disregard of the converts' criminality under the laws of the State. . . In these circumstances they were led to the conclusion that the missionaries had been exerting their energies for the accomplishment of a certain obnoxious ambition by stirring up the unprincipled rabble of the country, and with this object in view had made their chapels and cathedrals a sort of asylum for criminals. The Chinese, in fact, began to entertain the idea that the missionaries were intimately connected with the foreign poli-

cies of their own countries, and that, having made themselves instrumental in carrying out the intrigues of their own Governments, they must have laboured for some sinister design, such as the extension of territory, together with the development of commerce."

"They saw with grave apprehension of foreign machinations, that missionaries came first, and were followed by Consuls, who had Generals at their back; and they have feared that behind the man who had come with a Bible in his hand stood a warrior armed with a spear and a sword." The signatories think that it was this feeling which led to the formation of the Boxer societies and the outbreak of last spring. While not exculpating the Boxers and other insurgents, they ask if missionaries themselves can be considered entirely free from responsibility. "As for ourselves," they say, "we are inclined to believe that the errors of judgment into which the Chinese have fallen are, in many respects, attributable to the conduct of the missionaries in China, and the justice of the assertion may be firmly established by taking into consideration the statements of the officials directly concerned in the foreign policy of their own countries, the public reports of the foreign Ministers accredited to the Court of China, the information given by the most trustworthy journals in the world, together with the existing annals of the Chinese Empire and its actual condition."

"Such being the case we, the Buddhists of Japan, cannot but express our desire that all the ecclesiastics in the world should, in conjunction with us, recognise the above fact, and should devote their energies to formulating some plan by which the suspicion as well as the apprehension harboured by the Chinese against the foreign missionaries may speedily be removed."

* * *

We regret to announce the death of Mons. Paul Gillard, president of one of our Paris branches. For years Mons. Gillard has worked in Paris with patient perseverance; he was one of the vertebræ of the Theosophic backbone in France, respected by all who knew him. At the late Spiritiste Congress held during the Exhibition Mons. Gillard represented our Society, and won for himself and his colleagues golden opinions. Our regret is selfish because it deprives us of an able colleague; for him we rejoice, for we are sure it is well with him.

# A DIALOGUE

CONCLUDED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 503)

W. YES; the more one looks into it, the more one comes to see that these emotions of the human subject which terminate upon God, are as much a normal part of man's nature as those which terminate upon any part of external existence.

S. What do you mean by emotions terminating upon God? May not the existence of God which is an intellectual idea be a pure fiction?

W. I mean that if these emotions are a normal part of man's being, if they are sensations of the same nature as sight, hearing, etc., they must, like them, be the result of a relationship between the human subject and something objective in man's environment. This something I call God, leaving it to each to form his own intellectual conception of what that word implies. You can clearly see that in every religion there are words expressing this objective factor, whatever the ideas attached to them may be. There are Christians who, experiencing some of these religious sensations, refer them to the Blessed Virgin, or to some departed saint. To many minds these present an objective factor easier to grasp than the more abstract idea of God.

S. Each religion, then, you think has its own peculiar idea about what you call the objective factor?

W. We may go further and say each individual has his own peculiar idea. Whatever be the words employed these words stand for quite a different conception in the minds of different people. The point, however, which I desire to make clear is that the religious faculty, like all other perceptive faculties, is the result of a relationship between man the subject and something that is not man.

S. Well, of course we know that all physical sensations are the result of such a relationship.

W. And it is interesting to observe how the popular ideas of what are called material things resemble these with regard to spiritual things.

S. For instance?

W. Well, the ordinary person looking at a red rose, not only perceives the colour we call red, but his mental idea at once attributes this colour to the rose. The first and most natural hypothesis is that this redness, of which through sensation he has become conscious, is a quality inherent in the rose.

S. Or if he lift a 10lb. weight, he concludes that weight is a quality inherent in the metal.

W. Just so. And for all the practical purposes of use and enjoyment it is to all of us as though redness were in the rose and weight in the metal.

S. Whereas the scientific man knows that colour is produced by the motion of those rays of light which the rose has reflected instead of absorbing, and that it is these striking the eye at a certain rate of speed which produces colour.

W. Yet in the conduct of ordinary life who stops to think of these things when enjoying the beauty of the rose, the scent of the violet, the taste of the peach, the sound of the harp. It is to the ordinary man much more important that his power of sensation, his sensitiveness of body and soul, should be trained and developed than that his scientific theories should be correct.

S. But surely you do not mean to decry science?

W. Far otherwise. Where should we be without it? And besides we must recollect that as there is the born musician, the born poet, the born painter, so there is the born enquirer, the man to whom joy comes from the satisfaction of his intellect and the delight of investigation; but these are the few, not the many, and in consequence of the limitation of power it is almost impossible for any one man to possess capabilities for both in any large degree. Few can give themselves to science without sacrificing artistic power, and *vice versâ*.

S. Which is very intelligible; it stands to reason that the man who is using certain faculties is in the same degree allowing others to remain inactive.

W. And a man will naturally use those most from which

he derives most pleasure or profit. We know for instance how much sharper are the hearing and touch of a blind man than ours, because he is continually employing hearing and touch to give him information where we employ the quicker organ of eyesight.

S. Still you will allow that many men think as well as feel, and surely right thinking must be a matter of considerable importance.

W. Certainly. But what we have got to recognise clearly is the difference between them. In many cases we may have very right feeling and very wrong thinking, or we may have very right thinking and no feeling at all; but for the conduct of ordinary life, the feeling is the more important factor. It is frequently indeed of the gravest importance how a man thinks, and that he should draw correct inferences from experienced sensations is absolutely necessary. Still the feeling is one thing and the inference another.

S. And you think that for the ordinary man the feeling is the more important matter.

W. I do; and I consider it the same in religion, though unfortunately the reverse is what has, for the most part, been maintained. Right theology has been regarded as the important point. Recollect, however, it was you, not I, who in the first instance decried theological speculation, and what, after all, is theology but an effort to arrive at right thinking? Metaphysics and theology have a perennial interest for the human mind, and it is only because some of us are so fully convinced that they are at present pursuing a road that leads to nowhere, and that their methods are those of the pseudo-science of a past age, that they have ceased to interest us. But, besides being an effort to discover truth there is another and very important function theology is fulfilling.

S. What is that?

W. It is doing a work of no small value in presenting to the common mind a mental hypothesis which it can assimilate.

S. Explain, if you please!

W. Well, as we said before, all sensations are accompanied by some intellectual conception. Man is so constituted that he

must form some mental image of the objective factor in experienced sensation. The man who sees the sun and treads the earth, must form some idea of the sun and of the earth, and similarly of all else he sees and feels. That is, he must entertain some working hypothesis with regard to these things. Now for all the ordinary purposes of life, the hypothesis, for instance, that weight is a quality inherent in the metal and colour in the flower is quite good enough.

S. You mean that such popular errors only become important when they are assumed to be scientifically true, that is, when anyone attempts to draw not practical but scientific conclusions therefrom.

W. That is what I mean. Now it is the same with theology.

S. I am not sure that I understand.

W. Well, if you will observe the change that has taken place in the character of sermons you will see what I mean. At the present day, for instance, there is a very marked difference between the mode of expression now and fifty years ago. Instinctively, and without understanding why, a number of the more advanced among the clergy is making use of the current theology simply as a working hypothesis; they are employing it as a means of expressing truths of feeling. The whole tendency of the best religious teaching of the present day is to let dogma fall into abeyance, using it merely as a means of supplying a working hypothesis, employing it as a peg, if one may say so, upon which to hang the great facts of human feeling which influence life.

S. For instance?

W. Well, the words "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous and His ears are open to their prayers" express a real intuition experienced by one possessing religious genius in a more than ordinary degree. The mental inference may have been, very probably was at the time, that this god of the Hebrew tribe (greater than all the gods of the surrounding tribes) had actual eyes and ears, resembling those of human beings, only larger. Such gross anthropomorphism has now of course ceased to exist, but the idea that God must have feelings as a man has them very much resembles this.

S. Still, I don't see what other than an anthropomorphic idea man can form of God.

W. None other, quite granted, but there is all the difference between the man who simply says: "Thou God seest me" and the man who proceeds to argue: "If you admit God sees you, you must admit God has eyes; if you admit God loves you, you must admit God feels love; if you admit God is angry, you must admit God feels anger"; and then inference after inference is readily piled up, the chain of argument being without a flaw. "We see the rose is red," therefore these argue, "redness must be in the rose." Yet is it not quite possible to believe the rose exists, and that to us it is as though it were red, without formulating any scientific theory on the subject or maintaining that because we see it red, it must be red in itself?

S. I think I begin to see what you mean. You think it possible to lend oneself in imagination to our anthropomorphic ideas, in the same kind of way as when we lift a stone weight we think of it as being heavy. We lend ourselves, knowing that the feelings in which they have their birth are true feelings; that is, are the result of an actual and very real relationship between ourselves and the object which is thus affecting us. At the same time our intellects may feel convinced that this object is so far removed from every mental conception it is possible to frame, that every idea must be utterly erroneous.

W. Yes, that is what I mean; the same idea is very beautifully expressed by William Yeates in his poem "The Indian upon God."

S. I don't know it.

W. Let me repeat it to you:

I passed along the water's edge below the humid trees,
My spirit rocked in evening light, the rushes round my knees:
My spirit rocked in sleep and sighs: and saw the moor-fowl pace
All dripping on a grassy slope, and saw them cease to chase
Each other round in circles, and heard the eldest speak:
"*Who holds the world between His bill and made us strong or weak,*
*Is an undying moor-fowl, and He lives beyond the sky,*
*The rains are from His dripping wing, the moonbeams from His eye.*"
I passed a little further on and heard a lotus talk:
"*Who made the world and ruleth it, He hangeth on a stalk—*

*For I am in His image made, and all this tinkling tide*
*Is but a sliding drop of rain between His petals wide.*"
A little way within the gloom a roebuck raised his eyes,
Brimful of starlight, and he said :
"*The stamper of the skies,*
*He is a gentle roebuck : for how else, I pray, could He*
*Conceive a thing so sad and soft, a gentle thing like me ?*"
I passed a little further on, and heard a peacock say :
"*Who made the grass, and made the worms, and made my feathers gay,*
*He is a monstrous peacock, and He waveth all the night*
*His languid tail above us, lit with myriad spots of light.*"

S. That is very fine, and I see your meaning. Each and every conception formed by the mind must be as far removed from the reality of things as that of the roebuck or the lotus.

W. At the same time we must recognise that to all of us some conception is necessary. To many that expressed by Tennyson in his poem on the higher pantheism is perhaps what best commends itself:

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

But really it matters little what the form of conception be, so that it be neither too far above, nor too far below, the level of the mind to which it is presented.

S. You mean theology becomes mischievous when it insists upon the acceptance of an incredible hypothesis.

W. Yes ; for as soon as the mind becomes aware that it is incredible it will probably proceed to pronounce the whole thing to be a fiction. Especially is this likely to be the case if the man be not endowed with any strong religious instincts ; he will also be inclined to give up all effort to cultivate these, believing them to be based upon delusion. If he be one possessing these instincts he will probably pass through a bad time in the effort to work out a new hypothesis, one which will not do violence to other parts of his nature.

S. The popular ideas of Heaven and Hell you would, I suppose, regard as such an hypothesis destined to disappear in presence of the Copernican system.

W. Yes, that is partly what I mean ; all theology bound up with certain cosmical ideas must, of course, alter with the alteration in man's idea of the cosmos, but what is not so fully recog-

nised is that spiritual feeling itself will produce a reaction against an inadequate hypothesis. The increasing sensibility of spiritual feeling (the development of spiritual faculty), which according to Maeterlinck is one of the notable facts of the day, and one which I think we can readily verify, is acting in the same direction.

S. How do you mean?

W. With some the breaking up of faith, by which I mean disbelief in the theological system they have been taught, comes from the failure of the system to present an intellectual idea wide enough for their religious emotions to work freely in.

S. I don't think I understand.

W. Well, I will give you an example. I know a person, a woman, I may tell you (indeed, as a rule, religious instincts are stronger in women than in men), who had been brought up by religious parents in what may be called the strictest sect of the Pharisees. She received a sound theological education, and took the keenest interest in the subject. From early childhood religious feeling had been very strong, and was evidently an inherited gift. She finally became a complete heretic. She told, me, however, that her first impulse to reject theology was the result of religious feeling, not of intellectual doubt, though that followed. She had been taught the doctrine of the atonement according to orthodox theories as they existed some forty years ago. She said that the feeling of relationship between herself and God as her Father was so strong, that the idea of a mediator presented a difficulty, and the whole doctrine of the atonement became repulsive to her. It was at first retained as a sort of appendage without any vital significance and was the first doctrine to be discarded. When, however, the whole subject began to come under critical investigation, and when, piece by piece, she felt the ground slipping from under her feet, the suffering this entailed was very great. It was due to the fear that all would go and leave her, as Jean Paul Richter would express it, "mourning with an orphaned heart that had lost its Father." There was really no danger, though of course she did not know that.

S. You mean that the instincts would continue to assert themselves after the intellectual ideas had perished?

W. Just so. The man who clearly sees the sun shining in the heavens will not be easily persuaded that there is no sun, though he may come to disbelieve in all the theories he has been taught about the sun. The blind man finding a flaw in the logical proofs of its existence may come to regard it as a figment of the astronomer's brain, not so the man who sees.

S. He will, you think, seek another hypothesis to account for the facts of sight?

W. Undoubtedly. The transition period, however, is often painful until the mind has thoroughly assimilated the new thought. Do you remember the description in that novel of Auerbach's you were reading, of the difficulty Olympia had in adopting the new astronomical ideas? "My father," she says, "soon set me to rest as to the movement of the earth, but I cannot endure the loss of the heavens yet. It was so beautiful when it was a fair canopy, our beautiful heavens!" This was the result of a change of hypothesis before the mind was able to assimilate the new idea.

S. In the same way that people at first pictured to themselves the folk at the Antipodes walking with their heads down.

W. Because they could not realise that up and down are merely words expressing relationship.

S. I suppose, now, you would have young people taught no theology; you would leave them to form for themselves whatever idea suited them best?

W. In no wise! The greater number would never think seriously on the subject at all. On the contrary, I regard it as a most important duty of the religious teacher to present to the young conceptions suited to their minds. In fact, I consider it much better as a general rule that children should be taught an untenable hypothesis than none at all. For, after all, the questioning spirit will exist only in the case of a few. For the majority the working hypothesis taught in childhood (if it be at all abreast with the times) will serve them to the end of life.

S. It has often struck me as very curious how some men of great intellectual attainments, and scientific training, can continue to believe in doctrines that one would suppose must be

incredible to them. Faraday, for instance, belonged to a religious sect whose doctrines one would imagine no scientific mind could accept.

W. That depends on whether the mind be a philosophical mind or that of the specialist. The latter is quite satisfied to keep his ideas on different subjects in what may be called water-tight compartments; the former, requiring the unification of knowledge as a necessity of his nature, cannot hold as true in one department what militates against it in another. Therefore in religion his working hypothesis must be large enough to make room for all he holds for truth in every other.

S. I suppose that is it. Faraday, when asked by a friend how he could believe the astounding propositions current in the religious sect to which he belonged, replied: "I prostrate my reason on this matter; for if I applied the same process of reasoning which I use in matters of science I should be an unbeliever."

W. Just so. But every one cannot do that, and therefore every increase of scientific knowledge makes a demand for the readjustment of theological thought.

S. It is of course quite impossible that even the ordinary mind of the nineteenth century can conceive of the universe in the same way as did the man of the Middle Ages.

W. Impossible. And latterly science has been making such strides, man's ideas with regard to nature and to man himself have become so revolutionised, that a great readjustment of theological conception has become necessary. The same intellectual faculties and reasoning powers which created schemes of salvation and abstruse theological dogmas under other conditions of mind, are now occupied in dissolving them.

S. You do not, however, believe that religion will disappear with these?

W. If religion had been an ingenious product of the theologian's brain, or the result of the priest's desire for power, religion would now become extinct; but being as it is a normal part of man's nature, the only result will be to create a new theological environment, accompanied we will hope by a really wide toleration.

S. Intolerance is of course the natural result of the idea that theological doctrines are absolute truths revealed by God.

W. Yes. It is the moor-fowl insisting that God is literally a moor-fowl, and that if He be conceived of under any other form that is heresy. As soon, however, as he can say, "To me God is as though He were a moor-fowl, why should He not be to you a stamper of the skies? Is He not great enough to include all the thoughts of all and yet be greater than all?"—then intolerance must cease.

S. But are not some of these "thoughts of all" mutually exclusive?

W. Undoubtedly. If anyone believes his God to be actually a moor-fowl he cannot believe Him to be a lotus. It is only when the mind has come to realise that every conception must be wrong in one sense, though right in another, that any real toleration of conflicting ideas can exist. But surely it is quite possible to believe, for example, that to the roebuck his God may be gentle as the roebuck, and to the peacock beautiful as the peacock, without being either roebuck or peacock. To me he may be as the roebuck, appealing to the spirit of gentleness within me; to you He may be as the peacock, appealing to your love of beauty. Why should these ideas be mutually exclusive, unless we insist that God must be literally a roebuck or a peacock, which was, of course, the position of the ancient theologies.

S. Still you regard it as a matter of importance that a working hypothesis, in other words, a dogmatic theology, should be taught to children. Now how could this be done by anyone holding such views as you do? I should like to know, for instance, how your heretic friend would go about instructing her children if she had any. Would she leave their religion to take care of itself, or would she hand them over to an orthodox teacher?

W. Neither. She conducted their education herself, not, however, without a feeling of grave responsibility in departing from the usual courses. She felt, however, that before all things she must be true, and never pretend to them to believe what she did not believe.

S. I expect she was right there. I heard an amusing story

the other day of a child to whom its mother was reading Bible stories. The child, who must have been very smart in more ways than one, broke in with the exclamation: "These are fairy tales, mother, and you know it."

W. The child felt by a sure instinct that the mother did not believe the stories, but desired that the child should do so.

S. I suppose that was it. Well, let us hear about your woman. I am interested.

W. At some future time perhaps.

S. E. C.

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# THE VENGEANCE OF PASHT.

DRAW your chair closer to mine, child, that my failing eyes may see your fresh, happy face, and lay your hand, the kind little hand that has tended me so long and so faithfully, upon my fevered brow. I have often read in your young eyes compassion and pity for the lonely and suffering old woman.

Lonely? Ah, how little you understand—you in your busy happiness, the life of the day—the hour! What can you know of memories from the long past, the vanished splendours, that fill my heart to-day?

How few can fathom that mysterious force, the Will, that lives on through long series of lives and *remembers!* How few ever comprehend a resignation taught by the bitter experience of the ages, given to the soul that has worked out its own destiny, receiving retribution, and finally purification, for the sins of all previous existences!

For the dream-life may become more real than our actual daily existence; and as I lie here, sleepless and tortured with pain, I live once more in visions of my past happiness, and I am content to know that I suffer for the sins which have nearly worked out their own course. My penance is all but over, and my soul longs for the rosy slumber of the heaven-world. To

but few is it given to lift the veil of the Past, and to fewer yet to gaze upon the awful secret of the Future.

Look into my eyes, and behold the spirit of one who is older than even the history of your cold land! Listen undismayed to the story of my past, nor deem it but the wild ravings of a fevered brain. My strength is ebbing fast, but I would tell you all while there is yet time. Once I too was young, and lived and laughed and loved in the Land of the Sun, in the beautiful city of Memphis, by the Sacred Nile. I would not look again upon that spot! Gone are its temples and its palaces; and the wild dog and the jackal howl in the ruins of those halls where my fathers held their court. In the tombs of my ancestors fellaheen prowl and tear the ornaments from the defenceless dead, and sell them to the impious tourist.

I, Princess Amuni, was of royal line, a daughter of Pharaohs; the deeds of my illustrious sire can be read to this day on his royal tomb where the victories of the Lord of the World remain eternally engraved.

My childhood and my maidenhood were passed in happy seclusion in my father's palace. I roamed through the gardens and palm-groves with my maidens, I plucked the fragrant lotus to weave crowns for our feasts, and bathed in the cool fountains, or floated over the waters of our Holy River attended by a willing retinue of slaves, to the sound of glad music and song. Fairest of all was I, with hair that unbound reached the marble beneath my feet; but I took small thought for my beauty or pleasure therein, but ever strove to excel my companions in study and the sacred mysteries of our religion, passing long nights in deciphering the truths written in the stars, and proving myself by wisdom and diligence worthy to be a king's daughter.

One morn a messenger brought word that my royal father demanded my presence. I called my women to my help, and, bathed and anointed and perfumed, clad in fine white linen robes, and glittering with jewels, I swept into the Audience Hall, with a train of attendants. My father embraced me as I knelt before him, and said:

"Daughter, it is my will that, being now of a suitable age for marriage, thou shalt prepare to enter that estate. The Gods

are favourable to thee, for the chief priest of the mysteries of Isis, till now a celibate, desires thy hand."

I knew and hated the man; as I raised my face, his cruel gleaming eyes met mine, till I shuddered and looked down. Dark terror and foreboding fell on heart and brain, and I prostrated myself before my father's throne, and laid my hands about his feet, bound with their glittering sandals. In desperation I cried out:

"O royal father, spare me this! Isis has not disposed my soul for marriage. I will not wed this man; and Pharaoh's daughter shall not live to give her hand where her heart is not!"

But Pharaoh gazed in wrath upon my kneeling form. I dared not raise my eyes to his; but I saw the fan-bearers on either side grow pale, and turn away their faces. For the august king clenched his mighty fist, and the great emerald on his signet flashed, like the eyes of some malignant spirit, as he shook it over my rebellious head, and spurned me from him with his feet.

"By the limbs of Osiris, by the fertility of this our River, Pharaoh's daughter *shall* obey her sire's commands! Listen, Amuni, thankless child; on the seventh day from this, thou shalt take the bridegroom I have chosen, whose piety and wisdom are renowned, and with whom it is an honour for even *my* House to be allied; or thou shalt quit our palace, and live and die unwed, and, serving the Goddess Pasht, pass thy days in loveless maidenhood!"

But my father's temper was mine also, and his hot blood surged in my veins, woman though I was. I had been insulted before my women, before the whole Court of Pharaoh! Red with anger, I rose to my feet and cried aloud:

"Thanks to my royal father's clemency! Henceforth I *will* serve Goddess Pasht!" And I swept from the Audience Hall, and withdrew to my own apartments, with my pale and frightened women.

They clustered round, and weeping, begged me to relent, and send a humble message, praying for pardon. They told me that marriage is each woman's fate, and love for very few; that royal blood must mate where it may, and scarcely ever where it

will. But I laughed aloud at my maidens' tears and lamentations, and swore to hold the merriest, maddest feast to celebrate my "liberation."

Garlands of sweet-scented flowers were woven for our breasts and hair, delicious viands decked the board, and as the sound of flute and cymbal sounded through my palace, light-footed girls glided and whirled in the dance. Till the seven appointed days had passed, we kept high festival, and then a royal messenger brought word that my half-sister was wedded to the priest, and that I, Princess Amuni, must leave my home and old companions, to be enrolled among the attendants of the Goddess Pasht at her sacred city of Bubastis.

What do you moderns know or care about our ancient faiths, our sacred mysteries? Our old race is almost gone; the mysteries of Osiris exist no longer, and I hear and read of unclean feeders, material and gross alike in mind and body, who ignorantly dispute the theories of our great spiritual thinkers!

I will not weary you with details, now grown meaningless; suffice it to say, that I was taken to the temple of Bubastis, dedicated to Pasht, Goddess of Chastity, whose image nightly greets us in the calm, cold moon, and who vouchsafes to dwell among us incarnate in the ever-holy cat-form.

Here I was appointed guardian to these sacred animals, and spent all my time in the service of the temple, and in ceremonious rites. This service was one of the most honoured, and its duties arduous enough. Twice a day, and once each night, I must bathe and purify myself before making offerings of food to the venerated beings in whom the "soul of the goddess" was incarnated. The hours of worship and libations at the shrine of Pasht were long and frequent, and my own food was severely restricted; onions, leeks, beans, and even peas, and all forms of flesh, were severely forbidden, and the hours for rest curtailed. But my life was calm and still; the sleek animals grew to love me, and lifted their heads and purred loud at my coming. In their great green eyes I gazed till strange thoughts and visions shaped themselves in my dreaming soul; in the hours of exercise we paced slowly up and down, silent as the soft-footed things beside us.

Meanwhile, my royal father was absent on a long campaign against the Khitas, a wild Asiatic tribe. When he returned, laden with gold and spoils, leading a long train of captives, our city rang with shouts of triumph, and songs of victory.

In the religious ceremonies which followed, a procession was formed to greet the conqueror, and I, as chief priestess of Pasht, went forth with music and dancing, to meet the royal chariot.

As Pharaoh descended to pour out the libation of wine, and I stood by with the figs and pomegranates arrayed in mystic hieroglyph upon a silver tray, I cast a pitying glance over the band of prisoners fettered to his chariot. They were worn, haggard and unkempt, and their naked limbs were soiled and bruised by the hardships they had endured. Most bowed their heads, and stared despairingly upon the ground. But one among them stood erect and calm; his flashing black eyes met my own, and I gazed till my heart fainted within me. His broad, bare shoulders towered above our warriors; his arms, perfect in muscular symmetry, were folded defiantly across his breast, and the iron collar chafed but could not bend that proud neck, or alter his dignified bearing.

Holy Isis, in that moment I first knew Love! Think not, child, that Love means happiness or joy! Such Love as laid its strong hand upon my heart was born in pain, and cradled in shame and suffering; the bitterness of death lay on its lips, and despair nursed its baby limbs into life and strength!

I bowed my head, and the offering well-nigh slipped from my trembling hands, as I raised it to the high altar and led the chant of thanksgiving. In the revels that followed there was no joy for me; two burning eyes shone where'er I gazed, and a tall, massive form moved ever at my side.

I could not bear to think that heroic frame should labour as a slave, that high spirit learn to crouch beneath the lash. Isis taught me cunning, and I prayed that three of the captives might be selected for sacrifice at the next great festival, and with cold, calm face I pointed out the man I loved and two of his companions to the chief priest. The victims were confined in the temple, and well cared for. I saw him daily.

A woman can accomplish much when she loves as I did! One glorious summer night, when the moon floated in the heavens like the golden lotus-flower on the blue waters below, we two crept in silence and trembling to a palm-grove by the Nile. There we waited until my trusty slave should appear, and hoped to fly to safety and my lover's far-off home in a small boat, disguised in garments the slave should bring.

The risk was terrible, and the probability of success but small; but it was better than the death behind. We preferred the unknown ills of fate to the known cruelty of man.

An hour yet remained before we dared hope for the boat's arrival! We crouched and waited in the shadow of the pillars.

The arms of my lover held me to his beating heart. The cicadas sang our bridal melody. . . .

I had forgot my vows—all, all, save that I was woman!

Child, I tell you, man may not insult the great Gods, and go unpunished! The holy temple of Pasht had been profaned, I had broken my solemn oath, stooped to the love of a foreigner and alien, and brought shame upon the House of Pharaoh! Even as we kissed an unearthly cry, a wail as of some lost and suffering soul, broke the silence.

Trembling, I whispered in Hillel's ear:

"Love, we are lost! The Goddess will punish my sin! My absence has been noticed, and I shall be tracked down. Lie still, and save yourself. I leave you here!"

I tried to rise, but he held me close:

"Amuni, my queen of women; without your love I die. Let me then hold you to the last, and so meet death!"

"Nay, Hillel, there is yet some scanty hope. Lie still, and pray to all your Gods and mine for mercy, if it may avail us now!"

I tore myself away, and stepped out into the moonlight—the light of the Goddess I had defied!

Then I saw that our venerated Pasht in feline form had deigned to breathe the cool night air, and stood motionless, with head thrown back, and gleaming eyes fixed on the moon's bright disc. The attendants waited reverently behind; but as I moved to join them, one, Mara, ever forward in speech, who loved me little, broke forth:

"Whither hast thou been, oh princess? The sacred one required thy attendance; why forsake thy duties to gaze on the moon, by the water?"

"Peace, Mara, speak not to me of 'duties'! I was weary, and have bathed myself in the holy Nile, and have gained much refreshment by its mystic powers!"

I drew myself up, and would have passed her, when a form, that of the priest I had always loathed and dreaded, rushed towards us.

"The captive Hillel has escaped!" he shouted. "Search all the gardens; guard the gates! Let none pass out unseen!"

His eyes fell upon me, and he sneered:

"*You* here, Princess Amuni! You have helped your lover to escape. Neither your kisses nor your favours shall save him from his doom!"

"He is no lover of mine, by the holy Pasht, I swear it; neither does his death concern me!" I answered firmly.

Did the Goddess hear my perjury, her name taken in vain; did the moonlight breathe its tale? For a strange thing happened.

The sacred cat raised her head and those yellow eyes gleamed like balls of fire; then it uttered wail after wail, horrible and wild, and rushed to and fro like some mad beast in search of prey. I caught my breath in terror, as it bounded into the grove of palm trees by the river, and sprang upon my lover, crouching behind the pillars.

It was all over now! Even his giant's strength availed nothing against such numbers. He was pinioned, and they dragged him away; and the last thing I remembered was the mocking face of my enemy, the priest, and my lover's groans. . . .

The hours of agony and suspense wore away, and at sunrise I was summoned before the council of priests. They ordered me to confess, and I replied that I was innocent, and had nothing to say. The high priest spoke to his attendants, and from behind a curtain they led my lover. Those fiends had tortured him till he could not stand without support! His face was white and covered with sweat, and from his breast whereon my head had lain, from the limbs I had caressed, blood flowed from horrid

wounds. He raised his eyes to mine for one instant, the blood rushed back to my heart, and we both stood silent.

"Will you confess now?" thundered our judge. "Can you, dog and slave, dare to say you neither knew nor spoke with this woman?"

"Never, I swear it. I escaped alone!" murmured Hillel faintly.

"Question him again!"

Human nature could bear no more!

"I confess he is my lover!" I cried: "I confess all; spare him more suffering!"

I broke through the guards and caught him to my heart. He raised his lips to mine, and—Isis was very merciful to us—died there upon my breast. . . .

And I, should I have let him wander alone and unloved in the Region of the Dead? Should his bride prove unfaithful because he was summoned before the pale Judge of Souls—one living, the other dead? But one short hour separated us, for in that time I had found a way to join him. The swift poison did its work; soon my women mourned around my body, and made preparations for the embalming.

What matter that his limbs formed a banquet for the hungry crocodiles, while mine lay in state in royal burying-place? In sweetest slumber our souls were united, and Fate cheated of her prey!

But Destiny claims her right, and our sin and my rash act had yet to be expiated by suffering. That suffering has brought wisdom, and wisdom remembrance, and I know and feel our double punishment draws to its appointed close; my love's eyes glow through the darkness, and soon our two souls shall be once more together.

Child, remember this: Man may not in vain defy the Immortal Gods. *We* choose our Fate, and *they* appoint our reward or punishment. Herein lies the true secret of fatalism, of life's seeming injustice.

MOYA FALKNER.

# THE SAYINGS OF AN INDIAN SAGE

THE late Professor Max Müller's work, *Râma Kṛishṇa; His Life and Sayings*, is well worth the study of those who are interested in Theosophy, for in it they will find an unbiassed account of the life of one who followed the Bhakti path. The Professor states in his preface that he has tried to collect as much information as he could about this Indian saint (who died in 1886), partly from his devoted disciples, partly from Indian newspapers, journals and books, in which the principal events of his life are chronicled, and his moral and religious teaching described and discussed, whether in a friendly or unfriendly spirit. He says:

"Whatever may be said about the aberrations of the Indian ascetics to whom Râma Kṛishṇa belonged, there are certainly some of them who deserve our interest, nay, even our warmest sympathy. Though some of the stories told of these martyrs of the flesh and of the spirit may be exaggerated, enough remains of real fact to rouse at all events our curiosity. A better knowledge of the teachings of one of them seems certainly desirable, whether for statesmen who have to deal with the various classes of Indian society, or for missionaries who are anxious to understand and to influence the inhabitants of that country, or lastly for students of philosophy and religion, who ought to know how the Vedânta, 'perhaps the most ancient philosophy in the world,' is taught at the present day by the Bhâktas, that is, 'friends and devoted lovers of God,' for this system continues to exercise its powerful influence, not only on a few philosophers, but on large numbers of what has always been called a country of philosophers."

The Professor then gives a short sketch of the most characteristic doctrines of this philosophy, since without it many readers would hardly be able to understand the ideals of Râma Kṛishṇa and his disciples.

The book opens with some remarks on Mahâtmas and an exposition of the "four stages of life," and goes on to describe several well-known saints in order to show that Râma Kṛishṇa does not stand alone. It then grows very instructive on what the Professor calls the "Dialogic Process," the transformation which mere repetition, conversation, or what is called oral tradition, will and must produce in the description of original facts. There is, he says, hardly a single fact in history which can escape being modified by this process before it reaches the writer of history. "This inevitable influence of the Dialogic Process in history cannot be recognised too soon. It will remove endless difficulties by which we are ensnared, endless dishonesties in which we have ensnared ourselves. If we once understand that after only one day, one week, one year, any communication, even a communication from heaven, must suffer the consequences of this process, must be infected by the breath of human thought and of human weakness, many a self-made difficulty will vanish, many a story distorted by the childish love of the miraculous will regain its true moral character, many a face disguised by a misplaced apotheosis will look upon us again with truly human, loving and divine eyes."

The Professor considers that the life of his master which Vivekânanda (one of his most eminent pupils) has written, discloses here and there the clear traces of this Process, and of the irrepressible miraculising tendencies of devoted disciples. The main outlines of this life are as follows:

Râma Kṛishṇa was born in 1833 and died in 1886. His father was the head of the only Brâhmanic family settled in the village of Kamâpakar in the Zillah Hugli, and though poor was strictly orthodox. Râma Kṛishṇa was an attractive and lovable child; at the age of six he was well versed in the *Purânas*, and in the *Râmâyana*, the *Mahâbhârata*, and the *Shrîmad Bhâgavata*, through hearing them from the Kahaks, a class of men who preach and read these *Purânas* for the enlightenment of the uneducated masses all over India. According to his friend Mozoomdar, however, he never knew a word of Sanskrit.

His eldest brother, Râmkumâr Chaṭṭopadhyâya, was a very learned professor of the old school. He had his own school at

Calcutta, and Râma Kṛishṇa was taken there, but was disgusted to find that after all their high talk on being and non-being, or Brahman and Mâyâ, or how the soul is liberated by the realisation of Âtman, they would never dream of practising the precepts in their own lives, but ran after lust and gold, after name and fame. He yearned to learn something which would raise him above all these, and give him as a recompense God Himself. The eldest brother was appointed priest to the temple of the Goddess Kâlî at Dakshinesvara, about five miles to the north of Calcutta, which was established in 1855. At his entreaty Râma Kṛishṇa consented to live there, and a few months later took charge of the duties when his brother became incapable of conducting the services through illness.

He thus became a recognised worshipper of the Goddess Kâlî. He began now to look upon her as his mother, and the mother of the universe. After the regular forms of worship he would sit for hours and hours singing hymns, talking, and praying to her as a child to his mother, till he lost all consciousness of the outward world. Some held the young priest to be mad, some took him to be a great lover of God and all his outward madness as the manifestation of that love. His mother and brothers, thinking that his imagination would calm down when he had a young wife and family to look after, took him to his native village and married him to a child five years old. After his marriage he returned to the charges of the temple, and his fervour and devotion increased a thousand-fold. He began to see visions and fall into trances, but his ardent soul could not remain quiet, he ran eagerly to attain perfection and realisation of God in all His different aspects. He thus began the twelve years of unheard-of tapasya or ascetic exercises. Looking back to these years of self-torture in his later days he said "that a great religious tornado, as it were, raged within him during those years and made everything topsy-turvy." He had no idea then that it lasted so long a time.

During this period he forgot entirely that he had been married, which was not unnatural for one who had lost all idea of the existence even of his own body. His wife came to him, however, and begged him to teach her to realise God, and to

allow her to remain near him and cook his meals and do what she could for his health and comfort. She thus became his disciple, and still lives, revered by all for her purity and strength of character.

Though Râma Kṛishṇa had no proper education, he had such a wonderful memory that he never forgot what he had once heard. He attained to great Yoga powers, but he never cared to display them. He told his disciples that all these powers would come to a man as he advanced, but he warned them never to take heed of the opinions of men. The power of working miracles was rather a hindrance in the way to perfection, inasmuch as it diverted the attention of man from his highest goal.

"When the rose is blown, and sheds its fragrance all around, the bees come of themselves. The bees seek the full-blown rose, and not the rose the bees." This saying of Râma Kṛishṇa was verified in his own life. Numbers of earnest men, of all sects and creeds, began to flock to him to receive instruction, and to drink the waters of life. He forgot his sleep and talked to them incessantly about Bhakti (devotion), and Gñâna (knowledge), and his own experiences and how he arrived at them. When pressed to take rest he would say: "I would suffer willingly all sorts of bodily pains and death also, a hundred thousand times, if by so doing I could bring one soul to freedom and salvation."

He was a wonderful mixture of God and man. In his ordinary state he would talk of himself as the servant of all men and women. He looked upon them all as God. He himself would never be addressed as Guru or teacher, or claim any high position. But every now and then strange fits of God-consciousness came upon him, and he became changed into a different being. He then spoke of himself as being able to do and know everything. He would speak of himself as the same soul that had been born before as Râma, as Kṛishṇa, as Jesus, or as Buddha, born again as Râma Kṛishṇa. He said he was free from all eternity, and that the practices and struggles after religion which he went through were only meant to show the people the way to salvation.

Remarking on this history of his life, Professor Max Müller

says: "We can hardly fail to see the first beginnings of the ravages which the Dialogic Process works even in the first generation. Given the disciple's veneration for his departed Master, there is a natural unwillingness, nay, an incapability to believe or repeat anything that might place his Master in an unfavourable light. Fortunately in this case we have the testimony of several independent witnesses, some favourable, others unfavourable." For these the book must be consulted. The most striking witness will be the sayings of the saint himself, some of which follow.

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Thou seest many stars at night in the sky, but findest them not when the sun rises. Canst thou say that there are no stars, then, in the heaven of day? So, O man, because thou beholdest not the Almighty in the days of thy ignorance, say not there is no God.

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Many are the names of God, and infinite the forms that lead us to know Him. In whatsoever name or form you desire to call Him, in that very form and name you will see Him.

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Q. If the God of every religion is the same, why is it, then, that God is painted differently by different religionists? A. God is one, but His aspects are different. As one master of the house is father to one, brother to another, and husband to a third, and is called by these different names by those different persons, so God is described and called in various ways according to the particular aspect in which He appears to His particular worshipper.

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It is true that God is even in the tiger, but we must not go and face the animal. So it is true that God dwells even in the most wicked, but it is not meet that we should associate with the wicked.

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Every being is Nârâyana. Man or animal, sage or knave, nay, the whole universe is Nârâyana, the Supreme Spirit.

As the lamp does not burn without oil, so man cannot live without God.

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As fishes playing in a pond covered over with reeds and scum cannot be seen from outside, so God plays in the heart of a man invisibly, being screened by Mâyâ from human view.

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The landlord may be very rich, but when a poor cultivator brings a humble present to him with a loving heart, he accepts it with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

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As a boy begins to learn writing by drawing big scrawls before he can master the small hand, so must we learn concentration of the mind by fixing it first on forms, and when we have attained success therein, we can easily fix it upon the formless.

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As at one time I am clothed, and at another time naked, so Brahman is at one time with attributes and at another without.

His name is Intelligence; His Abode is Intelligence, too, and He, the Lord, is Intelligence Himself.

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The locomotive engine reaches the destination itself, and also draws and takes with it a long train of loaded waggons. So likewise act the Saviours. They carry multitudes of men, heavily laden with the cares and sorrows of the world, to the feet of the Almighty.

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The Avatâra, or Saviour, is the messenger of God. As when there is some disturbance in a far-off province the king sends his viceroy to quell it; so whenever there is any waning of religion in any part of the world, God sends His Avatâra there.

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It is one and the same Avatâra that, having plunged into the ocean of life, rises up in one place, and is known as Kṛishṇa, and diving again, rises in another place and is known as Christ.

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None knoweth the immensity of the Sacrifice which the Godhead maketh when it becomes incarnate or becomes flesh.

The Saviours are to Brahman as the waves are to the ocean.

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The Divine Sages form as it were the inner circle of God's nearest relatives. They are friends, companions, kinsmen of God. Ordinary beings form the outer circle and are the creatures of God.

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A perfect man is like a lotus-leaf in the water, or like a mud-fish in the marsh. Neither of these is polluted by the element in which it lives.

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As water passes under a bridge but never stagnates, so money passes through the hands of "The Free," who never hoard it.

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The steel sword turns into gold by the touch of the Philosopher's Stone, and though it retains its former form it becomes incapable of injuring anyone. Similarly the outward form of a man who has touched the feet of the Almighty is not changed, but he no longer doeth any evil.

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When water is poured into an empty vessel a bubbling noise ensues, but when the vessel is full no such noise is heard. Similarly, the man who has not found God is full of vain disputations. But when he has seen Him, all vanities disappear, and he silently enjoys the Bliss Divine.

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The sage alone can recognise a sage. He who deals in cotton twists can alone tell of what number and quality a particular twist is made.

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Sugar and sand may be mixed together, but the ant rejects the sand and goes off with the sugar grain; so pious men sift the good from the bad.

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This world is like a stage where men perform many parts under various disguises. They do not like to take off the mask,

unless they have played for some time. Let them play for a while, and then they will leave off the mask of their own accord.

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If thou art in right earnest to be good and perfect, God will send the true and proper Master to thee. Earnestness is the only thing necessary.

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As when going to a strange country one must abide by the directions of him who knows the way, while taking the advice of many may lead to confusion; so in trying to reach God one should follow implicitly the advice of one single Guru who knows the way to God.

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The Guru is a mediator. He brings man and God together.

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Take the pearl and throw the oyster-shell away. Follow the mantra (advice) given thee by thy Guru, and throw out of consideration the human frailties of thy teacher.

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Listen not if anyone criticises and censures thy Guru. Leave his presence at once.

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Gurus can be had by hundreds, but good Chelas (disciples) are very rare.

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What you wish others to do, do yourself.

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Verily, verily, I say unto you that he who yearns for God finds Him.

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Knowledge and love of God are ultimately one and the same. There is no difference between pure knowledge and pure love.

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When the fruit grows the petals drop off of themselves. So when the Divinity in thee increases, the weakness of humanity will vanish.

When the grace of the Almighty descends, everyone will understand his mistakes ; knowing this you should not dispute.

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As the dawn heralds the rising sun, so unselfishness, purity, righteousness, etc., precede the advent of the Lord.

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The breeze of His grace is blowing night and day over thy head. Unfurl the sails of thy boat (mind) if thou wantest to make rapid progress through the ocean of life.

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Creeds and sects matter nothing. Let everyone perform with faith the devotions and practices of his creed. Faith is the only clue to get to God.

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He who has faith has all, he who wants faith wants all.

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Instead of preaching to others, if one worships God all the time, that is enough preaching. He who strives to make himself free is the real preacher. Hundreds come from all sides, no one knows whence, to him who is free, and are taught. When a flower opens the bees come uninvited and unasked.

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He alone is the true "man" who is illuminated with the Spiritual Light.

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The cries of all jackals are alike. The teachings of all the wise men in the world are essentially one and the same.

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A truly religious man should think that other religions also are paths leading to the truth. We should always maintain an attitude of respect towards other religions.

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Visit not miracle-workers. They are wanderers from the path of truth. Their minds have become entangled in the meshes of psychic powers which lie in the way of the pilgrim towards Brahman, as temptations. Beware of these powers and desire them not.

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The human Guru whispers the sacred formula into the ear; the Divine Guru breathes the spirit into the soul.

He who thinks his spiritual guide a mere man, cannot derive any benefit from him.

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Meditate on God either in an unknown corner, or in the solitude of forests, or within your own mind.

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Bow down and adore where others kneel, for where so many hearts have been paying the tribute of adoration, the kind Lord will manifest Himself, for He is all mercy.

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The vanities of all others may gradually die out, but the vanity of a saint as regards his sainthood is hard indeed to wear away.

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In what condition of the mind does God-vision take place? God is seen when the mind is tranquil. When the mental sea is agitated by the wind of desires it cannot reflect God, and then the God-vision is impossible.

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If the body is worthless and transitory, why do pious and devout men take care of it? No one takes care of an empty box. All protect with care a chest full of precious jewels, gold, and costly articles. The pious soul cannot help taking care of the body in which the Divine One dwells, for all our bodies form the playground of the Divine.

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There can be little doubt that in these Sayings, selected from among 395, some of which are in the form of longer parables, many will detect the note of truth. Though Râma Kṛishṇa may have been the priest of Kâlî, though he may have practised the lower forms of Yoga to excess, though he knew no Sanskrit and was practically uneducated, he seems to have arrived at Wisdom of the highest order. That his press notices were not uniformly favourable, or his language not always above reproach, matters not a jot. There are spots even in the sun, but we must look through smoked glasses to see them. The saint has spoken for himself, the present writer has only to recommend the book to the attention which it undoubtedly deserves.

A. H. Ward.

# PLANES OF CONSCIOUSNESS

It is very often more useful for us to endeavour to assimilate thoroughly existing Theosophic theories than to be seeking always for new facts. Theosophic facts are already accumulating at a rate which is only comparable to the progress taking place in the accumulation of ordinary facts, and it behoves us to look well to our principles and to our foundations if we are to avoid being swamped in the ocean of details. One of our most important principles, it seems to me, is represented by the word *plane*. The accumulation of facts upon the subject has rendered necessary, in my opinion, a new survey, and a definition which shall embrace the facts already discovered, and leave room for the facts to be discovered in the future. If at any time our definition of a principle fails to leave room for expansion, we must alter the principle with each new discovery. Now, what do we understand by *plane?* It means something flat or level. A plane surface, a plane iron. In itself *plane* does not exist. It is an attribute or characteristic of something. Apart from the something described by it, it does not exist. In ordinary language, then, we find the term used not only in its objective or concrete form, as applied to objects in the world as in the examples above, but also in describing degrees or states of individual consciousness. We are familiar with the expressions plane of sensation, plane of thought, moral plane, mental plane, all used in the signification of level or degree, and with reference to some ideal position in space; the plane of sensation being regarded as lower than the mental plane, which is higher.

In the above illustrations plane is a noun, rather than an adjective. It is a way we have of taking one of the attributes of a thing to represent or distinguish it. A plane surface is a flat surface. A plane is a flat or level surface. So if we say a plane of sensation, a plane of thought, we mean a level of sensa-

tion, a degree of thought. If we say the thought-plane, we are using the attribute of the thing to represent the thing, in order to compare more easily the thing in question with some other thing. Sensation is not thought, but to speak of plane of sensation and plane of thought shows an identity as well as a difference. We place one above the other when we use the word plane, and thereby give a space-setting to our abstract ideas. When we proceed further and state that both sensation and thought are parts or states of consciousness, and we use the word plane with regard to them, we think of levels or degrees of consciousness. Consciousness or states of consciousness are ultimate facts. To doubt them proves them as far as thought is concerned, for doubt is a state of mental consciousness. We cannot, however, doubt the existence of our object consciousness whilst we are awake and active in the world. Even in lunatics it is not that they do not see the objects they say they see. They do see them, but normal people do not.

There is, then, no doubt as to the existence of states of consciousness, and, if we postulate the existence of anything, we must be careful to remember that we are talking in consciousness of things in consciousness. Every man is a world to himself. *We cannot by any possible means speak of an activity in consciousness absolutely different from consciousness.* If we are to get outside the circle of our own consciousness we can do so in only one way. By analogy. By regarding what is outside us as analogous to ourselves. By *duplicating* in our consciousness the consciousness outside us, we can get to know what exists outside of us. We see then that in using the word *plane*, a man is only describing degrees of his own consciousness.

If he is going to talk of *plane* outside of himself, it must be by means of analogy from himself. In his ordinary waking consciousness, he can divide his consciousness into different divisions or parts and call them planes of his consciousness. When thinking, he is on the plane of thought. When seeing, on the plane of sensation. We have then to enquire: Is a man's ordinary consciousness, which he can divide or classify into different planes, similar on cosmic planes to what he finds in his consciousness? He finds in his consciousness sensation. Is

there a cosmic plane of sensation? He finds in his consciousness emotion and thought. Are there cosmic planes of emotion and thought? You can easily see the importance of this answer. If we say yes, we imply that the consciousness of the ordinary man functions upon several cosmic planes, instead of one only as the ordinary man thinks. When he has a sensation, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of sensation; when he is active, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of action; when he is thinking, his consciousness is on the cosmic plane of thought. As we read in many Theosophical books, man is active on the physical plane, has feelings and emotions on the astral plane, and thinks on the mental plane. So instead of our thinking that we shall have to be much more advanced than we are to function consciously on the astral and mental planes, *we are all doing it now*. So far we have fully understood the Theosophical teaching, but we are well aware that certain individuals in the Theosophical Society possess means for obtaining knowledge of the astral and mental planes which we do not at present ourselves possess. We are also informed that on the plane of activity or the physical plane, consciousness may be regarded as limited to three dimensions, on the astral plane as having expanded to "four dimensions," and on the mental plane as having expanded to "five dimensions."

How, then, does it come about that, although when we *feel* and *think*, we are functioning on the astral and mental cosmic planes, we are always in a state of three-dimensional consciousness? How is it that we are functioning on a four- or five-dimensional cosmic plane in only three dimensions? We are told it is due to the limitation of the physical brain. It supplies us with three-dimensional materials, and out of these materials we can only originate three-dimensional thoughts and perform three-dimensional thinking. With four-dimensional materials our thoughts would be in four dimensions and with five in five. So we see that thought can exist in three, four and five dimensions. How can the brain act as a limitation to thought, if it does not also act as a vehicle for thought? If the cosmic plane of five dimensions needs a five-dimensional vehicle, and cannot be properly expressed without it to our consciousness, and a

plane of four dimensions a four-dimensional vehicle, and one of three, a three-dimensional vehicle, it becomes very difficult to avoid the conclusion that thought in three dimensions corresponds to a cosmic plane in three dimensions, and so on. We are led, then, to the view that, corresponding to three-, four- and five-dimensional thinking, we have cosmic planes of three, four and five dimensions. Now, the plane of three dimensions is the physical plane, so that we think in three dimensions, or upon the physical plane. If the plane of thought is the mental plane and the mental plane is one of five dimensions, we have the difficulty of understanding how we think in three dimensions on it and not in five. There must be a three-dimensional division of the mental plane upon which we are now functioning. And this division is to all intents and purposes as complete a plane as the physical three-dimensional plane. But we have been informed that the physical plane is the plane of three-dimensional consciousness, the astral plane of four, and the mental of five, so that either the three-dimensional division of the mental plane is the physical plane of three dimensions, the four-dimensional division the astral plane, and the five-dimensional division the mental plane proper, or we have two cosmic planes of three dimensions, one the physical plane, and the other, the lowest division of the mental plane.

Of these alternatives, the latter does not recommend itself in our opinion, and so we are left with the former. But it is not sufficient to understand that when we say we think in three dimensions, we are thinking on the physical plane, for we are told we use a mind-body on the mental plane to think with. If our ordinary thought is physical plane thought, how is it that we use a body called our mind-body? This is where Theosophic teaching comes in. It cannot, we think, be too strongly emphasised that Theosophy is an *addition* to our knowledge rather than a theory competing with other theories which have been devised to explain our experience. Ordinary science and experience know of a three-dimensional consciousness, and of a brain with which that consciousness is intimately connected. Theosophy adds to this knowledge, facts about other planes, of four and five dimensions, and when we *think*, we are producing

changes in an astral body and a mind-body as well as in our physical brain. Action is simultaneously or successively with extremely short intervals taking place upon three planes. So that if we are going to have a clear idea of how three-dimensional thought is going to build a five-dimensional vehicle, we must think of three-dimensional thought building the vehicle partially whilst we are conscious in three dimensions. It obviously can only build a three-dimensional vehicle upon the mental plane, the further building on that plane taking place when we are conscious upon it, as during sleep sometimes or after death of the body.

We believe that if it was fully grasped that there is not such a great difference between an object in consciousness and a thought of that object, except that one experience is vivid and the other is faint, that one is not under our control and the other is, that the *cause* which produces the object will produce a similar one in another individual consciousness, outside of ours, whilst there is no such common cause existing independently of our consciousness in the case of the thought—it would not seem so difficult to think that thought requires a *plane* to itself which we cannot think upon the physical plane, and such-like absurdities. If our thought of an object were as vivid as the object, we should have what is called in medical terms an hallucination. So if we remember this fact about vivid and faint we shall see no contradiction between what physiology and psychology are at present teaching with regard to the use of the brain in thinking with the addition to our knowledge which Theosophy gives us.

A plane of nature, or cosmic plane, as we have described it to distinguish it from a plane of consciousness in the ordinary waking consciousness of any man, can be defined as a level of universal consciousness in three or more dimensions. When we say the physical plane is a plane of three dimensions, we mean that the consciousness of all the individuals functioning and acting upon it is in three dimensions. We must remember there is no plane apart from the individuals who collectively, with their collective consciousness, form it.

F. S. PITT-TAYLOR.

# CONCERNING RUNES AND ODIN'S RUNE SONG

THE art of writing would seem to have been acquired by the ancient Norsemen at a very early period of their history, according to the numerous and interesting evidences furnished to us by the inscriptions on coins, weapons, rocks, and stone monuments which have been discovered; to these valuable relics from a bygone age we owe most of the information we possess concerning the curious runic character. Tradition traces the introduction of this mystic script to the great central figure of northern mythology, Odin, its god-hero and warrior, whose highly suggestive Rune Song I propose to examine presently. It has been stated that there were two runic alphabets, an earlier and a later, the former containing the larger number of letters, and the supposition is probably correct that, for the sake of convenience, the number was eventually reduced from twenty-four to sixteen.

The knowledge of the art of rune-writing is supposed to have been brought to the north by Odin and his followers, who are believed to have migrated from southern lands bordering on the Black Sea. Some of the letters are similar in character to the Etruscan; it was also usual in Greece and Etruria to engrave letters and mystic signs on brooches, bracelets, and neck ornaments, and belts.

In the most remote ages the runes were looked upon with much awe and reverence, and not used for ordinary correspondence, as they were employed in mystic matters, in magic, and incantations. This can be seen in the stanzas of the song in which Odin describes his powers, and what he had to undergo whilst acquiring them—a sort of initiation scene—where, in all probability, he, as the great Teacher, is initiating others into the inner mysteries, and so he gives his own experience in the words:

I know that I hung
On the windy tree,
Nine whole nights,
Wounded with a spear,
Given to Odin, Myself to myself;
On the tree, Of which no one knows
From what roots it comes. (DU CHAILLU, *Viking Age.*)

This is the Living Tree of Divine Wisdom, the Tree of Life, and of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, the Mundane Tree of the Norse Legends, which cannot wither and die until the last battle of Life shall be fought, its roots being ever gnawed by the Dragon Nidhogg—symbol of the tooth of time—but the roots of its inner being remain for ever undecaying and strong, the roots of which "*it is not known whence they come.*" So, for nine nights—the mystic number of northern mythology—Odin underwent some terrible ordeal, symbolised by hanging on a tree. In *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 572) we read that "the Candidate for Initiation was attached to the Tau, or astronomical cross," which in an ancient MS. is mentioned as "the hard couch of those who were in (spiritual) travail, the '*act of giving birth to themselves.*'" The line "Given to Odin, *Myself to myself*," suggests the union of the Lower and the Higher Self, for "like Vishvakarman he has to sacrifice himself to himself in order to redeem all creatures," to become once more conscious of his unity with the One Life. "It is the martyrdom of self-conscious existence" (*Secret Doctrine*, i. 289). Then follows:

I peered downwards, I caught the runes,
Learned them weeping. Thence I fell down.

"Nine songs of might," he learned, but through trial and tribulation. He was also privileged to get a "draught of the precious mead, taken out of Odrerir." And again we find: "In mystical phraseology, this precious mead is Soma, the sacred beverage drunk by the Brâhmans and the Initiates during their mysteries and sacrificial rites. The real property of this drink is to make a 'new man' of the Initiate after he is re-born, or begins to live in his astral body, the spiritual nature overcoming the physical" (*Secret Doctrine*, ii. 524).

This is what Odin experienced after drinking the sacred

mead, he was enabled "to soar for the time being, in the ethereal higher regions," becoming virtually "as one of the Gods," and he was able to remember all he saw and learned.

All this represents the experience of one who is seeking to acquire a knowledge of the inner, hidden mysteries of life. The sacred mead is symbolical of assimilating that secret wisdom only to be imbibed by noble and aspiring souls, who, with steadfastness and unflinching courage, dare to face the dread trials of initiation, and pass through the fire of suffering in the nine nights of ordeal on the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. It has been said that "the Honey-dew, the fruit of the Gods, falls during the hours of the night."

After this trial has been endured, Odin goes on to say:

Then I became fruitful and wise;
I grew and I throve; word followed word
With me; act followed act with me.

Having become initiated, Odin now finds his powers increase; having attained knowledge, he has attained to speech, and from the following verse it would appear that he carved or drew the runes for the instruction of the Asar:

Thus Odin carved. Before the origin of men
He rose there. There he came back.

This seems to be an allusion to his existence as a God, or great power, in the earlier ages of the creation of the world before mankind appeared, and secondly to his later incarnation in human form as the hero and warrior. Then we come to numerous powers, faculties, incantations, as he calls them.

Help is the first one called,
And it will help thee
Against strife and sorrow,
Against all kinds of grief.

This needs little explanation, for it is the power by which the Great Ones aid the sin and suffering of the world, help, sympathy, and infinite compassion. For it is most assuredly true that Guardian Angels, Nirmânakâyas and the rest, have all passed through the ordeal which has bestowed upon them the inestimable privilege of being those "who in their hands hold up the heavy karma of the world."

The next four or five stanzas deal with various magic powers, or incantations, by which Odin could cast off fetters, stay the flight of arrows, save people from burning, and allay hate and dissension among the sons of kings. He could also "hush the wind on the waves, and calm the sea."

Highly curious and weird is the description of these incantations, eighteen in number, but the "secret of their working is not to be told."

Runes were specially used for curing illness, as charms, but it was said that the dark letters only bewildered those who did not know the true reading, and it appears that caution was necessary in making use of these "galdrar" songs, for if used by evilly-disposed persons they were considered to be most dangerous. This shows that then, as now, the knowledge necessary for the unravelment of nature's hidden secrets was not open to all; was not to be used but by those who had first qualified themselves in the school of discipline and endurance before they could be permitted to become the possessors of the true meaning of these "dark sayings," those allegorical symbols of a hidden nature, which could only be made plain or interpreted by those who held the key of the under-meaning. Just as in Greece and Egypt and in many other lands, the ancient wisdom and the mysteries were ever withheld from ordinary gaze, screened from the outer world, so, even in these wild Viking days, of cruel and bloody acts and ruthless deeds, it would appear as if some secret ordeal, some preparation of life was demanded, ere wisdom or power could be attained. Often it may have been purchased by some great sacrifice; as for instance when it is stated that "Odin was once so eager for a drink from Mimir's well, the fount of wisdom, that he actually pawned his eye, his one eye." In *Asgard and the Gods*, it is suggested that this eye which he pledged to acquire knowledge may be "the sun, which enlightens and penetrates all things; his other eye being the moon, whose reflection gazes out of the deep, and which at last when setting sinks into the ocean."

Runes were used for various other purposes, but those employed in ceremonies of magic were said to have been written on *gler*—the ancient name for amber.

Scandinavia is full of these written records. Every year fresh treasures are brought to light, often unearthed during the demolition of some ancient church. Even within the last few months a most interesting "find" has been made in Gotland, an island in the Baltic. Under the floor of Ardre Church a big stone has been dug up, bearing upon it carved figures, etc., illustrating the famous Edda-poem, or Vŏlunds-saga, as portrayed a thousand years ago. On the upper portion is seen that well-known and exceedingly quaint conception, the eight-footed Sleipnir—Odin's horse. Upon the horse sits a rider. Further, there seems to be a building with three circular arched portals, over which rise lofty halls, and an extremely interested official belonging to the Museum of Antiquities has hazarded the ingenious guess that this is meant to represent nothing less than Valhalla—Odin's splendid dwelling. Certainly one does not expect to find the glorious Valhalla portrayed on Swedish rune-stones of the tenth century; but it is not by any means impossible that in this case such is intended. Upon the lower portion of the stone is a figure of a woman with the body of a bird—the Swan-maiden, Allvitter, and a smithy, and hammers and tongs, etc. Upon this large stone there are no rune-letters or inscriptions, but several smaller ones, and some fragments were found, all bearing runic inscriptions. Two of these fragments are of special interest. On one we find the eight-footed horse with the legs arranged two and two (and not four and four, as in the afore-mentioned stone); then we have a man with a battle axe following another, and a slain foe under his foot. On the smaller fragment is inscribed, "*i gard-hum*," meaning "i Gardarike"—Russia.

This new "find" will be of much interest and importance to historical literature. In such an instance we may indeed say, that "stones speak," and these speak of saga and song in the bygone days of old Scandinavia.

MAY HAIG.

# TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM"

## A Theosophic Poem

That each who seems a separate whole,
  Should move his rounds, and fusing all
  The skirts of self again, should fall,
Remerging in the general soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
  Eternal form shall still divide
  The Eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we meet.

And we shall sit at endless feast,
  Enjoying each the other's good:
  What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,
  Before the spirit fades away,
  Some landing-place, to clasp and say
"Farewell! we lose ourselves in light!"

(In Memoriam, xlvii.)

There it is, put into a word-picture, such as only poet can paint! The three-fold struggle—poet, philosopher, individual—ending in a delightfully illogical compromise, brought about by the blending of them into a trinity. But the idea is there. The poet sees, with that prophetic vision which is part of his function as poet, the vision of the One Life, manifesting through the diverse many. The philosopher argues for it; the individual fears, struggles against, but finally accepts the inevitable.

But, you ask, would Tennyson have called himself a Theosophist? Assuredly *not*. Yet he was one, in spite of himself, or rather as the result of conflict between his many selves.

Unconscious, inasmuch as he did not carry all his conclusions to their ultimate, logical issue, but Theosophist none the

less for that; because the trend of this his greatest work, *In Memoriam*, is in the main theosophic. It is indeed, here, a case of "by their fruits ye shall know them." For to anyone who knows his Tennyson, will at once arise a host of quotations which amply prove my statement. I will only mention one here, as in this brief glance at the aspect of the poet's mind we are really only concerned with *In Memoriam*, but years before this he had written that one of his "Early Sonnets" beginning:

As when with downcast eyes we muse and brood,
And *ebb into a former life*.

*In Memoriam* is both poem and human document. Its greatness is shown by the fact that one aspect takes away no glory from the other. Seldom, indeed, are thought and emotion welded together in such harmonious music.

The poet, I take it, is the highest human manifestation of the Divine potency, because of his three-fold gift of prophecy, thought and song. Deep into the mystery lying at the heart of all the poet pierces, and brings back from the search one ray from the Eternal Sun. He also blends the deepest, truest thoughts of philosophy; and last, but surely not least, he gilds the so-called "common things of life" with the alchemy of lyric song.

The grounds upon which I build my statement that the main trend of *In Memoriam* is theosophic are:

First, that the poet expresses firmly and continuously throughout the entire poem, at each stage, the idea of the One Will.

Our wills are ours, we know not how,
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Secondly, that the idea of reincarnation is inseparable from the spirit of the poem, and frequently evinced in the letter. To take one example (almost at random, for they are so numerous):

Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks,
And these are but the shattered stalks
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

That, I think, is a clear, definite idea of the principle of reincarnation.

Thirdly, that the whole poem is but an unfoldment of the higher self, the divine ego. Beginning, as it does, with a wail of personal loss, of wild yearning for the physical manifestation of the belovéd—a loss, at first, too seemingly cruel for tears—speaking to his heart he says:

> Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
> That grief hath shaken into frost.

Then gradually this earth-bound wail rises into that fusion of sorrow and joy, the comfort of utterance. The tears of the poet's heart are once more crystallised, but this time into song.

Now begins the slow ascent from personal loss, through all the phases of sympathy with others, thereby widening the moral and mental horizon, until at last that shore is reached where the winds and waves are ever calm, because they have passed through storm and are no longer subject to its power. The state described so well by another poet in the lines:

> To have known the tumult and the fret,
> To have known it, and to cease
> In a pervading peace,
> Too calm to suffer pain, too living to forget.

Listen, how, in springtime, the first comfort of lyric utterance of love steals on his heart, like April dew on a wood-anemone. At first he is almost unwilling to cherish any idea of consolation—

> No joy the blooming season gives,
> The herald melodies of Spring,
> But in the songs I love to sing
> A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

That is in stanza xxxviii. In lxv. see how mighty this comfort has grown:

> And in that solace I can sing
> Till, out of painful phases wrought,
> There flutters up a happy thought,
> Self-balanced on a lightsome wing.

No "doubtful solace" here! A pure lilt of song. Sorrow transmuted by song till it becomes the rapture of the poetic genius.

We soon pass to the next step—acquiescence in the One Will; the knowledge that all is well; the blending of wisdom and devotion which ever characterises the attitude of poets to the Poet-God:

I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.—(lxviii.)

The next thought is the worthlessness of all such personal attributes as fame:

O hollow wraith of dying Fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And Self infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

This is the utmost earthly height of poetic vision. The shadowing forth of the Self beyond the selves. He sings because the "Master of all singing" has given him to drink one draught from the deep-hidden well of Song. He gives back to the Giver the same spirit as the flower which perfumes the air as a thank-offering for welcome rain:

To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

The next step is, to realise that the altar-fire of one great love can be fed by that blending of sympathy and good-will which makes "brotherly" love. In all deep love, sorrow goes ever hand in hand with joy; and sorrow teaches sympathy, and joy good-will.

I will not shut me from my kind,
And lest I stiffen into stone
I will not eat my heart alone
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind.

There we have grief passing through the furnace of affliction, till it becomes the refined gold of love manifest in charity to all.

In short, *In Memoriam* is an eloquent plea for the use of pain, for the evolution and ascent of man and for the union of all who love in the service of those who suffer. In other words a true exposition of principles dear to every Theosophist. Perhaps the most formidable elegiac rival to *In Memoriam* is Shelley's *Adonais*. This poem, I find, is as full of theosophic

thought. The two are an interesting comparative study of the Wisdom manifesting in two characters so unlike as Shelley and Tennyson, yet with two mighty bonds of union, the gift of song and the power to love supremely.

This brief inadequate glance into the poet's mind can have but one object—to incite others better fitted to develope the rich vein of theosophic teaching in the works of our greatest poets.

Hear how Tennyson speaks of the Great Ones :

> Those that eye to eye shall look
> On Knowledge, under whose command
> Is Earth and Earths, and in their hand
> Is Nature like an open book.

Only he speaks of Them as only what men may and shall be. We know Them as men now made perfect—the highest manifestation of

> That God which ever lives and loves—
> One God, one law, one element,
> And one far-off divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

LILY DUDDINGTON.

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## FROM THE WISDOM OF GREECE

"THAT the living and the dead come each from other, Plato makes out from the testimony of the ancient poets, those I mean who taught us as Orpheus did, when singing 'The self-same souls are fathers, sons, and honoured wives, and daughters dear.' For everywhere Plato obscurely hints at the doctrines of Orpheus."—OLYMPIODORUS (Lobeck, *Aglaoph.*, 797).

# WHAT A THEOSOPHIST BELIEVES

In dealing with enquirers into Theosophy I have seemed often to feel a lack of something to put into their hands. Not that we have not admirable summaries of its doctrines, on all scales, from that of a penny pamphlet to *The Secret Doctrine* itself; but before a stranger can be expected to take interest enough in such views to study them, he needs to have laid out before him, in intelligible shape, something of what their bearing is upon his life and his opinions. It is, of course, true that the study of these books should be sufficient to enable him to find this out for himself, and that a man of active mind resents nothing so much as to have everything cut and dried for him in this sort of way. For such an one the provision is already amply sufficient, but it is not of these I am thinking. The "ordinary enquirer" like the "ordinary reader" is a person who is used to have his mental food carefully prepared and cooked for him. He is only to be tempted to anything which requires mental exertion by the exhibition of the prizes which are to be gained thereby; and, even then, his natural indisposition to action of this kind is very apt to suggest to him the suspicion (so comfortable to the idle mind) that these prizes are most likely only electro-plate, and not worth working for.

In this way, in nine cases out of ten, the reply (however clear and comprehensive) to the idle question is received with idle unintelligence and lack of interest, and no more is thought of it. I often think, however, that had we the means of taking our uninterested enquirer up to the mount of vision—of showing him, if but by a momentary glimpse, "the kingdoms of the (new) world and the glory of them," some at least might be encouraged to give that study to our views which is needed for their acceptance.

Shall I be met at starting with the old difficulty "The

Theosophical Society has no *creed*" ? True, it has not; not even of his most cherished doctrine of life may a Theosophist dare to say, "Except a man *believe* it, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly," which is what the holder of a creed says, no matter whether its articles be few or many. To a Theosophist it is not in the least what a man *believes* but what he *is* which marks his station, in this or in any other life. But there would be no meaning in the Society at all were it not clearly understood that Those who inspired its foundation and directed its course have information—valuable information—to impart by its means to the world at large. Popular science is not denounced as "*dogmatic*" because it lays down such rules as that water will wet and fire burn; and when our Teachers give us knowledge of facts of nature equally indisputable and still more important for our guidance in the inner and higher life than these are on the physical plane, we may surely venture to formulate them without being supposed to be founding a new religion or laying down a creed.

Nay, more. The pupils themselves are not required, or allowed, to treat the knowledge thus offered them as a *creed*. Truth is shown them as a vision, not handed to them in a form of words. Every pupil will have his own view of what he has seen, and express it in his own words, according to the concentration of his attention, the power of his sight, and his gift of speech. No one of them can lay down *his* view as the "Theosophic Doctrine," and reject others which seem to clash with his, as the makers of sects do. There is room in the Wisdom for all.

If we look on the other hand at the claims of the various religious bodies around us we see that these all depend upon special "revelations" as they are called. It is the business of every religion, its reason for existence, to furnish the needful answers to our questions as to the powers above us and our relationships with them—as to how we came into the world, with what purpose we live in it, and what becomes of us when we leave it. The Jew has *his* reply, which he says was given by God to Moses several thousand years ago; that no one before knew anything of these matters and that all other religions, before and since, *must* be false. The Christian says the only reliable infor-

mation as to God and the world is contained in a collection of various writings about sixteen or seventeen hundred years old, more or less, and that the Jesus of whom some of them speak was the only Prophet, and all religions but theirs are false and soul-destroying (to use their favourite word). Once more, the Mohammedan has *his* Prophet and Law, of still later date; also the only Truth, all other religions to be rooted out at any expenditure of blood and treasure.

Now is it not evident, without any enquiry into the *foundation* of these warring claims, that none of them can claim to be the World-religion—that they are all, in the strictest sense of the word, *sectarian?* There can be only one true World-religion, that which gives us actual knowledge of the system of Nature; which tells us—and has always told us—how, and for what purpose we were made and continue to live; what is our relationship to the rest of Nature, and what are the laws of our existence. And by this last expression is not meant laws laid down by the arbitrary will of any supposed Creator, the violation of which is to be punished by penalties prescribed by the same arbitrary will. Nothing of *that* kind can possibly come into a system which covers the whole Universe. The true "law" can only be the formulation of the law of our spiritual growth and progress—the law whose violation brings its own punishment as the falling into the fire or the casting ourselves into the water does—the law which ever has been and ever must be, because the world was so made from the very beginning in the Divine Thought. Of these facts of Nature one form of religion may have more, another less, but surely none can rightly claim that it has *all* and the rest *none*.

Our Theosophic tradition declares that these laws of Nature were actually revealed to the early races of mankind by higher Beings who knew what the Mind of the Maker was; and that the youthful humanity was thus spared the time and suffering which would otherwise have had to be spent in learning them by hard experience;—that man was *not* left for many thousands of years without this indispensable knowledge until a single man was sent to a small and semi-savage nation of the East to teach it, as is the Christian view, or remained even without that small

assistance with absolutely no means of knowing good from evil until the scientists of the end of the nineteenth century after Christ came—and all wisdom with them, as these said scientists are of opinion. To this statement it adds that these actual facts of Nature, which constitute the only "Truth" worth attention, have never since been forgotten; that the knowledge has been kept alive by men chosen and trained for the purpose; and from time to time, when the rush of human passion has threatened to overwhelm it, Teachers have been sent forth to renew the failing light; not Jesus Christ only, but everyone who has left his mark in history as a great Teacher, and many more who have been unrecognised or forgotten.

In this mode of viewing things we have, for the first time, as I venture to say, an intelligible and reasonable view of the world and its history—one which may fairly be presented for examination as a reasonable and possible solution of all difficulties, without at first going into arguments in confirmation of its truth—a task which our supposed enquirer is not likely to be willing to undertake at this point of the discussion. We have here rather to show him to what an inspiring and ennobling range of thought this principle gives the key. All the early religions, and even those of savage nations at the present time, are thus seen as worn and distorted fragments of the same original Truth, and their wildest aberrations are, generally, confused reminiscences of great laws of Nature which more "scientific" races have forgotten altogether. The greater religions of the present world, Christian and Heathen, Catholic or Protestant, vary only (to a Theosophist's eye) in the fragments of the great Truth they have respectively lost and retained; and when we understand that, whilst every form of religion in the West is frantically struggling to maintain itself as the *only* truth and to destroy all which cannot speak its Shibboleth, the older religions of the East still maintain that mutual tolerance which has been forgotten since their time in the busy rush of worldly prosperity, it may perhaps suggest an explanation of the fact that some Theosophists are inclined to be more merciful to the corruptions of Buddhism or Hinduism than to the more deadly, if more polished, corruptions of Christianity. The history of these last, as it is now

beginning to unfold itself to our enquirers, is a very curious one. Jesus Christ found existing around him a vast and complicated system of religion, in many respects very near to the actual facts of the world's history. This he seems to have set himself, like Gautama Buddha before him, to *simplify* for the use of the simple country folk amongst whom he lived. But, alas, the taste for simplification is easier awakened than satisfied; it is much easier to denounce than to understand. When the Creeds were written down the true Christianity had been already forgotten by those who made it their pride to be ignorant of philosophy; at every Reformation since, more truth has been cast aside and more error introduced, until in the "simple gospel" of the Salvationist you have absolutely nothing which would have been recognised by the intelligent Christian of the early centuries as Christian at all—something which, with its "Blood and Fire," would have been, indeed, energetically repudiated by him as a more "blasphemous and soul-destroying" system than the worst abominations of the heathen.

Of these forgotten facts, whose loss has narrowed Christianity from a worthy representative, in its time and place, of the World-religion into a mere sect, the most far-reaching in its consequences is that man has many lives behind him and many still before him. It is a necessary corollary to this that these lives are continuous one with the other, each new life taking up what the old one let drop; but what a complete change in all our views of life when we once realise what all this means! But first, what *is* this which passes from life to life?

The answer we give to this question is that it is a spark, so to speak, of the Great Flame; one with the God of the Universe at its commencement; divided from Him that it may run its separate course in the world and gain all the experience and power that course can give it; to return to Him once more "bringing its sheaves with it"; but never, at any time, *so* separated from Him as to be capable of "entering into moral relationships" with Him, according to the legal jargon which the Roman lawyers imported into Christianity, and (*most* especially) never capable of being separated from Him for ever. God it was in the beginning, undeveloped; God it is in its present series of

lives developing ever more and more; God it will be when the purpose of the Universe is complete and the "soul shall return to God who made it" in the glory of its completion.

Then turn from this grand ideal to the thought of the vulgar around us that each soul was made by God such as it is, and placed where it was born, no one knows how or why, "for God's honour and glory." That God hates it when He has made it, and unless it "repents" will burn it for ever in Hell. That the best life it can live here is utterly useless to it, and its future life, if it attains Heaven, will pass in purely selfish bliss. And when your human nature, so much wiser in this than your teaching, recoils from the picture, ask *then* if it is not worth while to take some trouble to learn that it is *not* the Christian doctrine, and (better still) that it is *false!*

Amongst all the puzzles of the world around us two are, perhaps, the most pressing; one, why is it that no two human beings come into existence with the like lot in character and circumstances; the other, why all the power and experience which each gains during life should, as is supposed, go to utter waste at his death. As regards the first of these, the time is past when it can be treated with the naïve innocence with which Dr. Watts makes his "infant mind" rejoice in the fact that

Not more than others I deserve
But God has given me more.

The healthier moral sense of our heathen ancestor, who refused Heaven when told that his forefathers and friends were all in Hell, has come to light again from beneath the corruption introduced by the so-called Christian doctrine of "Grace"; and we of the twentieth century demand a system which shall have some better explanation of the fate of our fallen brothers and sisters whose ruin fills the streets, than the "inscrutable Will of God."

In reply, the Theosophist has first to bid the enquirer free his mind from the superstition that for these poor souls this present life has to settle their everlasting future. Their "salvation" is in truth a matter of long learning, through many lives, and is certain, sooner or later, *to all*. Once clear on this point, there is no place for hysterical excitement at their fate; we may

watch, hopefully and calmly, the process of their purification, nor complain that by reason of the dulled senses of the more backward classes very rough and painful shocks have to be used in teaching them the elementary lessons of their life. We all, in our time, have stood where they stand and learned our lesson as they are doing; if we do not now suffer as they do, it is because we have learned their lesson in earlier lives; our minds are now awake and active, and can learn at less expenditure of pain. In the meantime, they *are* learning; and not one spark of good which may be struck out of them in the rough hammering they undergo but has its results for their benefit in future lives. Whatever good seed they sow, they will reap its fruit to the full; and for ourselves we can say no more.

As regards the differences between those on our own level or near it, we say that *these* are purely our own work. There is no good or evil done in one life but bears its appointed fruit in joy or sorrow in another. If one is happier than another in this life, it is because he has *given* more happiness in his previous incarnations; if he desires the fruit of a noble and joyous life in his next incarnation, he must sow the seed in good and kindly deeds here. There is no other way—"God is not mocked; that which thou sowest thou shalt reap." And is it not a nobler and more wholesome doctrine—better for ourselves and better for society—to believe this, and live accordingly, than to look for some undeserved "pardon" or "grace" to enable us to escape the consequences of our faults, whilst leaving the mischief they have done to others to run its course? If we clearly understand that we can never, by any forgiveness of God or man, be made happy as long as there is a single human being suffering through our fault, is not this a sufficient motive for good living, even without those higher ones our doctrine furnishes to those who are already unselfish enough to appreciate them?

So much for man's past and present; what of his future? This depends on the Powers above, and his relationship to them. We have said that there is a higher Self, which passes from life to life, which has worked upwards through the kingdoms of nature to the complete human form, and is at this stage ensouled by that very Divine Life whose steady pressure has driven it so

far on its upward way. But what is this Divine Life? Is it what is commonly known as a Personal God—a Being with the passions, even the worst passions, of a man; a God who is angry with his creatures; who is impatient with the weakness of his own work; who is jealous of every word and thought of theirs which is not in his praise, and vindictive to all transgression of his arbitrary commands beyond the ingenious cruelty of the worst merely human tyrant? Is it, again, the amiable, good-natured, imbecile King Log of another school of theologians—one who "has no enemies; he is too good to have any!"—who looks on helplessly whilst men do just as they please? It surely must be evident to every reader that neither of these conceptions is possible for one who takes our view of the universe. In such a world as we believe in—a vast organisation throbbing every-where with the pulsations of the One Life, rising ever higher and higher on the irresistible tide-wave of the out-pouring of the Divine Spirit in a progress, a development, which has absolutely no bound nor limit whatever—endless as the Divinity itself—there is no room for any Being at once so high as to be able to influence man's fate, and yet so low as to be still subject to love and hatred, to be pleased or offended by man's actions or words. Surely when we ourselves have already so far advanced as to see before us in the near future a time when *we* shall be beyond such things, we ought no longer to attribute them to our God. Long before Christianity took its present shape the thoughtful East knew this well. *Their* God Incarnate must "know neither love nor hate," but be "alike to all"; His calm watchfulness over human progress through the ages, "beholding alike the evil and the good, sending His rain on the just and on the un-just" (as was said by a Western writer who had not forgotten entirely the Ancient Wisdom). To a true "God"—one so far above *our* best as to deserve our worship—"good" and "evil" are words without meaning; like "pain" and "pleasure" they are matters of the lower plane which concern Him not at all. They are but the nurses which help to bring up His infant children to the point where He can take them in hand Himself and teach them the way upwards.

This, then, is the future which lies before mankind: to grow

continually into "the measure of the stature of the fulness of God"—nothing less. Our "sin" is the hanging back, the clinging to the child's pleasures, the looking back to the "City of the Plain," to the "fleshpots of Egypt"; our "repentance" the putting all these behind us to follow steadily the guidance of the power within us which makes for good; our "salvation" the deliverance from all the desires of the lower nature which hold us back; from the pleasures of the beast in this life, from the selfish hopes of a joy hereafter which others may not share; from the fear of any Hell which our own weak yielding has not made for ourselves, and from which we cannot rise when our growing strength and wisdom, growing through and by means of our suffering, shall enable us to choose and hold to the better part, which shall not be taken from us.

Ah, but (you will say) all these abstractions are so cold—we cannot live without the *human* love of Jesus; that is our only comfort as it is our only hope. My friends, you deceive yourselves, you cling to your conception of the love of Jesus, *not* because you love Him, but because you have a feeling that therein is something you can claim as your very own, separate from anyone else; something you can *appropriate* (to use a word which is a very favourite one with the theologians of the school of which I am thinking). It is pleasant—to your lower nature—to feel that He loves you, and not the people you meet in the street; to feel that in the general shipwreck and starvation *you* have a secret and sufficient store of food which will not fail you. Do you again say: "No, it is *not* a happiness to us that others fail to obtain the salvation we have gained; we should like that all were as we—we could almost find in our hearts, like St. Paul, to wish to be anathema to God for our brethren's sake." It is good, my friends, to hear it; good to know that so many really mean it; but if so, how are you going to be happy in your Heaven? Are you, charitable, sympathising, Christian men and women of the twentieth century, to sit (as Abraham in the parable) and have Dives for ever crying out to you for water, "being tormented in this flame," and for ever refusing—and be *happy* because it is God's will? *Is* your faith really strong enough for that?

No; if that be your feeling, you must come to us to learn that you may be a good Christian, according to the Christianity taught by Jesus, and *not* believe these horrors; to find comfort and consolation in knowing that the love of the Great Ones goes out to the lowest and most sinful even as to you, that They are never angry, or jealous, or impatient with the slowest and the weakest, but that all shall come at last to the goal of their long pilgrimage, for God's love can never fail of its desire.

But for those who hug their own private and particular "salvation" to their hearts as a miser his treasure (and there are many) what can we say but that this, and this only, is the "unpardonable sin." It is not Christianity, and it is wholly false and mischievous. Men are not "under the wrath of God," nor are they "saved" from it by the merits of any Saviour. Jesus came to seek and to save, indeed; but by teaching the ignorant and putting the fire of His own strong life into the hearts of those who were fainting in the hard and almost desperate struggle to save themselves; and as in Judea two thousand years ago, so it is now, that wherever there is a soul needing light and help the Divine Saviour is close at hand. But the salvation is not to take us to Heaven, but to help us to get free from ourselves and to make of us good soldiers in the army of God—whether on earth or anywhere else, what matters?

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

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## REINCARNATION

"IF we view the changes and chances of mortal life, it would seem that at times some part of the truth has been seen by the ancient prophets or interpreters of the Divine intention in the tradition of the sacred mysteries and initiations, who have declared that we are born to pay the penalty of crimes we have committed in a former life."—CICERO, *in Hortensio*, *Frag.*, p. 60 (Lobeck, p. 796).

# THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURE OF MICHAEL QUARME

SEEING that in these days there is an evil spirit abroad in the land, whereby men are made to doubt of those things which their fathers have known to be true, I, Michael Quarme, being now well stricken in years and soon, beyond doubt, to give an account of the works done by me in the body, think it well to set down in all soberness and truth an account of that which I have seen and do know. For I am loth that my children's children should be scoffers and unbelievers. In these latter days men are beginning to doubt that the good people of the moor, and the gods the heathen folk worshipped, do live; and this seems to me to be very grievous; for if the young begin to question on such matters as these, as like as not they'll question next on serious matters touching their salvation, to wit, the teachings of the Scriptures, and of other beliefs necessary to the health of a man's soul.

The thing which I purpose to tell befell in the year when the soldiers of King James fought and conquered the men of the Duke of Monmouth, who was, some affirm, the rightful king of this land, being born in lawful wedlock. At that time I had control of the farm and lands of my good father; he being bed-rid and my elder brother dead.

It came to pass one day that I was on the moor whereon stand the Dawns Mên and the great Menêg which marks, they say, the grave of a ruler of the ancient folk who are gone; who ruled in Lyonesse that is lost beneath the sea. I was looking for some sheep which were strayed, and was near giving up the chase of them, when I saw a man watching me from behind a rock; even as I wondered whether he were a sheep-stealer he rose up and ran to me, crying my name. I saw then who he was,

and saluted him with all respect; for he was Mr. Anthony Pendennis, the son of a great gentleman of our country. When Mr. Anthony's mother died he was but a few weeks old, and I some days younger than he. Therefore my mother was begged by Mr. Anthony's father to nurse his babe with her own; this my mother was very willing to do, and the child loved her, so that when he was grown and could run and walk, he would be often at our farm, and would call her "mother." One day when he fell and cut his hand, my mother took me and scratched me sharply with a flint and drew the blood; then she mingled it, his and mine, so that the blood-bond might be between us, and he and I be held thereby. This Mr. Anthony knew; therefore, when he saw me he was glad, because he was in great straits. He told me he had fought for the Duke, and when his men were scattered he fled on his feet to his own land, thinking that he should be safe among the Cornish folk, and that none would seek him there. But there was a gentleman of those parts, one Mr. Joseph Trevose, who loved the lady Mr. Anthony loved; and this lady, unlike my Loveday, was one who desired to set fierce anger between men, and bitter rivalry; than which there is no more mischievous desire can enter a woman's heart. And this I bid my granddaughter, Temperance Carhaze, to note, for Heaven hath made her comely, but, God help her, of no very subtle wit. There be some who think it well a woman should have a poor wit, but I hold differently. Because if she be good, she'll make good use of her wit, like my own Loveday; whereas, if she be bad, whereby I chiefly mean cold-hearted, vain, and avaricious, then it is little matter whether she have wit or lack it, she may give the very Devil himself lessons in mischievous doings.

Mr. Joseph Trevose being out of his right senses with wrath and jealousy, pursued Mr. Anthony; and brought with him soldiers as far as Cornwall to hale him back to Devon, where they held a very grievous and bloody assize. Even now, he was on his track; but Mr. Anthony's friends meant to bring a boat just before sunrise to the cove by Porthskerrow Head, to take him to France and to safety.

He was now seeking a place where he could hide from Joseph Trevose, who was tramping the moor with his soldiers

in search of him. I, knowing well every inch of the moor and of the shore, led him to a little cave in the face of the cliff, where the choughs and gulls were wheeling and calling. There I bade him stay, well knowing that no man who did not know those parts would ever find him; and, I bless God, there was none of our country who knew the moor, would have helped to sell a Cornishman to the hangman, even though he deserved to be hanged.

Having left Mr. Anthony to wait for the night and his boat, I went back over the moor. Two miles from the shore, by the great Menêg stone, I met Mr. Joseph Trevose and his soldiers. I did not try to escape them; I held on my course. It may be I had in those days a fierce and a sinful pride; for I would not turn aside nor hide from a man such as he, who would betray one of his blood and people to foreigners from London.

He saw me and shouted to me. The soldiers halted, and I came towards him. When I had come, and he knew me (for all of our parish knew the blood-bond held twixt me and Mr. Anthony) he asked me whether I knew where my foster-brother lay. Now, I use not to lie to any man, and I held this man in too great scorn to care or heed what he could do to me. I knew there was no power in him nor in his men to make me speak what I did not choose to tell. I answered him shortly, asking why he put that question to me.

"I put no question to you, Mr. Quarme," said he, "I say you know where the man lies."

"Indeed, sir," said I smiling, which made him very wrath, whereat I smiled the more, "You are a gentleman, to speak plainly, of more wit than honour, and there's no chance for a plain fellow to deceive you."

"Where is he then?" said he.

"I leave that to your wit to find out," said I. "You'll need no help from me—nor get it if you did."

He was angry, but not very angry; because he felt sure he had Mr. Anthony safe; he never dreamed he could not make me speak, for there on the moor, away from my own people, he could deal with me as he chose. He put his pistol to my head and said he:

"Won't your wit condescend to help mine now, Mr. Quarme?"

"No," said I, "I'll see you to the Devil first."

He lowered the pistol, and his hand shook with rage. I laughed. "You've had your head turned by notice from your betters," said he. "You'll tell me where he hides before I've done with you."

"I shall tell you," said I, still laughing, "if you can make me."

"I shall try," said he.

"Good luck to you," replied I, mockingly; whereat he struck me across the face with his whip, and called the men to bind me.

Then he began to try whether he could wring the truth from me; he did not succeed, whereat he grew very wrath and cursed me for an obstinate fool. I spare to tell of the means he used to make me speak, because this tale will fall into the hands of my granddaughters who love me; it is not fit that young maids, who are, or should be, tender of heart, should be grieved and affrighted by hearing of the cruelty and villainy of men. After he had tried all means of torture that he or his men knew, he cried out angrily:

"You are a fool, and your blood shall be on your own head. You shall bide here the night and think of this matter at your leisure. To-morrow you shall tell me where he lies, or you shall hang from that tree."

He pointed to the only tree on the moor, a wind-twisted oak, dead and bare of leaves.

"To-morrow," said I, as well as I could speak, for I was nearly fainting, "it may be I shall tell you."

I meant that Anthony Pendennis would have sailed for France by that time, and Joseph Trevose could do as he chose. I meant to tell him, too, before I died, though herein in my age I see I was wrong, what I, and all honest Cornish men, thought of a man who would betray one of his own people to the soldiers, and to this London Justice who was come to hang and burn the people of the West.

They tied me fast to the tree, three paces from the Menêg,

and there they left me. Trevose shook his fist at me as he went. He knew no one would find or rescue me, for there was no man of that country who would go near the Menêg in the dympsies, and much less in the dark. I, being left there, faint and spent with pain, tried to think of and repent all that I had done amiss in my life; for I could not see but that I should surely die. And I thought of Loveday Trelawny, who was my sweetheart then, and afterwards my wife; and indeed I had thought of her from the first. I did not want to die and leave Loveday, but I knew that death is better than dishonoured life; and there is nothing shames a man so much, in my judgment, as a broken bond. In truth I knew there was little joy I should have of Loveday if I came back to her safe, with a tale of a broken blood-bond and a betrayed brother. I do not think any man who loved Loveday Trelawny would have dared to be a coward or a traitor. God have her soul in His keeping, as I make no doubt He hath.

I saw the light go, and the sea grow dark. I saw the dusk, like a purple-clad giant, stalk over the moor; I saw the stars a-twinkle, and the moon float like a little silver boat in the dark hollowness of the bent sky. Where the sun had gone down the sky was dim green. Then it grew very dark, and the green was gone. I heard the sound of the water drawing and sucking on the rocks; and the rustle of the heather in the wind.

I sighed; the cords cut my arms, and I ached sorely in every limb. I heard a sound like hounds passing over the moor; and the ground shook as though with the stride of horses at the gallop. The air began to live; it whispered and rustled with a sound of low voices. Then I saw pale lights flit past me, and my heart grew like water in my breast. I shut my eyes awhile and sweated for fear. At last I opened them again, because I thought I heard laughter and the sound of harps a-twang.

There were lights sweeping orderly all over the moor; some were apple green, and some were yellow; some shone like the sky at noon, and others were purple, glowing as though they were the soul of the heather, if heather have a soul; some were rosy like the clouds when the sun rises, or like apple blooth. Soon I saw that they did not move in a disordered rout, but they

swept in a measure round the grey Menêg, gliding ever smoothly to and fro.

On a sudden my heart it leaped into my mouth, for a great glowing light had sprung up on the Menêg; I shuddered and shook as one with the ague; truth! I do not count it shame to own that I was in a great fright.

Upon the Menêg, standing in the light, I saw a man, if man he was. I know he could have been no man save in seeming, but one of the Gods whom once the heathen worshipped at that very stone. For these Gods, men say, ruled all the little people, the "good folk" of the moor, the pixies, the knockers, and the people who live in the sea-caves and play in the spray, as my grandmother hath oftentimes seen them do. These Gods of the people who are gone ruled, so she said, gods lesser than themselves; and sometimes men see them still.

The man who stood upon the stone wore, so it seemed, a linen tunic to the knee; his feet and legs were bare, and from his feet upwards there flowed a many-coloured flame that wrapped him like a garment and streamed far up above his head, pointed-wise. From his shoulders fell a green mantle, clasped with red gold. In his hand there seemed to be a branch of a tree in blooth; it was covered with snow-white flowers, and the sweet smell from it and from his garments came towards me on the wind. His body was less gross and earthly than ours; it seemed to give forth light of its own nature and power.

Even as I looked he came from the Menêg and moved towards me. I saw the lights wheel and turn and follow after him as though he drew them. He passed within three paces of my tree; he halted and lingered while one might draw a breath, looking on me. Now his eyes, unmoving and unwinking, were wonderful to see, like a deep pool of water holding mysteries in its breast that no man may know. Though he looked at me, and kindly, and though I perceived he knew why I was tied thus, he looked on me merely as one who passes by to deal with matters of great import. Even as a man, bent on the king's service, might linger and stoop to pluck a struggling insect from the dust, so he; for as he lingered but a moment the bonds fell from me, and I was free. I fell forward; fell on my knees at

his feet; and if, as a Christian man, I did ill in this, yet I humbly hope I may find mercy; and the rather that I could not have stood up even if I would. I fell; and perceived that he passed on and went over the moor eastwards towards Devon. It was like the passing of a river of light; for all the trooping lights turned and followed him, streaming over the moor in his wake.

Then I, giving thanks, rose up and fled to the place where Anthony Pendennis was hidden; at dawn he took me with him in the boat, and I abided in France till Trevose died of smallpox three years after my flight. When he died I returned to my own land and wedded Loveday, and saw, with her, my children's children.

Now, when I hear men say, as there be many who say, that the folk of the mist and the Gods of the people who are gone are not, and never were, there is both mirth and sadness in my heart, because I know what I know. There be those who tell us the old Gods live and are devils, at enmity with God our Father! But this I make bold to doubt, though I have heard it from godly and learned folk; because I believe he who freed me loved that a man should be true to his brother and to his pledged bond; and therefore he set me free, to live and wed with Loveday. Moreover, I am mindful how he went, followed by the lesser lights, a stream of glory in the darkness over the moor, and I cannot doubt that he went about his appointed work, set for him by the law of God, Whom good men and angels serve alike in great humility.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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"THE instructors in the mysteries say that the soul suffers punishment, and that we return to life here to meet the punishment of our grievous offences."—IAMBLICHUS, *Protr.*, viii. 134.

# THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 535)

## CHAPTER IV.

### The Growth of Thought. Observation and its Value

It will be gathered from what has already been said that one element in clear thinking is accurate observation. We have to begin this work on the physical plane, where our bodies come into contact with the Not-Self. We climb *upwards*, and all evolution begins on the lower plane and passes on into the higher; on the lower we first touch the external world, and thence the vibrations pass upwards—or inwards—calling out the inner powers.

Accurate observation, then, is a faculty to be definitely cultivated. Most people go through the world with their eyes half closed, and we can each test this for ourselves by questioning ourselves on what we have observed while passing along a street. We can ask: "What have I observed while walking down this street?" Many people will have observed next to nothing, no clear images have been formed. Others will have observed a few things; some will have observed many. It is related of Houdin's father that he trained the child in observing the contents of the shops he passed, walking along the streets of London, until he could give the whole contents of a shop-front which he had passed by without stopping, having thrown over it a mere glance. The normal child and the savage are observant, and according to the extent of their capacity for observation is the measure of their intelligence. The habit of clear, quick observation lies in the average man at the root of clear thinking. Those who think

most confusedly are generally those who observe least accurately; except where intelligence is highly developed and is turned inwards habitually.

But the answer to the above question may be: "I was thinking of something else, and therefore did not observe." And the answer is a good one, if the answerer was thinking of something more important than the training of the mental body and of the power of attention by careful observation. Such a one may have done well in his lack of observation; but if the answerer has only been dreaming, drifting about aimlessly, then he has wasted his time much more than if he had turned his energy outwards.

This distinction must be taken as limiting the above remarks, for a man deeply engaged in thought will be unobservant of passing objects, turned inwards and not outwards. The highly developed and the partially developed need different training.

But how many of the unobservant people are really "deeply engaged in thought"? In most people's minds all that is going on is an idle looking at any thought-image that happens to present itself, a turning over of the contents of the mind in an aimless fashion, as an idle woman turns over the contents of her wardrobes or her jewel-box. This is not thinking, for thinking means, as we have seen, the establishing of relations, the adding of something not previously present. In thinking, the attention of the Knower is deliberately directed to the thought-images, and he exerts himself actively upon them.

The development, then, of the habit of observation is part of the training of the mind, and those who practise it will find that the mind becomes clearer, increases in power, and becomes more easily manageable, so that they can direct it on any given object much better than they had been able previously to do. Now this power of observation, once definitely established, works automatically, the mental body registering images which are available if wanted later, without calling at the time on the attention of its owner. A very trivial but significant case of this kind happened in my own experience. While I was travelling in America, a question arose one day about the number on the

engine of a train by which we had been travelling. This was not, in any sense, a case of clairvoyance. The number was instantly presented to me by my mind. Without any conscious action on my part, the mind had observed and registered the number as the train came into the station, and when the number was wanted the mental image of the incoming train, with the number on the front of the engine, at once came up. This faculty, once established, is a useful one, for it means that when things that have been passing around you have not attracted your attention at the time, you can none the less recall them by looking at the record which the mental body has made of them on its own account.

This automatic activity of the mental body, outside the conscious activity of the Jîva, goes on more extensively in all of us than might be supposed; for it has been found that when a person is hypnotised he will report a number of small events which had passed him by without arousing his attention. These impressions reach the mental body through the brain, and are impressed on the latter as well as on the former. Many impressions thus reach the mental body that are not sufficiently deep to enter into consciousness—not because consciousness cannot cognise them, but because it is not normally awake enough to notice any but the deeper impressions. In the hypnotic trance, in delirium, in physical dreams, when the Jîva is away, the brain yields up these impressions, which are usually overpowered by the far stronger impressions received by and made by the Jîva himself; but if the mind is trained to observe and record, then the Jîva can recover from it, at will, the impressions thus made.

Thus, if two people walked down a street, one trained in observation and the other not, both would receive a number of impressions and neither might be conscious of the receipt of these at the time; but afterwards, the trained observer would be able to recover these impressions, while the other would not. As this power lies at the root of clear thinking, those who desire to culture and control thought-power will do well to cultivate the habit of observation, and to sacrifice the mere pleasure of drifting idly along whithersoever the stream of fancy may carry them.

## The Evolution of Mental Faculties

As images accumulate, the work of the Knower becomes more complicated, and his activity upon them draws out one power after another, inherent in his divine nature. He no longer accepts the external world only in its simple relation to himself, as containing objects that are causes of pleasure or pain to himself; but he arranges side by side the images representing them, studies them in their various aspects, shifts them about and reconsiders them. He begins also to arrange his own observations. He observes, when one image brings up another, the order of their succession. When a second has followed a first many times, he begins to look for the second when the first appears, and thus links the two together. This is his first attempt at reasoning, and here again we have the calling out of an inherent faculty. He argues that because A and B have always appeared successively, *therefore* when A appears B will appear. This forecast being continually verified, he comes to link them together as "cause" and "effect," and many of his early errors are due to a too hasty establishment of this relation. Further, setting images side by side, he observes their unlikenesses and likenesses, and developes a power of comparison. He chooses one or another as pleasure-giving, and moves the body in search of them in the external world, developing judgment by these selections and their consequences. He evolves a sense of proportion in relation to the likenesses and unlikenesses, and groups objects together by their prominent likenessses, separating them from others by their prominent unlikenesses; here also he makes many errors, corrected by later observations, being easily misled at first by surface similarities.

Thus observation, discrimination, reason, comparison, judgment, are evolved one after another, and these faculties grow with exercise, and thus the aspect of the Self as Knower is developed by the activity of thoughts, by the action and re-action continually repeated between the Self and the Not-Self.

To quicken the evolution of these faculties, we must deliberately and consciously exercise them, using the circumstances of daily life as opportunities for developing them. Just as we saw that the power of observation might be trained in everyday life,

so can we accustom ourselves to see the points of likeness and unlikeness in the objects round us, we can draw conclusions and test them by events, we can compare, and judge, and all this consciously and of set purpose. Thought-power grows rapidly under this deliberate exercise, and becomes a thing that is consciously wielded, felt as a definite possession.

## Memory

In order that we may clearly understand what lies at the root of "bad memory," we must examine the mental processes which go to make up what is called memory. Although in many psychological books memory is spoken of as a mental faculty, there is really no one faculty to which that name should be given. The persistence of a mental image is not due to any special faculty, but belongs to the general *quality* of the mind; a feeble mind is feeble in persistence as in all else, and—like a substance too fluid to retain the shape of the mould into which it has been poured—falls quickly out of the form it has taken. Where the mental body is little organised, is a mere loose aggregate of the molecules of mind-stuff, a cloud-like mass without much coherence, memory will certainly be very weak. But this weakness is general, not special; it is common to the whole mind, and is due to its low stage of evolution.

As the mental body becomes organised and the powers of the Jîva work in it, we yet often find what is called "a bad memory." But if we observe this "bad memory," we shall find that it is not faulty in all respects, that there are some things which are well remembered, and which the mind retains without effort. If we then examine these remembered things, we shall find that they are things which greatly attract the mind, that the things that are much liked are not forgotten. I have known a woman complain of a bad memory with respect to matters that were being studied, while I have observed in her a very retentive memory with regard to the details of a dress that she admired. Her mental body was not lacking in a fair amount of retentiveness, and when she observed carefully and attentively, producing a clear mental image, the image was fairly long-lived. Here we have the key to "bad memory." It is due to lack of attention,

to lack of accurate observation, and therefore to confused thought. Confused thought is the blurred impression caused by careless observation and lack of attention, while clear thought is the sharply-cut impression due to concentrated attention and careful, accurate observation. We do not remember the things to which we pay little heed, but we remember well the things that keenly interest us.

How, then, should a "bad memory" be treated? First, the things should be noticed with regard to which it is bad and with regard to which it is good, so as to estimate the general quality of adhesiveness. Then the things with regard to which it is bad should be scrutinised, in order to see if they are worth remembering, and if they are things for which we do not care. If we find that we care little for them, but that in our best moments we feel we ought to care for them, then we should say to ourselves: "I will pay attention to them, will observe them accurately, and will think carefully and steadily on them." Doing this, we shall find our memory improve. For, as said above, memory is really dependent on attention, accurate observation and clear thought; the element of attraction is valuable as fixing the attention, but if that be not present, its place must be taken by the will.

In this, as in everything else, a little practice repeated daily is much more effective than a great effort followed by a period of inaction. We should set ourselves a little daily task of observing a thing carefully, imaging it in the mind *in all its details*, keeping the mind fixed on it for a short time, as the physical eye might be fixed on an object. On the following day we should call up the image, reproducing it as accurately as we can, and should then compare it with the object and observe any inaccuracies. If we gave five minutes a day to this practice, alternately observing an object and picturing it in the mind, and recalling the previous day's image and comparing our picture with the object, we should "improve our memory" very rapidly, and we should really be improving our powers of observation, of attention, of imagination, of concentration; in fact, we should be organising the mental body, and fitting it, far more rapidly than nature will fit it without assistance, to discharge its functions

effectively and usefully. No man can take up such a practice as this, and remain unaffected by it; and he will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that his powers have increased, and that they have come much more under the control of the will.

The artificial ways of improving the memory present things to the mind in an attractive form, or associate with such a form the things to be remembered. If a person visualises easily, he will aid a bad memory by constructing a picture, and attaching to points in that picture the things he wants to remember; then the calling up of the picture brings up also the things that were to be remembered. Other people, in whom the auditory power is dominant, remember by the jingle of rhymes, and, for instance, weave a series of dates, or other unattractive facts, into verses that "stick in the mind." But far better than any of these ways is the rational method detailed above, by the use of which the mind-body becomes better organised, more coherent as to its materials.

## The Training of the Mind

To train the mind in any one direction is to train it altogether to some extent, for any definite kind of training organises the mind-stuff of which the mental body is composed, and also calls out some of the powers of the Knower. The increased capacity can be directed to any end, and is available for all purposes. A trained mind can be applied to a new subject, and will grapple with it and master it in a way impossible to the untrained, and this is the use of education.

But it should always be remembered that the training of the mind does not consist in cramming it with facts, but in drawing out its powers. The mind does not grow by being gorged with other people's thoughts, but by exercising its own faculties. It is said of the great Teachers who stand at the head of human evolution that They know everything which exists within the solar system. This does not mean that every fact therein is always within Their consciousness, but that They have so developed the aspect of knowledge in Themselves that whenever They turn Their attention in any direction They know the object to which it is turned. This is a much greater thing than the storage in the mind of any number of facts, as it is a greater thing to see any

object on which the eye is turned than to be blind and to know it only by the description given of it by others. The evolution of the mind is measured not by the images it contains, but by the development of the nature which is knowledge, the power to reproduce within itself anything that is presented to it. This will be as useful in any other universe as in this, and once gained is ours to use wherever we may be.

### Association with Superiors

Now this work of training the mind may be very much helped forward by coming into touch with those who are more highly evolved than ourselves. A thinker who is stronger than we are can materially aid us, for he sends out vibrations of a higher order than we are able to create. A piece of iron lying on the ground cannot start heat-vibrations on its own account; but if it happens to be placed near a fire, it can answer to the heat-vibrations of the fire, and thus become hot. When we come near a strong thinker, his vibrations play on our mental bodies and set up in them corresponding vibrations, so that we vibrate sympathetically with him. For the time being we feel that our mental power is increased and that we are able to grasp conceptions that normally elude us. But when we are again alone, we find that these very conceptions have become blurred and confused.

People will listen to a lecture and follow it intelligently, for the time being understanding the teaching it conveys. They go away satisfied, feeling that they have made a substantial gain in knowledge. On the following day, wishing to share with a friend what had been gained, they find to their mortification that they cannot reproduce the conceptions which seemed to be so clear and luminous. Often they will exclaim impatiently: "I am sure I know it; it is there, if I could only get hold of it." This feeling arises from the memory of the vibrations which both mental body and Jîva have experienced; there is the consciousness of having realised the conceptions, the memory of the forms taken, and the feeling that, having produced them, reproduction should be easy. But on the previous day it was the masterful vibrations of the stronger thinker that shaped the forms taken by

the mental body; they were moulded from without, not from within. The sense of inability experienced on the attempt to reproduce them means that this shaping must be done for them a few times, before they will have sufficient strength to reproduce those forms by self-initiated vibrations. The Knower must have vibrated in these higher ways several times, ere he can reproduce the vibrations at will. By virtue of his own inherent nature he can evolve the power within himself to reproduce them, when he has been made to answer several times by impact from without. The power in both Knowers is the same, but one has evolved it, while in the other it is latent. It is brought out of latency by the contact with a similar power already in activity, and thus the stronger quickens the evolution of the weaker.

Herein lies one of the values of associating with persons more advanced than ourselves. We profit by their contact, and grow under their stimulating influence. A true Teacher will thus aid his disciples far more by keeping them near him than by any spoken words.

For this influence direct personal contact affords the most effective channel. But failing this, or in association with it, much may also be gained from books, if the books be wisely chosen. In reading the work of a really great writer, we should try for the time to put ourselves into a negative or receptive condition, so as to receive as many of his thought-vibrations as possible. When we have read the words, we should dwell on them, ponder over them, try to sense the thought they partially express, draw out of them all their hidden relationships. Our attention must be concentrated, so as to pierce the mind of the writer through the veil of his words. Such reading serves as an education, and helps forward our mental evolution. Less strenuous reading may serve as a pleasant pastime, may store our minds with valuable facts, and so subserve our usefulness. But such reading as is described means a stimulus to our evolution, and should not be neglected by those who seek to grow in order to serve.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# A TRUE INCIDENT

A QUIET road, winding between gardens and under the shadow of trees. The good-night twittering of birds; the scent of lime-blossom, mignonette, and white roses, and over all, permeating all, the red and yellow of the setting sun.

Where is thy sting, O Death?

Involuntarily, again and again, the words, borne on their own triumphant music, seemed to escape from my soul. A gladness, like the red and golden sunlight, flooded my life. That day I had touched the Unseen, the Eternal; and the narrow prison of the seen, the temporal, had fallen at the magic of that touch. I was free with the freedom of the Sons of God.

Mine had been no uncommon history. Driven out by doubt from the beaten track of orthodoxy, finding no foothold for belief anywhere, I had fallen, at last, shrinking and shudderingly, into materialism. Then I endured life for duty only, for then:

What were life to such as I?
'Twere scarcely worth my while to choose
Of things all mortal, or to use
A little patience e'er I die!

Someone told me of a man, himself once leader of an atheistical association, now a Swedenborgian, and able to communicate with disembodied spirits. He had given up holding *séances*, fearing to hold back, by an attraction to earth, souls that should be struggling upward. My pleading was urgent. "Only give me tangible proof of the existence of spirit apart from matter," I implored. I meant—and may have said—that for that end I would gladly have called up the devil, had I known how! Through all my life at that time echoed that cry from the "Everlasting No"—"Not even a Devil!"

I had my way. In broad daylight, in surroundings and under circumstances that made fraud or delusion impossible, we communicated with unseen intelligences, and in such a matter-of-fact way as ordinary men and women talk together. Common sense, goodwill, gaiety were there, as in conversations between friends. My friend controlled the sitting; his wife and daughter were the mediums. Intellect, and earnestness of purpose, were evident and prevailing. Beyond the reach of doubt I grasped the fact that spirit does exist apart from matter. Death was no longer "vacant darkness," I was a spirit living amongst spirits, and death was only an escape from the body. So Truth shone and glowed through my life, and I walked homeward, saying:

Where is thy sting, O Death?

* * *

In the twilight of dawn I lay, looking through my garret window towards the east, watching the grey sky grow lighter.

Suddenly I was conscious of spiritual life filling the air; of not being alone. I cannot explain how I was conscious of it, only at a given moment I knew what the moment before I did not know; I lay very still, glad, and waiting for what might happen. Suddenly again a nameless, formless horror—unspeakable sin, loathsome temptation, came close to me. Darkness filled my mind; a hideous thought possessed me; I was powerless against it. In terror I cried aloud to the intelligences I had felt around me before, praying them to close about my bed, to keep the Evil One away. I felt them closing round me, but the evil was nearer still, stinging my soul with vile suggestions. In a frenzy of horror I cried out again to the spirits about me: "Drive out that evil fiend, in love or in wrath. Give me peace."

A cold blast blew through the garret. I drew my breath shudderingly, and felt the life ebbing away from me so fast, that I wondered if I should be dead before the strife between good and evil was ended. I felt my lips quiver and my mouth fall open. My hands unclasped nervelessly, my breath came in fluttering, choking gasps, my limbs were palsied, and a shiver ran through me as the chill of death. Then I lay cold and still,

conscious only of an awful dread, and of the strife of spirits over me.

Suddenly, once more, I knew that the shapeless horror was gone. I was alone again to my own consciousness. Life came flowing back into me. With difficulty—*jerkily*, I remember—I closed my mouth.

What it all was, or meant, I cannot say. But it is a true incident of my life. Is it an example of the risk at which we force the development of faculties which we are not yet trained to use with safety—the faculty of cognising spiritual life, good or evil, where recognition of the latter may mean crime, insanity, or death? Other after results, some good and some bad, came from the opening of the door into Spiritualism. But, to me, the whole experience was worth the cost.

A. M. F. C.

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# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Beanstalking of a Metaphysical Jack.

Knowledge, Belief and Certitude. By F. S. Turner, B.A. (Lond.). (London: Swan Sonnenschein; 1900.)

This is a book on the value of human knowledge and the limits and goal of all intellectual enquiry. The author has writ himself out very large. He has read a great deal apparently; then, in order to learn how to think (and he really makes a most sincere and determined attempt to do so) he has recourse to pen and paper. He marshals in everyone who has philosophical fame from Kant and Hegel to Bradley and Bosanquet, hoping to be thus infected with their intellectual vitality; for his mind was, as he modestly remarks in the Preface, in a dense fog when he began, a state which lasted, we presume, until he had finished the first six chapters.

After that a glimmer of light comes, the unwonted excitement of which seems to upset our author's mental balance, and makes him suddenly imagine, now become joyfully confident, that he is the

chosen agent of the Infinite to reveal a perfectly new truth in a perfectly satisfactory manner to all other poor ignorant human beings.

It is only fair to the author to say that he certainly does show signs of trying to think. But he thinks in jerks and the meaning of his long paragraphs is often equivocal. Here and there are short and really pithy sentences, like welcome sign-posts on a long road with many turnings. For instance, on "Judgment" (p. 230): "If a man thinks at all he constitutes himself a judge"; or again (p. 442): "Knowledge is consciousness raised to a higher power."

At the end of the road you are welcomed into a sort of Haven of Rest belonging to Mr. Turner, who with "joyful confidence" explains to you that he thought the length of the road was the chief beauty of it.

The conclusion which constitutes his Haven of Rest is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it is not worked out sufficiently or powerfully enough expressed to give pleasure to those who have also come to it by their own roads.

"Beauty and awfulness belong to the reality" (p. 404). This is good, but we are suddenly dropped into bathos by a description of a "spirit with a soundless voice who *whispers* in unutterable tones," while the author presumably becomes its writing medium. The spirit was doubtless interesting enough on its own plane; the only mistake was the writing. It teaches that: "The ultimate knowledge of reality is the knowledge of being." This is the last word of the work; it is the Quaker's ultimate, it is the raw result of every independent soul when it makes its first attempt to climb the magic bean-stalk of its own mind.

Amateur mental gymnastics are generally undignified, and sometimes dangerous. We cannot consider every Jack who has just climbed his bean-stalk, a guide for every other Jack. The tendency of these isolated climbers is to overrate their own work, and to justify the scorn given them by the priest, who has to say so often: "My dear sir, your intuition is a priceless gift, but it is not a guide for *anyone else* but yourself, until it has been disciplined."

Cheerfully climbing his bean-stalk, Mr. Turner exclaims (p. 57): "Thus knowledge is not altogether unknowable." "Observe, I climb!" is what he means; but his phrase is neither true nor untrue, it is nonsense. Another hoist and we hear: "That knowledge is a relation of subject to object is a commonplace, but it is seldom noticed that it is also a relation of subject to subjects." We have always

understood that as soon as a subject is known in relation to and by another subject it is called *object*. It may be a "commonplace" that this relation is called knowledge, but it is a very abstruse truth nevertheless, and brings us very near the deep bottom of all metaphysics; to the theorem that the subject, *i.e.*, the focus of self-consciousness, is eternally one, that it is the ultimate unity. As soon as any subject knows relations with another subject, it knows that subject *as object*. That is the general use of the words.

Further on we hear of the author's distrust of the generalisations of scientists, and his fears that the immortality of the soul may be imperilled. These are praiseworthy feelings, but they are many years behind time. More than fifteen years ago Karl Pearson said: "To consider the universe capable of explanation on the basis of matter and force is to endeavour to explain it by obscure terms, and is, therefore, utterly unscientific. . . How absurd then to say that modern science would reduce the universe to a dead mechanism." And does not Haeckel say (in *Monism*): "It is just as inconceivable that any of the energy of our spirit should vanish out of the world, as that any other particle of matter or energy should do so."

Then again, Mr. Turner finds Wundt unsatisfactory and too dubious in his confession of faith as regards the soul. Yet Wundt has been called "the greatest of modern apostles of the soul." And it is just because Wundt realises the depth of the problems concerning the life of the soul, that he keeps them outside of the tabulated facts of psychology.

Wundt's theory of "apperception" leaves the loophole necessary for all who would go forth to investigate the spiritual life, and it is in the *facts* of *this* life that modern psychology has refound the soul.

However, "Knowledge is believing the infinite Being." Thus far Mr. Turner takes us and there he stops, suggesting many other questions, but leaving them unanswered. He believes that his "new conception" will prove helpful and "become a germ which in other minds will take root and bear fruit."

It may be so, and let us hope that an attempt as honest and sincere as this, though it be not quite so luminious or original as the author thinks, may perhaps be some help in preparing a certain class of minds for better things to come.

A. L. B. H.

## An Enquiry into the Birth Legends of the First and Third Gospels

Our Records of the Nativity and Modern Historical Research: a Reply to Professor Ramsay's Thesis. By James Thomas. (London: Swan Sonnenschein; 1900. Price 6*s*.)

The scope of this interesting volume may be gathered from the following paragraph on p. iv. of Mr. Thomas's Preface:

> Most people are aware that for many years there has been controversy as to the possibility of reconciling with historic fact that definite reference to a Roman census demanding the attendance of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem, which is found at the commencement of the second chapter of the third Gospel; and as a work by Professor Ramsay, of Aberdeen, quite recently published, has offered an elaborate explanation of Luke's passage, based upon particulars afforded by some of these papyri [recent discoveries in Egypt] as to Roman procedure in the matter of registration for taxation purposes in Egypt itself, thus bringing Egyptology to bear on the vexed question, it is permissible to enquire how far this novel defence of the Evangelist's historical accuracy will bear the strain of examination and criticism.

As anyone familiar with the results of historical criticism into the birth-legends may suppose, Professor Ramsay's *apologia* of the prologue of the third Gospel is found totally unable to bear the strain. Mr. Thomas devotes the major part of his work to a thorough and impartial examination of every scrap of "evidence" which bears, however remotely, on the main points in Professor's Ramsay's thesis, and we are left where we were before the papyri were unearthed, and with as little hope of ever discovering history in manifest legend. Indeed, as Mr. Thomas well remarks, there is no *Life* of Jesus. There is an account of the year or so of His public ministry; but of the thirty years preceding it there is nothing but the wonder-stories of the nativity, which not only outrage the historical sense, but are also mutually contradictory.

The most interesting part of Mr. Thomas's volume is contained in the concluding chapters, where he treats of the more general problems connected with the subject of Gospel-compilation and evolution of dogma, and gives a very able and lucid summary of the rise of Christianity from the historical standpoint.

In reading this latest volume on the subject of the origins we were mainly conscious of two impressions.

In the first place we had constantly before us the picture of the

old-fashioned believers who had grasped at Professor Ramsay's positive Yes to his question *Was Jesus born at Bethlehem?*—as drowning men will at a straw. The avidity with which this scholar's thesis had been welcomed, revealed the latent unrest and the desperate straits of those who would still press their Christianity into mediæval moulds.

In the second place, as Professor Ramsay had appealed to History, we appreciated to the full Mr. Thomas's reply: To History shalt thou go. But at the same time we could have wished that he should not have treated the whole question of the rise of Christianity solely from this standpoint. Our views on the matter are sufficiently well-known to our readers to need no repetition. And when we say that Mr. Thomas leaves out of account the inner mystical element in the development of the Christ-faith, we see in him one who has not yet appreciated perhaps the main factor in its evolution.

G. R. S. M.

## An Early Christian Haggada

The Life and Confession of Asenath the daughter of Pentephres of Heliopolis, narrating how the all-beautiful Joseph took her to wife. Prepared by Mary Brodrick from Notes supplied by the late Sir Peter le Page Renouf. (London: Philip Wellby; 1900.)

Whenever we see the name of the late le Page Renouf, we wonder when his literary heirs and assigns will see good to complete his admirable edition of "The Book of the Dead," of which some half dozen parts, reprinted from the *Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology*, appeared prior to his decease. The subscribers have been left entirely in the dark, and do not even know whether this distinguished scholar completed his MS. ere he departed into the Tuat.

For this disappointment the publication of his "notes" on the legend of the "all-beautiful Joseph" will not compensate us. Nor is it easy to understand of what these notes consisted, for Miss Brodrick presents us simply with a noteless translation, and a very brief preface absolutely void of critical note of any sort, and that too when it is just the date and evolution of this religious romance which interests us. The original is written in Greek, and we have amongst other ancient versions one in Syriac written in the sixth century. This is practically all we are told on the subject; Miss Brodrick has

apparently published the story for purely literary reasons, and the style of the narrative is decidedly good.

It must be well-known to our readers that in the Jewish Talmud there are many pious narratives (supposed to be based on oral tradition and written for purposes of edification) in which the scanty details of the lives of great personages in the Old Covenant documents are expanded and much new matter added. This pious romance-industry was continued without break by Christian writers, and in the story, not of Joseph and Potiphar's wife, but of Joseph and Potiphar's daughter, we have a religious novel in which Christianity and Judaism triumph over the "false gods" of Egypt. From a critical point of view, such a story is an interesting example of the utter lack of the sense of history on the one hand, and on the other of the literary apotheosis of what the late Professor Max Müller called the "dialogic process," whereby fiction is transmuted into history.

In any story of Egypt, magic and marvels had of course to play an important part, and this element of the narrative is presumably based upon material that was already in circulation in the folk-lore and mystery-myths of the time. In all probability the narrative was written either by a monk who lived in an atmosphere of such marvels, as we can learn from the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, preserved in Coptic, or by a member of some mystic community, who combined folk-lore legends, biblical and apocalyptic narratives and the psychic and spiritual experiences of his brethren into a literary effort of no mean skill. Of this our readers can judge for themselves by reading the following quotation. Asenath, smitten with love of Joseph, has pitched her gods out of window, and for seven days humbled herself with fasting:

> And on the eighth day the cocks did crow and the dogs did bark. And Asenath looked at the window which was towards the East, and behold the morning star, and close to it the heavens were divided and a marvellous light appeared. And when Asenath saw it, she fell on her face among the ashes, and behold, a man came down from heaven and stood above her head and called her by name: but by reason of her terror she answered not. And he called her a second time: "Asenath, Asenath." And she answered: "Here I am, O Lord, who art thou, tell me?" And he said: "I am Prince of the house of God and the Captain of the Lord's host. Arise, and stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee." And Asenath raised her head, and behold the man was like in all things to Joseph, his robe and crown and royal staff. His countenance was as lightning, his eyes like the rays of the sun, and the hairs of his head even as flames of fire. And when Asenath saw

him she was smitten with fear and fell upon her face, but the angel comforted her and raised her, and said to her: "Lay aside that black vestment of goat's hair which thou hast put on, and that girdle of thy sorrow and that hair-cloth from thy loins, and shake the ashes from thine head, and with fresh water wash thy face and thine hands, and array thyself with thine ornaments, and I will speak to thee." And she made haste to adorn herself, and came back to the angel. And the angel said unto her: "Remove the veil from thy head, because thou art a virgin. Be comforted and rejoice, O Virgin Asenath, for thy name is written in the book of the living, and shall not be blotted out of it for ever. Behold, from this day thou hast been renewed and made alive, and thou shalt eat the bread of blessing and drink the cup of incorruptibility, and thou art anointed with the sacred unction. Behold, I have this day given thee to Joseph as his bride, and thy name shall no longer be called Asenath, but 'City of Refuge.' For Penance [? Repentance], which is the daughter of the Most High, has prevailed in prayer with the Most High."

And when Asenath asked the angel what his name was—he answered, "My name is written by the finger of God in the book of the Most High and all things which are written in that book are inscrutable, nor is it meet for mortal man either to hear them or to speak them."

And Asenath, as she held the hem of his vesture, said "If now I have found grace in thine eyes, sit now a short while on this couch whereon no man hath yet sat and I will prepare for thee a meal." And the angel said "Bring quickly." . . . And she put before him bread and sweet wine. . . . And the Angel said "Bring me also an honey-comb," and she was sorrowful because she had none. But the angel said to her, "Enter into thy cellar and thou shalt find a honey-comb upon the table." And she found a comb as white as snow with most pure honey, and the odour of it was fragrant. And Asenath said, "My Lord, I had no honey-comb; but thou spakest with thy sacred mouth and it was there; and the odour of it is as the breath of thy mouth."

And the angel smiled at the understanding of Asenath and stretched forth his hand, and touched her head saying: "Blessed art thou, because thou hast flung away thine idols and hast believed in one God; and blessed are those who come to my Lord in penance, for they shall eat of this honey-comb which the bees of God's Paradise have made from the dew of the Roses of Eden. And it is eaten by all the Angels of God and they who eat of it shall never die." And he stretched forth his hand and brake a small particle from the honey-comb, and he himself ate it, and the rest he put into the mouth of Asenath; saying unto her "Lo, thou has eaten the Bread of Life and art anointed with the holy unction, and from this day henceforth thy flesh shall be renewed and thy bones be sound and thy strength unfailing; thy youth shall not be turned into old age, thy beauty shall not fail; but thou shalt be as the city of those who have recourse to the name of the Lord God Almighty, the Everlasting King." And he

stretched out his hand and touched the honey-comb which he had broken and it became whole as it had been before.

Then did he trace a line upon the honey-comb from East to West and then from North to South, and the lines upon the comb became as blood. And many bees of snowy whiteness and with purple wings came forth from the comb; and they surrounded Asenath and made a honey-comb in her hand. Then the angel said, "Go ye to your place"; and they flew away Eastwards to Paradise. And the angel said, "So shall all the things be which I have spoken to thee this day." And he touched the honey-comb, and fire went up from the table and consumed the honey-comb, but the table was not injured. And the fragrance produced by the fire which consumed the honey-comb was of indescribable sweetness. And Asenath said unto the angel, "My Lord, there are seven virgins who were brought up with me from my infancy—they were born in the same night in which I was born. I will call them and thou shalt bless them, even as thou hast blessed me." And he bade them to be called and he blessed them saying, "The Most High God bless you and be ye as the seven columns of the City of Refuge." And Asenath commanded that the table should be removed; and when she was about to put it away the angel disappeared from her eyes. And when she turned back she saw as it were a chariot with four horses rising Eastwards into Heaven.

This is the gem of the whole story, to which the rest is but a setting. It is but a thinly disguised story of the Sophia, and the whole atmosphere is one of the Gnosis. It must at least be admitted that these *romanciers* were wonderful story-tellers, while the student of hidden things will easily credit that the inspiration of such "mythoi" came from a light-realm where soul speaks to soul in drama-language. We could easily parallel every phrase of the above quotation from other works, canonical and uncanonical; but we do not therefore believe that the workmen who turned out such artistic narratives were mere weavers of patchwork. They had a plan and purpose of their own, as the fragments of the Gnostic and Apocryphal Acts testify, and at the same time their work allows us an interesting peep into the workshop of the canonical documents.

The English dress of our document is pleasant to look upon; excellently printed in large bold type, paper good and binding artistic; and we congratulate Mr. Wellby on his first appearance as an independent publisher.

G. R. S. M.

## Plotinus and the Gnostics

Plotins Stellung zum Gnosticismus und kirchlichen Christentum. By Carl Schmidt. Texte und Untersuchungen, N. F. v. 4. (Leipzig: Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung; 1900.)

Much has been written concerning the influence of Greek thought, and especially of Plato, on the evolution of Christian theology, and much concerning the influence of Christian doctrine on the development of later Platonic philosophy. And indeed it is true that between the two there was a common meeting-ground of vast extent, and had it not been for the extremists on both sides we might have had peace and goodwill instead of combat. But perhaps it was all otherwise designed and the opposition was intended for some good purpose.

Philo Judæus, the Gnostics, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, are all Platonists, so to say; their Judaism and Christianity is superimposed upon a philosophic basis. We know how violently the subsequently orthodox fathers fought against philosophy and condemned it in every shape, and how strenuously they endeavoured to evolve a dogmatic Christianity that exaggerated every point of difference and found its greatest joy in every belief that would cut it asunder from the general religion of mankind. Into this fortress of dogma philosophy could naturally find no entrance; it could make friends only with those of wider view and more liberal love, and could, therefore, sun itself only in the spacious courts of the Gnosis. But the greatest of the Gnostics were not only philosophers, they were also mystics and seers of the mysteries. In this they did not differ from other communities of the time, such communities as those of Philo's Therapeutæ, whom we see through Jewish eyes, or the schools of the Egyptian Gnosis, whom we know only in Greek translation. Thus we have Judæo-Grecian schools of the Gnosis, Græco-Egyptian schools of the Gnosis, and Christian schools. In the Trismegistic literature we have the same basic teaching as in the Philonean tracts and the Christian Gnostic works; the doctrine of Hermes—the Greek view of Egyptian tradition—is Philo without the Old Testament, and Valentinus and the rest without the historic Christ. Here all is simpler and more sober, unhampered by historic dogmas, a direct appeal to reason and to the heart.

Now, as a rule, the term Neoplatonism denotes the movement of which Ammonius Saccas was founder, and Plotinus the coryphæus, that is to say, it dates from the earliest years of the third

century A.D. As a matter of fact, however, the Hermetic school runs right up to this period, and is contemporaneous with (and in our opinion prior to) the Christian Gnosis. That which differentiates the Hermetic school, which is thoroughly Platonic, from the earliest Neoplatonists is that the former had a secret teaching, or rather its higher doctrines were not graspable by the empirical reason, but were only realisable to the mystic vision of the initiated disciple. And when we say the Hermetic school was thoroughly Platonic, we are speaking according to the dictates of general prejudice, for we should rather say that Plato is thoroughly Hermetic, for we hold that he was taught the fundamentals of his philosophy by "Hermes," a name common to all the initiators in Egypt.

Again, when we imply that the Neoplatonists had no secret teaching, we are not quite correct, for Ammonius bound his pupils by an oath of secrecy, and Plotinus only published his lectures after others had broken the oath and were publishing what he considered erroneous views on philosophy.

There is, however, a marked difference between the Hermetic treatises and the Enneads of Plotinus. The former, though marked with lucidity of thought and clarity of diction, are not for the most part purely philosophical disquisitions appealing to the intellect alone; they break forth into ecstatic utterances, they explain the nature of vision, and the means whereby a man frees himself from the prison of the body and, gaining the freedom of the inner world, beholds at last his Lord and Master, the Mind of Wisdom. The Enneads of Plotinus, though also aiming at the same end, and at times most marvellously suggesting in the refined terminology of philosophic thought the same possibilities, which are so much more plainly and graphically set forth in the teachings of the Thrice-greatest, for the most part remain on the ground of sober philosophic reasoning.

Plotinus is a philosopher first and a mystic afterwards; "Hermes" is a mystic first, and confines philosophy to the lower grades of his school. The mysticism of Plotinus is very difficult to grasp, and his way is beyond the reach of all but the very few; the philosophy of "Hermes" is simpler and his mysticism far more attractive and helpful; still it also is not for everyone.

Plotinus, therefore, naturally glorified Plato above all others, and though he must have been acquainted with the Hermetic treatises, he evidently preferred Plato's mode of mind to that of the writers of these treatises, although (as we think) they drew from the

same sources as Plato himself. What then must have been his indignation to find that there were people who boasted that they could penetrate further into the essence of things than the great genius of philosophy, Plato, his beloved master!

This brings us to the consideration of Dr. Carl Schmidt's most interesting treatise. Already in his admirable edition of the Coptic Gnostic works contained in the Codex Brucianus this distinguished scholar had dealt with the treatise of Plotinus to which Porphyry had given the title "Against the Gnostics." In his present essay Dr. Schmidt returns to the subject and deals with it in greater detail. The essay before us consists of ninety pages of most careful work, and like all the contributions to the series, *Texte und Untersuchungen*, presents us with the fruits of the ripest scholarship of Germany. "Against the Gnostics" has hitherto remained a *crux* for all who have dealt with the subject, for though certain names of Gnostic writers are given us by Porphyry in his Life of Plotinus, we have been hitherto unable to control his statements in any way owing to our lack of information in the sources of Gnosticism hitherto accessible. Schmidt has noticed the identity of one of these names with a name mentioned by the compiler of the Untitled Apocalypse in the Codex Brucianus, and by this help and some very minute work on the vague information of the late hæresiological Church Father Epiphanius, has for the first time thrown light on this obscure phase of Gnostic history. He has, moreover, carefully analysed the treatise of Plotinus and critically examined every detail in the Life of Plotinus which could throw light on the subject. The result is a most interesting study, though naturally one of great difficulty and far beyond the scope of the general reader.

It is generally supposed that about this time Gnosticism had been swept off the face of the earth by the triumphant forces of orthodoxy. But this is not the case, and there is much evidence to show that it still persisted, and for many years afterwards in many forms reappeared in the pages of history. The most interesting point in the present connection, is to notice that there were many Gnostics in the circle of Plotinus. They were on terms of great affection with the distinguished Egyptian who was the acknowledged head of the revived Platonic school; the brotherhood of philosophers were friends and lovers, but there were differences of view among them, and many discussions, so much so, that the master himself had to intervene and deliver a lecture on the subject. We have here

evidence that the Gnostic view was one of great strength, which could not be lightly set aside. And indeed, in our opinion, the treatise of Plotinus does not set it aside, for according to the view we hold, Plato did not penetrate so far into the essence of things as did the Gnosis. The great Athenian had another task to perform; his task was to clear the way, by his dialectical method, for the contemplation of the transcendental verities of the knowledge of things that are. He removed erroneous views, but did not distinctly formulate the verities with which he put the purified intelligence in contact. Perhaps it was best to leave the matter there; perhaps he had no commission to go further. We do not know; but this we believe, that the Master who illuminated the Gnosis was greater than Plato, and His disciples were quickened to much daring in their endeavours to penetrate into the essence of things. It was then quite natural that Plotinus would resent their claim to transcend his master Plato, and that he should endeavour to prove that their points were not well taken. The principal point on which Plotinus insists, is that the "world" is beautiful and good; this apparently in opposition to the Gnostic position that the "world" is evil and that we should flee from it. We need not here point out the means to reconcile the two views. Gnostics and Platonists were both striving for the same end, their morals were the same, their efforts were equally strenuous; their intellectual differences were rather questions of terminology than of fundamental principles. The most interesting point, however, is the omission of any hint of Gnostic claims to any historical basis for their views, the controversy is purely philosophical, and is, moreover, conducted with the greatest courtesy.

If then the school of Plotinus was intimately acquainted with Gnostic ideas and Gnostic writings, the question arises: Did Plotinus and his school know of the New Testament writings? To this we must answer: In all probability, yes. We know that Porphyry criticised orthodox Christianity at great length, and we have every reason to suppose that he consulted his master Plotinus on the subject. The criticism of the orthodox position, however, in all probability was not a bone of contention between the Gnostic members of the school and the Platonic, for the Gnostics were themselves equally critical of the orthodox Christian views, and only came into conflict with the orthodox Platonic views on certain points of philosophy.

But we have already drawn out this notice to too great length, and must conclude by thanking Dr. Schmidt, not only for a valuable

contribution to the literature of Gnostic research, but also for his courtesy in sending us a copy of his essay. May we soon have to thank him again for the edition of the new Gnostic Codex on which he is engaged, and for which we are waiting with such impatience.

G. R. S. M.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

*The Theosophist* for January. In "Old Diary Leaves" Colonel Olcott details his visit to Burma in 1890. He seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his tour, and reports that "the Burmese are a loveable people, and a manly, self-respecting, albeit awfully lazy people." He rejoices that all the monks, even the highest, retain the simplicity of the yellow robe, in this so different from the Japanese; and quotes the historian Mr. Scott, as saying "Religion pervades Burma in a way that is seen in hardly any other country." Mr. A. E. Webb continues his paper on "Theosophy and Socialism," in which he makes a vigorous assault upon Democracy (not understanding that there is a place and time in the line of development for this also) and sets up for our admiration the legislation of the Spartan Lycurgus. Many thanks, Mr. Webb, but no—we had rather not! Dr. Marques concludes his lecture on "Universal Brotherhood"; and S. Stuart gives a long and serious study of the "Great Year" of the ancients, resulting in the conclusion that a Manvantara lasts for the respectable period of 466,560,000 years, of which very nearly the half is still before us—surely a very sufficient time in which, without haste and without delay, we may attain our destined goal. N. C. Bisvas would draw us back to the old belief of the "Moon's Influence on the Animal World"; whilst from an interesting paper read at the XIIth Oriental Congress at Rome, 1899, by Roma Lister, we find that the belief in Baetyles (small stones which give oracles—mentioned by the early Christian apologist Arnobius, without a word indicating doubt of their efficacy) is still in full force amongst the Italian peasantry. G. L. Simpson writes on the "Potentiality of the Will," and the number is concluded with "Life Portraits," by Hope Huntly. As a supplement we have the official report of the twenty-fifth Convention of the Theosophical Society at Benares.

*The Prasnottara*, after instructions for visitors to the Convention, continues "Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," "Caste Confusions," and Mrs. Besant's lectures on the Emotions.

*Ârya Bâla Bodhinî* announces that Colonel Olcott has now trans-

ferred it to the editorship of Mrs. Besant, and that it will henceforth be edited, printed, and published at the Hindu College, Benares, under the title of *The Hindu College Magazine*. After some useful Notes and Comments (where, however, an unlucky misprint makes the author say he can *not* place Kṛishṇa in the front rank of the spiritual lights which lead to salvation), "Hindu Ideals" are continued, then the *Shrî Gîtâ Ratnamâla* and "Rules of Life"; a very practical paper by Satish Ch. Ray, entitled "Our Young Men"; an extract from Mrs. Besant on "Mastery of the Self"; and finally, a story from the old American *Path* concludes a good number.

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, No. I. Here we have the result of the transfer. It opens with a set of paragraphs under the general heading of "In the Crow's Nest"; we presume to avoid interfering with our own Watch-Tower. Mrs. Besant brings forward the "Order of the Golden Chain" as assisting "every reader of the *C.H.C. Magazine* to become a friend to all creatures." B. Keightley speaks of "School Boy Ideals"; Heliodore tells a story of a dull student to whom the Gods revealed that learning was only to be gained by hard study and not by prayers; C. H. Johns adds a little science; J. C. Chatterji a pleasant morality on Pilgrimage; A. C. Lloyd furnishes a story of English school life, which, as it seems to us, is calculated to make Hindu boys glad that *their* school is not like that; and the intervals are filled up with homœopathic doses of Carlyle. Altogether, the C.H.C. is to be congratulated on its new Magazine. It is, as might be expected, free from the weaknesses of the past, and promises to be a really valuable aid in the education of Hindu youth.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, December and January, 1901. In an interesting paper by Jehangir Sorabji, entitled "How a Hindu trains his Mind," we have an explanation of what seems the meaningless repetition of a word or phrase for many thousands of times, so familiar in the Eastern methods of instruction. He says: "From the day the disciple is taken in hand the mental training is of the most rigid kind. At first come persistent, perpetual repetitions, to shake out of the mind its superabundant, aimless energy. By degrees this mechanical process gives way to intellectual exercise, when the mind must follow the sound and the sound must follow the mind. Lastly, when utterance ceases, mental repetitions necessitating the highest strain on the mind; for here also the inaudible voice must follow the mind, and *vice versâ*, give it full evolution, and teach it how to separate

itself from the transitory, and be at one with the Eternal." The remaining contents of this number are: "The Coming Avatâra"; "Balzac a Mystic"; Dr. Marques on "The Medicine of the Future"; "An Electric Creed"; "Sufîsm and Science," etc. In the January number we have a curious and interesting paper by G. E. Sutcliffe, undertaking to show the existence of two new planets, named by him Adonis and Vulcan; "Twenty-Five Years of Theosophy"; "The Heart of Existence"; "The Inward Truth"; "Spirituality and Psychism"; and "The Claims of Vedânta."

The chief interest to us of the *Dawn* lies in its reproduction of the conversations of Râmkṛishṇa, under the title of his "Gospel"—a word which may repel some Christians, who would find nothing to which to object if they would only read; they are the utterances of an uneducated man, but of one of keen mother-wit, who saw clearly and loved devoutly; much like our own St. Francis and many another saint (known and unknown) of our Western world. Serious and learned articles are furnished by the Editor on Shelley's "Spiritual Philosophy" and the Vedântic "Theory of Illusion"; and some wise and kindly sayings of Sir Geo. Birdwood on the "Mission of Hindu Art" should not be overlooked.

From Madras we have two numbers of the *University Magazine*, a purely "College Journal," as it announces itself, and of local interest only. A somewhat similar production is the *Students' Friend* from Bombay. The *Brahmavâdin*, January, on the contrary, is thoroughly Indian, after the school of Vivekânanda; and has much to say about "Vedânta Work" in Paris and New York. Also received: *San Mârga Bodhinî*, *Siddhanta Deepika* and *The Indian Review* for December. This last contains a very appreciative summary of Mr. Horrwitz's paper on the "Ideals of East and West," recently published in our own pages.

*The Vâhan* for February has a short correspondence on the fate of savage nations, in which Mr. Sinnett points out that "that which is dying out is the mode of expression for souls on the physical plane which negro and such other races represent," and that this is a very good thing for the souls in question. A rather needless number of answers to a question as to the First Cause almost fills up the space devoted to the "Enquirer."

*Bulletin Théosophique*, in addition to its official matter, includes answers to questions. A. Ostermann, speaking as an eye-witness, gives a very favourable account of the reception of Dr. Pascal at the University of Geneva by crowded audiences.

*Revue Théosophique*, January, opens with "The Reality of Brotherhood," by Mrs. Besant; followed by translations of C. W. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance* and of *The Doctrine of the Heart;* E. M. Mallet treats of the "Theosophy of Tolstoi"; an enumeration of the great men who have mysteriously disappeared, beginning with Romulus and ending with Tannhäuser, is taken from *The Gleaner*.

*Theosophia*, January. The original contents of this number are the continuation of J. van Manen's translation of the *Tao-te-King;* a lecture by C. W. Leadbeater, at the Amsterdam Lodge, on the use and development of the astral body; and a paper by J. W. Boissevain, on the Indian Trinity. Translations from H. P. B. and Mr. Sinnett complete the number.

*Sophia* begins its ninth year in a new and more convenient form and with a pleasant looking cover of brown and blue, in the design of which the inevitable snake is not too prominent. We should, however, prefer the Svastika with the *right* hand raised, which is the correct way for "White Magic," though it is often wrongly drawn, even in the seal of the Society. After an interesting Editorial, which we should like to transcribe but for the fear of our own Editor before our eyes, we have Mrs. Besant's Lecture at the Convention. Next José Melián begins a study on "Free Will"; J. X. H. treats a letter published in the *Figaro*, signed by Jukhantor, Hereditary Prince of Cambodia; and Dr. Viriato Diaz-Perez commences the ever-welcome subject of "Mysticism amongst the Moslems." The new departure is distinctly one on which we may sincerely congratulate our Spanish brethren.

*Der Vâhan* for January opens with the summary of our December number; and after the questions from our own *Vâhan* continues the translation of the "In Memoriam" papers published here at the time of H. P. B.'s death—this time Mrs. Besant's. Col. Olcott's correspondence with the Leipzig Society follows.

*Teosofia* continues Signora Calvari's papers on "The Earth and Humanity in their relations to the Solar System," and translations from C. W. Leadbeater and Dr. Pascal. The January number has a pleasant letter from Mrs. Lloyd, with a full account of Mrs. Besant's new establishment at Benares.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift* for October, November and December, 1900, have extensive translations from Mrs. Besant and G. R. S. Mead, with a very fair proportion of original matter in prose and verse.

*Philadelphia* for December contains a eulogium of H. P. B. by

M. P. Muñoz; a short paper on Bhakti Yoga signed X.; "Deluges," by P. Dewar; "Recent Discoveries in Babylonia," by H. de Castro; translations, "The Sixth Principle in Man," from *Le Spiritualisme Moderne*, Baraduc's "The Vibrations of Human Vitality," with illustrations from photographs, and a long study upon Râma by Edouard Schuré.

In the November number of *Theosophy in Australasia* Mr. Hynes concludes his "Bird's-eye View of the Theosophical Movement" with a "Look Ahead," ending cheerfully with "lasting peace and satisfaction." W. A. M. also ends his series on "Theosophy and Civilisation"—thoroughly good and practical work, though we hardly agree with him that a satisfactory theosophical ideal is likely to be obtained from Mr. Leadbeater's "Ancient Peru and Chaldæa" and "a close study of history." That is not how ideals are gained. In the December number W. G. John has a thoughtful paper headed "The Ancient Wisdom"; E. C. T. gives *his* answer to the old question, "Why I believe in Theosophy"; K. Castle has "Christmas Thoughts," whilst Miss Edger furnishes "Thoughts for New Year," and J. M. Davies speaks well of "Indifference"—of course in our own Pickwick—ahem, I beg pardon—Indian sense.

The December number of the *New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* is the last which bears the "Lucifer" figure on its cover. The new volume starts in a simple but neat green envelope. The more important articles are "The Progress of the Soul," by B. W. Dennes Meers; "The Great Quest," by E. Richmond; "Differences," by Dr. A. Marques; and "The Influence of Music on the Inner Nature," by Ernest Nichol, Mus.B.; whilst for lighter reading we have the ending of "The Magic Speculum," "Prince Kohinoor," and "A Visit to Ghost Land," by F. M. Parr.

Also received: *Theosophischer Wegweiser; Modern Astrology; Metaphysical Magazine; Mind; Notes and Queries; Monthly Record* and *Animals' Guardian;* and *Light.* The number of this last for February 9th, contains a very fair and full account of Mr. Herbert Burrows' lecture on "Spiritualism and Theosophy," delivered at a meeting of the London Spiritualist Alliance on January 18th, and the discussion which followed. We cannot but congratulate all concerned on the good temper and mutual consideration with which everyone seems to have spoken, and express our hopes for the future maintenance of this tone of mind.

W.

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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

Heresy in High Places

WE have not quite recovered from it yet. For many years we have been a reader of *The Athenæum*, not because we sympathised with the standpoint of its omniscient reviewers, but because their standpoint was the very antipodes of our own in just those very things for which we cared most. We read it as a wholesome discipline, as perhaps, with the exception of *The Times* and the old established scientific journals, the best representative of conservative thought in periodical literature. It was our weekly tonic; for an hour or two in every hebdomad of days we could breathe the atmosphere of exact and inerrant knowledge; we were told precisely what was possible and what was absolutely impossible. We learnt that Theosophy was not only outside the pale of polite consideration, but beneath the notice of any self-respecting critic; as for "occultism" in any shape or form, it was relegated to the limbo of proved fraud or neuropathic self-deception. What then is our surprise to find a reviewer in *The Athenæum* (March 9th) taking up the cudgels on behalf of this despised "occultism" and belabouring the self-sufficiency of a professor of modern psychology.

PROF. JASTROW, whose book (*Fact and Fable in Psychology*) is being criticised, is anxious to dissociate himself from students of psychical research, while claiming as part of the field of psychology, hypnotism, automatic writing, crystal-gazing, and shell-hearing. To psychical research he would relegate "the disputed and mysterious," while he would apparently class hypnotism and the rest among "explicable phases of mental phenomena," and claim them as part of psychology. This is an ungracious and ungrateful proceeding, for, as *The Athenæum* points out, it was the Psychical Researchers who "brought most of these things, derided ten years ago, to the notice of psychologists"; and we might add that it was the Spiritualists and members of the Theosophical Society who brought them in the first place to the notice of the Psychical Researchers. The review proceeds:

Psychology and Psychical Research

> If crystal-gazing is not "occult," as when a girl at a tea-party, a stranger to you, describes minutely the scene or person in your mind, adding circumstances unknown to you, which inquiry proves to be correct, then we do not know what is "occult." Now the professor admits crystal-gazing, but with the occult he will have nothing to do. He is willing to contribute to a "Co-operative Psychological Investigation Society . . . . which shall, however, keep far removed from any phase of the transcendental or occult." But he is deep in the occult already, for he has admitted crystal-gazing, which is so far "transcendental" that the gazer frequently (in our experience) "transcends" the limitations of time and space. Prof. Jastrow can only escape from this dilemma by saying that our experience is false, the result of imposture or credulity, or "imagination." But to establish his opinion he would need to examine our evidence and make experiments with our seer or seeress.

Whew! Think of it! *The Athenæum* talking of "*our* experience," and printing "imagination" in inverted commas, and putting forward its own evidence, and seer or seeress.

* * *

BUT we have not done yet. What our own writers have urged in and out of season for a quarter of a century, and what has been invariably contended by every unprejudiced investigator, at last stares us in the face from the unblushing pages of *The Athenæum*,

What is the "Occult"?

as though it had been its familiar language all along. The number ought to have been printed on pink paper, we should have thought. But, to be serious, for it is a serious matter for public opinion when the representative of a large class of its most influential thinkers casts the weight of its authority into the scale. To the question: What is the "Occult"? *The Athenæum* replies:

> It is only the hitherto unexplained. Fifty years ago, and much less, hypnotism was "occult." It was not to be dealt in, was under the ban of science. A committee of the French Academy of Medicine reported favourably on clairvoyance in what we now call hypnotic conditions. The report was burked. In 1840 the Academy "refused, from that time on, to give any consideration to questions relating to animal magnetism." How many phenomena were, in 1840, grouped under the name of "animal magnetism." But now they are not occult because men have gone on carefully studying that which, being "occult," they were not to study.

* * *

Having thus shown that "a thing called 'occult' to-day and damned is accepted to-morrow," *The Athenæum* proceeds to demolish what is left of Professor Jastrow's position. For the present, however, we must not expect too much from all this. The recent deaths of Professor Sidgwick and Mr. Myers have forced general opinion to pronounce some judgment on their work in the field of psychical research; it has not been able to sum up against the utility of their labours. But that general opinion should yet have grown enlightened enough to appreciate the life-long labours of others who suffered daily martyrdom in mind and body in defence of this same "occult" long before the Psychical Research Society was born, is too much to expect. This must be left to the future, when "new" discoveries will prove the truth of ancient statements. Meantime *we* can give honour where honour is due, without waiting for the official word of command.

Our Honours' List

* * *

The enormous amount of travelling which the most active of our Theosophical pioneers have to undertake exposes them to far more risks than is the lot of the ordinary mortal. Several of them can tell of grave dangers narrowly escaped in their journeyings

By the Favour of the Gods

for the sake of the work they love so well. Two recent incidents of this nature may perhaps interest our readers.

Writing from Calcutta on February 21st, our invaluable colleague, Mrs. Besant, informs us that she had just escaped what might have been a very serious railway accident. The engine ran off the line and charged an embankment. Only shakings and bruisings resulted however, her share of which was a cut and bruised right arm. This came on top of other mischances, for she was still suffering from one badly sprained ankle owing to a fall, and from another highly inflamed from a poisonous bite. Her only complaint, however, seems to be that she missed her lecture!

Another of our greatest travellers is our venerable President-Founder, who early in January left India, *via* Yokohama, for a lengthy tour in the United States. He sailed from Yokohama on the Pacific Mail steamer "City of Rio de Janeiro," which struck a rock in a dense fog in the Golden Gate, and sank with the loss of 120 lives, on February 22nd—the worst disaster known on the Pacific Coast for many years. None of us when reading of this terrible accident had the slightest notion that the "City of Rio de Janeiro" was precisely the boat which our President had taken; if we had known this, we should have spent many an anxious hour scanning the papers for his name. It must have been an immense relief to those of our members in America who knew, to have seen heading the list of those who left the vessel at Honolulu on "stop-over tickets," as their papers call them, the name of H. S. Olcott.

* * *

The Ancient Capital of Elam

WE have already presented our readers with an account of the most recent archæological discoveries in Egypt and Crete—discoveries which fundamentally revolutionise all existing scientific hypotheses on Greek and Egyptian origins, but which so strikingly confirm the views of some Theosophical writers. We have now to add to these wonderful discoveries the account of a most valuable "find" in Western Persia, which among other facts of great value brings back to the memory of the world a monument which may be regarded as not only the longest, but also the oldest

known Chaldæan inscription. From several accounts we select that of *The Standard* of January 14th:

The important "Mission Scientifique" despatched by the French Government to Western Persia, which has been engaged for some five years in the exploration of the ancient Elamite Capital of Susa, has now completed its work, and the results are being published by the firm of Leroux and Co., on behalf of the Ministry of Public Instruction. The direction of the work was entrusted to M. Jacques de Morgan, formerly Director of the Gizeh Museum, who was assisted by his former colleagues, MM. Jequier and Gautier, while the Assyriologist of the Expedition was Father V. Scheil, who has had considerable experience of explorations in Babylonia. The ruins of Susa consist of two tumuli, the larger marking the ruins of the Achæmenian acropolis, the smaller the site of the palaces of the Elamite Kings destroyed by Assurbanipal, King of Assyria, in B.C. 640. The Achæmenian ruins were very carefully explored by M. Dieulafoy in 1884-86, and the antiquities now decorate the Susanian rooms in the Louvre. The work of the French Expedition in the smaller mound has been most successful; and the results have far exceeded expectations. The excavations have revealed evidence of the vast antiquity of the site, extending far back into pre-historic times. The remains of no less than five settlements were found upon the sites, including two cities, the latest being that destroyed by the Assyrians. The lowest settlement was but a few feet above the virgin soil, but pottery of remarkable fineness, decorated with figures of birds, and resembling that of the pre-historic settlements of Egypt, was found. In the upper settlements, enormous numbers of flints, which had formed the teeth sickles similar to those used in Egypt, were discovered—a proof that the Susanian plain was then, as in later times, a great corn-growing district. In the first city the remains of numerous buildings were found, built of brick, and resembling the lowest strata of the Chaldean ruins at Nippur, and dating, therefore, about B.C. 4000, but no trace of inscriptions was discovered.

In the Elamite city proper, extensive remains of palaces and temples were traced, while the names upon the bricks show that the buildings go back to about B.C. 1800. From the amount of cinders and charred wood, it was evident that this was the palace destroyed by Assurbanipal. The walls are of kiln-burnt brick of bright colour, those facing the interior being inscribed, so that the walls are covered with lines of writing. Along the walls were many fragments of enamelled bricks, bearing inscriptions or decorative patterns, also portions of bricks from panel scenes of men and animals. This mode of decoration was already familiar to us in its highest style in the Persian palaces discovered by Dieulafoy in the adjacent mound. In the larger rooms the bases of columns were found; but from the ashes and cinders it is evident that these rooms had been roofed like the Persian *apadanas*, of which, no doubt, they were the origin. The most important discovery, however, made in this palace was that of a large number of

inscriptions of early Babylonian Kings. The claims made by Sargon of Akkad and his son Naram Sin, B.C. 3800, to have conquered and ruled in Elam, have been dismissed by a certain ultra-orthodox school of Orientalists as unhistorical. Yet in this palace a large monolith, bearing an inscription of Naram Sin recording his war in Elam, was found; also a long inscription of a King of an earlier dynasty, Manishtisu. This is a most interesting revelation, for the inscription is over six hundred lines in length, written in very archaic style, and is the longest as well as the oldest Semitic inscription from Babylonia. The tradition of this Semitic dominion over Elam in the thirty-ninth century B.C. no doubt led the writer of the Genealogies in Gen. x. to class Elam among the Semitic races. The inscriptions both of Elamite and Babylonian Kings discovered in the excavations have been carefully copied and published by Dr. Scheil, and will add a new chapter to the history of Western Asia. The discoveries at Susa show how rich a field there is for exploration in Western Persia—and all the plains round are covered with mounds—while at Mal Amir there are distinct traces of an ancient city of the Anzanian Kings. It is to be hoped that the work so successfully begun will be continued, as it is in these regions of Elam that we shall find the beginnings of Chaldean civilisation.

We do not, however, believe that the hope of the writer will be realised. The beginnings of Chaldæan civilisation, according to occult tradition, are too far back in time to be traced physically. History, which can be verified physically, has almost reached its furthest limits, and in this as in so many other things, physical science is face to face with an impassable barrier, which she must be content to recognise as the limit of her domain. To cross it she must take to herself wings and leave the earth.

* * *

The Central Asian Sea

THE report of the transactions of the meeting of the Linnean Society, held on December 9th, 1900, speaks of a most interesting botanical find which affords remarkable evidence for the former existence of the "Central Asian Sea" spoken of by Theosophical writers. The shores of this Sea are supposed by them to have nursed the first nucleus of the Aryan race. The Kwen Lun Mountains must have formed an extensive portion of its S.W. shores. On maps two and three of Mr. Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis*, in which are recorded the general results of the investigations of some of our psychically endowed colleagues, a connection by water is shown between the

Asian Sea and the Mediterranean. The report to which we refer runs as follows :

Dr. A. B. Rendle, F.L.S., exhibited specimens, including leaves and fruit, of Grasswrack (*Zostera marina*, L.), recently found by Capt. H. P. Deasy, near Yepal Ungar, in the Kwen Lun Mountains, at an altitude of 16,500 feet. The plants were not growing in this remarkable locality, but were preserved in a bed ten to twelve feet thick on top of and interspersed with which were strata of blue clay. The broken leaves and sheaths of which the specimens consisted were dry and brittle, but showed no alteration, the internal structure being as perfect as in the fresh plant. As the country is geologically unknown, it is impossible to estimate the age of the deposit. It probably formed the bed of a salt-lake. There is one in the neighbourhood; and Capt. Deasy is of opinion that the whole district formed at one time a large salt-lake. The specimens were very dusty, but microscopic examination of the dust revealed nothing beyond particles of sand and a few small brown objects, apparently spores of some kind. Capt. Deasy states that he saw similar growths in a lake in the same district, but was unable to procure specimens. This occurrence of *Zostera marina* in the heart of the Asiatic continent, and at so great an elevation, is of special interest. The plant, so far as known, is purely marine, occurring plentifully on our own coasts, and throughout Europe, on the Atlantic shores of North America, and in North-east Asia. It has not previously been recorded from an inland lake, though an allied species, *Zostera nana*, L., occurs in the Caspian. Whether its existence in the Kwen Lun range has any relation to the Tertiary marine deposits which connect the Mediterranean area with the Himalayas is matter for conjecture. There seems to be some evidence for the existence of *Zostera* in Upper Cretaceous and Tertiary times; at any rate several species have been described from fossils resembling the rhizome of the plant, found in Central European beds.

* * *

The Chinese Discovery of America

Some time ago a paragraph was published in our pages describing some strange finds in Mexico, such as a statue of the Buddha, which clearly proved communication between China and America in ancient times. It is now stated that some ancient documents recently looted at Pekin prove that the Chinese discovered America 1000 years "B.C." ("Before Columbus"). We append a selection from a number of cuttings which have reached us on the subject.

Chicago, Ill., *November 14th.*

The *Chicago Times-Herald* publishes the following despatch from Washington: The archives of Pekin have given up a secret which may lead to

the solution of a mystery that has baulked every student of American archæology since the Western Hemisphere was first visited by Columbus. There have been found in the ancient Eastern capital records that prove conclusively that a landing was made on this Continent by the Mongolians in the year 499 A.D., centuries before the Genoese Admiral was born, and before the acceptance of the theory that the earth is a globe led the wise men of Europe to seek a new world in the West.

The story is that five adventurous missionaries sailed from the eastern coast of China, crossing the Pacific and skirting the Fox Islands, and finally sighting the western coast of the American Continent. They turned southward and proceeded along within sight of the shore until a landing was made in Mexico, opposite the Peninsula of Yucatan.

Here a number of temples were erected in the name of their own god. There is little doubt that these same edifices are described by De Charney in his book, *Buddhist Temples*. This interpretation of the Frenchman, while close to the mark, missed by a margin the real authorship of these evidences of an unknown civilisation.

The supposition is that the Chinese who landed on our Continent at that time instilled the natives with their wisdom in craft and the ruder arts to such an extent that there resulted a people of peculiarly high development. Be that as it may, the records found in Pekin will not be contradicted and must remain as *prima facie* evidence of the courage and thrift of the Chinamen.

* * *

MONTEREY, MEX., *November 16th.*

The report that American officers have unearthed ancient records in Pekin showing that the Chinese discovered America 1,500 years ago, and erected temples in Mexico, has aroused the greatest interest among the scientific men of Monterey and throughout this country. The Chinese temples alluded to are in the State of Sonora, on the Pacific coast. The ruin of one of the temples was discovered near the town of Ures in that State about two years ago.

One of the large stone tablets found in the ruins was covered with carved Chinese characters, which were partly deciphered by a learned Chinaman who visited the ruin at the request of the Mexican Government. This Chinaman made the assertion that the ruins were those of a temple which had been erected many centuries ago by Chinese.

It has been claimed that the Indians of the State of Sonora are descendants of these early Chinese settlers. They possess many traditions and characteristics of the Chinese. If the report of the finding of the records in Pekin shall be verified, an expedition will go from here to explore further the ancient-temples of Sonora.

# THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. XXVII., p. 511)

ii. We will now turn to the second division—the moral and ethical teaching; though, as already said, it is hardly possible to draw any definite line between this and the religious aspect. (1) The first point to which we shall direct our attention seems to belong as much to the one as to the other—this is Ruskin's endorsement of the Law of Karma. Upon this point he speaks with no uncertain tone, recognising it as the law of life in all its aspects. Thus he says:

> And He has set above the souls of men on earth, a great law or Sun of Justice or Righteousness, which brings also life and health in the daily strength and spreading of it, being spoken of in the priest's language as having "healing in its wings"; and the obedience to this law, as it gives strength to the heart, so it gives light to the eyes of souls that have got any eyes, so that they begin to see each other as lovely, and to love each other.*

And again:

> The seeds of good and evil are sown broadcast among men, just as the seeds of thistles and fruits are: and according to the fruit of our industry and the wisdom of our husbandry, the ground will bring forth to us figs or thistles. So that when it seems needed that a certain work should be done for the world, and no man is there to do it, we have no right to say that God did not wish it to be done, and therefore sent no men able to do it. When the need for them comes, and we suffer for the want of them, it is not that God refuses to send us deliverers, and specially appoints all our consequent sufferings; but that He has sent, and we have refused, the deliverers; and the pain is then wrought out by His eternal law, as surely as famine is wrought out by eternal law for a nation which will neither plough nor sow.†

In both these passages we see unmistakably the recognition

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 117. † *A Joy for Ever*, p. 175

of the great Law of Justice, and of the inevitable results which must ensue according to man's obedience or disobedience, as also of the harmony which the following of this law will produce. Just as plain and direct is his declaration as to the responsibility of nations with regard to the condition in which they may find themselves. Thus he says:

> The stuff of which a nation is made is developed by the effort and the fate of ages; according to that material, such and such government becomes possible to it, or impossible. Whatever other form of government you lay upon it than the one it is fit for, necessarily comes to nothing, and a nation wholly worthless is capable of none.*

And the following passage brings into prominence the relation between the race and the individual, and the responsibility of the latter with regard to the former:

> One thing only you can know, namely, whether this dealing of yours is a just and faithful one, which is all you need concern yourself about respecting it; sure thus to have done your own part in bringing about ultimately in the world a state of things which will not issue in pillage or in death.†

But perhaps the most striking passages are those having a directly individual application; thus we read:

> No human actions were ever intended by the Maker of man to be guided by balances of expediency, but by balances of justice. . . . No man ever knew, or can know, what will be the ultimate result to himself or to others, of any given line of conduct. But every man may know, and most of us do know, what is a just and an unjust act. And all of us may know also, that the consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both to others and ourselves, though we can neither say what *is* best, nor how it is likely to come to pass.‡

And in his letters to working men he says:

> If you are not happy, you, or somebody else, or something you are one or other responsible for, is wrong; and your first business is to set yourself, them, or it, to rights. Of late you have made that your last business; you have thought things would right themselves, or that it was God's business to right them, not yours. Peremptorily it is yours. Not, observe, to get your rights, but to put things to rights.§

Once more:

> It will much help you, if you would make it a practice in your talk

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 261 † *Unto this Last*, p. 61.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 7. § *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 331.

always to say you "deserve" things, instead of that you "have a right" to them. . . . Such accurate use of language will lead you sometimes into reflection on the fact that what you deserve, it is not only well for you to get, but certain that you ultimately *will* get, and neither less nor more. . . . The joined and four-square truth is that every right is exactly rewarded, and every wrong exactly punished; but that in the midst of this subtle, and to our impatience, slow retribution, there is a startlingly separate or counter ordinance of good and evil, one to this man, and the other to that—one at this hour of our lives, and the other at that—ordinance that is entirely beyond our control; and of which the providential law hitherto defies investigation. . . . Setting this destiny, over which you have no control whatever, for the time, out of your thought, there remains the symmetrical destiny, over which you have absolute control—namely, that you are ultimately to get—exactly what you are worth. And your control over this destiny consists, therefore, in simply *being* worth more or less.*

In connection with the last quotation, we must remember that Ruskin does not accept the doctrine of reincarnation; or at least there is no mention of it, neither is it implied, so far as I know, in his writings; that doctrine might perhaps have thrown some light upon "the law which defies investigation," as also upon another point mentioned elsewhere, where he says, speaking of workmen who get drunk, and have no appreciation of the beautiful, whether in nature or in books:

They were a Fallen Race, every way incapable, as I acutely felt, of appreciating the beauty of *Modern Painters*, or fathoming the significance of *Fors Clavigera*. But what they have done to deserve their fall, or what I had done to deserve the privilege of being the author of those valuable books, remained obscure to me.†

Theosophical teaching might have shed a little light on this obscurity. We who believe in the pre-existence of man, and his evolution through a vast series of lives, can recognise in this destiny over which we have no control whatsoever, simply the result of our own past—the web we ourselves have woven during our long pilgrimage. One other passage I may quote as showing Ruskin's recognition of the beneficial effect of a belief in Karma; he says:

Human conduct is not likely, in every case, to be purer, under the conviction that all its evil may in a moment be pardoned, and all its wrongdoing in a moment redeemed, and that the sigh of repentance, which purges

* *Ibid.*, pp. 254, 255, 256. † *Ibid.*, p. 211.

the guilt of the past, will waft the soul into a felicity which forgets its pain: than it may be under the sterner, and to many not unwise minds, the more probable apprehension, that "what a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—or others reap—when he, the living seed of pestilence, walketh no more in darkness, but lies down therein.*

(2) Next let us notice the importance which Ruskin attaches to the motive lying at the root of action, declaring that nothing done with the hope of reward, or for any personal end, is to be looked upon as virtue; that all really good work must be done for its own sake, and not with a view to its results; a principle which we shall surely all recognise as one of the first requisites in the attempt to live a truly Theosophic life, and which is laid stress upon in all our ethical writings; in the words of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*:

Thy business is with the action only, never with its fruits; so let not the fruit of action be thy motive, nor be thou to inaction attached.

So Ruskin says:

Virtue does not consist in doing what will be presently paid, or even paid at all, to you, the virtuous person. It may so chance; or may not. It will be paid some day; but the vital condition of it as virtue, is that it shall be content in its own deed, and desirous rather that the pay of it, if any, should be for others.†

It cannot matter to you whom the thing helps, so long as you are content that it won't, or can't help *you*. . . . Help anyone, anyhow you can; so, in order that the greatest number possible will be helped; nay, in the end perhaps, you may get some shelter from the wind under your charitable wall yourself, but do not expect it, nor lean on any promise that you shall find your bread again, once cast away. . . . Keep what you want cast what you can, and expect nothing back, once lost or once given.‡

The same principle is brought down to the consideration of artistic and literary work, in connection with which we may take these two passages, wherein he shows the incompatibility of the performance of good, honest work with the hope of making it pay, or even of receiving due recognition. In reference to art he says:

Believe me, no good work in this world was ever done for money, nor while the slightest thought of money affected the painter's mind. Whatever

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 17. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 46.
‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 371, 372.

idea of pecuniary value enters into his thoughts as he works, will, in proportion to the distinctness of its presence, shorten his power.*

None of the best head-work in art, literature or science is ever paid for. How much do you think Homer got for his *Iliad*, or Dante for his *Paradiso?* only bitter bread and salt, and going up and down other people's stairs. In science, the man who discovered the telescope and first saw heaven, was paid with a dungeon; the man who invented the microscope, and first saw earth, died of starvation, driven from his home. It is indeed very clear that God meant all thoroughly good work and talk to be done for nothing.†

And he gives it an intensely practical and personal application in these strong, plain words:

With all brave and rightly-trained men, their work is first, their fee second—very important always, but still *second*. But in every nation, as I said, there is a vast class who are ill-educated, cowardly, and more or less stupid. And with these people, just as certainly, the fee is first and the work second, as with brave people the work is first and the fee second. And this is no small distinction. It is between life and death *in* a man; between heaven and hell *for* him. You cannot serve *two* masters: you *must* serve one or other. If your work is first with you, and your fee second, work is your master, and the lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you, and your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the Devil; and not only the Devil, but the lowest of devils—the "least erected fiend that fell." So there you have it in brief terms: Work first, you are God's servants; Fee first, you are the Fiend's. And it makes a difference, now and ever, believe me, whether you serve Him who has on His vesture and thigh written "King of kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh the name is written "Slave of slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.‡

(3) We come now to the great central teaching of Theosophy in its social and practical aspect—that of the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and the principles of love, justice and service, that should guide us in our relations with each other. We find that this is also the central principle in all Ruskin's social and moral teaching; we can hardly turn to a single page without finding traces of it, and whole paragraphs might be brought forward in illustration. I have tried to select a few of the most forcible passages, and it needs no words of mine to show how thoroughly they are in accordance with all that Theosophy teaches on this point. Thus he brings out the fact of the

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 115. † *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 57. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 42

mutual interdependence of nations and ages in the following words:

Independence you had better cease to talk of, for you are dependent not only on every act of people whom you never heard of, who are living round you, but on every past act of what has been dust for a thousand years. So also does the course of a thousand years to come depend upon the little perishing strength that is in you.*

We, as we live and work, are to be always thinking of those who are to come after us; that what we do may be serviceable, as far as we can make it so, to them as well as to us. Then, when we die, it is the duty of those who come after us to accept this work of ours with thankfulness and remembrance, not thrusting it aside or tearing it down the moment they think they have no use for it. . . . For be assured, that all the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself: but we are all intended not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great, white, gathering snowball higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.†

I do not know anything more ludicrous among the self-deceptions of well-meaning people than their notion of patriotism, as requiring them to limit their efforts to the good of their own country:—the notion that charity is a geographical virtue, and that what it is holy and righteous to do for people on one bank of a river, it is quite improper and unnatural to do for people on the other.‡

Be assured of this, sense in human creatures is shown, not by cleverness in promoting their own ends and interests, but by quickness in understanding other people's ends and interests, and by putting our own work and keeping our own wishes in harmony with theirs.§

In the next passages Ruskin directs our thoughts to the obligation of mutual service which this mutual dependence upon each other brings, giving us in the first two his idea of what a Christian nation is.

I believe that no Christian nation has any business to see one of its members in distress without helping him, though perhaps at the same time punishing him; help, of course, in nine cases out of ten, meaning guidance much more than gift, and therefore interference with liberty.‖

All land that is waste or untidy, you must redeem into ordered fruitfulness; all ruin, desolateness, imperfectness of hut or habitation, you must do away with; and throughout every village and city of your English

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i. p. 46. † *A Joy for Ever*, p. 80.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 94. § *Ibid.*, p. 235. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 160.

dominion, there must not be a hand that cannot find a helper, nor a heart that cannot find a comforter.*

Our hearts have been betrayed by the plausible impiety of the modern economist, telling us that "to do the best for ourselves is finally to do the best for others." Friends, our great Master said not so; and most absolutely we shall find that this world is not made so. Indeed, to do the best for others, is finally to do the best for ourselves; but it will not do to have your eyes fixed on that issue.†

It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relation of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. . . . It is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dulness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority that is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibilities of it, as it is the helm and guide of labour, far and near . . . for it is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain.‡

This question of the responsibility towards others which wealth confers, is further enlarged upon from a slightly different aspect in another passage from the same work, which runs as follows:

If you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses —say seven; of which you can wear one yourself, and give six away to poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days, in making four, five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball-dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 202. † *Ibid.*, p. 110. ‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 145.

to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly . . . in the one case you have directed their labour to the service of the community, in the other you have consumed it wholly on yourself. . . . You may answer: "we do no wrong in taking their labour when we pay them their wages; if we pay for their work, we have a right to it." No, a thousand times no! The labour which you have paid for, does indeed become, by the act of purchase, your own labour, you have bought the hands and time of those workers; they are, by right and justice, your own hands, your own time. But have you a right to spend your own time, to work with your own hands, only for your advantage? much more, when, by purchase, you have invested your own person with the strength of others, and added to your own life a part of the life of others? . . . It would be strange, If at any great assembly, which, while it dazzled the young and the thoughtless, beguiled the gentle hearts that beat beneath the embroidery with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had been first given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if for a moment the Spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly amongst the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how, inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the falling breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have deliberately entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils! Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels *do* see—on those gay, white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you know not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted that no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves.*

And in another place we read:

Consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us, if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant: the cruellest man could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfolded. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if as yet the light of the eyes can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread, and bequest of peace, shall be "unto this last as unto thee."†

We notice further that Ruskin looks upon the service of

* *Ibid.*, p. 57. † *Unto this Last*, p. 173.

others as a *right*—something which is due to every man—that, in short, true service is *justice*, for he says:

> The one Divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice, and it is the last we are even inclined to do. Anything rather than that! As much charity as you choose, but no justice! "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater, it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But—you can't have the top without the bottom—you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not at first charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him, because you don't love him, and you will come to hate him.*

> People of moderate means and average powers of mind would do far more real good by merely carrying out stern principles of justice and honesty in common matters of trade, than by the most ingenious schemes of extended philanthropy, or vociferous declarations of theological doctrine.†

> You say that everybody ought to remain content in the position in which Providence has placed them! Ah, my friends! that's the gist of the whole question. *Did* Providence put them in that position or did *you?* You knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him"! That's modern Christianity! You say—"*We* did not knock him into the ditch"! We shall never know what you have done, or left undone, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing, during the day; nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christian, as to acknowledge the maxim of the poor half-way Mahometans: "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."‡

If we ask what Ruskin's idea of justice is, he tells us himself in these words:

> True justice consists mainly in the granting to every human being *due* aid in the development of such faculties as it possesses for action and enjoyment.§

How perfectly all this is in harmony with the principles and teachings of Theosophy we must all recognise; but I may just quote one or two passages from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology" bearing upon the subject. We have seen how Ruskin declares it to be the duty of a wise man to take care of fools; see how this same sentiment is expressed in the article referred to:

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 52.
† *A Joy for Ever*, p. 209.
‡ *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 56.
§ *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 163.

We have learned that a man must not use his muscles to plunder his neighbour; we have yet to learn that he must not use his brains to the same end. It is no more right to trample on others because we are cleverer, smarter, shrewder than they, than in the days that are called barbarous it was right for a man to use his strength to rob, to crush, to enslave.*

And again:

The family, not the chartered company, is to be the ideal of the State; the discharge of duties, not the enforcing of rights, is to be the keynote of the individual life. . . . In the family the heaviest burdens are borne by the elders, and not by the children; the youngest are carefully trained, tenderly guarded, shielded from trouble, anxiety and undue strain. If food run short it is not the children who are first stinted; if anything be lacking the elders bear the suffering and strive to let the children feel no want. Their greater strength is regarded as imposing on them responsibilities and duties, not as giving the right to plunder and oppress.†

We may notice the way in which Mrs. Besant here speaks with regard to *duties* and *rights*, and the spirit of Ruskin's writing all through is the same—he tries to impress on all whom he addresses a recognition of the duties incumbent on them, and not of the rights they might claim; this point has been already emphasised in some of the passages quoted; and he says further:

For my own part, I do not trouble myself much about these rights, never being able to make out any single one to begin with, except the right to keep everything and every place about you in as good order as you can.‡

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MARYON JUDSON.

* THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for June, 1898, p. 300.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 303, 304.

‡ *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 238.

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"SOME have declared that Time is the wisest of all things, but the Pythagorean Parôn said that on the contrary Time was the most ignorant, for owing to it men lose their memory."—ARISTOTLE, *Phys. Ausc.*, iv. 13, 90.

# FROM THE GATES OF DEATH

WHEN Mrs. Dalston persuaded her daughter Irene to marry old Mr. Copplemere, a wealthy city man who could have bought up the aristocratic Dalstons, root and branch, and never missed the money, the girl yielded, only on condition that her would-be husband should know all about her love affair with Harry Lethbridge.

It was only fair, she urged, that Mr. Copplemere should know that she had no love to give him, and that she herself would cheerfully have married Harry and shared his poverty had not their respective relatives come between them.

Mrs. Dalston soothed her daughter by specious promises; but, having no lack of worldly wisdom, she reserved the information which Irene had begged her to impart, and Mr. Copplemere married in ignorance of the fact that his wife had had a lover before himself.

Mr. Copplemere was too pompous and self-sufficient a man to interpret at all literally the "loving and cherishing" he had vowed to his young wife in the marriage service, and the girl lived a lonely and loveless life enough in the great gloomy house to which she was brought as a bride. Mr. Copplemere was satisfied if his wife made a sufficiently handsome appearance at the head of his board on the occasions of his stiff prosy dinners given to pompous city magnates, and he took care that she should be well supplied with rich dresses and jewellery.

If it could have been mentioned to him—it would never have occurred to him without suggestion!—that his young wife could possibly remain unsatisfied after the magnificent diamonds he had bestowed upon her, he would have opened his cold grey eyes in astonishment. He was fully satisfied with his matrimonial bargain. His wife was fresh and young and lovely, and graced his dull entertainments wonderfully well, and he wanted nothing more.

Little wonder that Irene sometimes dreamed of days gone by when life held something more for her than was contained in that dull, handsome house! Little wonder if her thoughts wandered to someone far away whose eyes had been always full of love when he looked at her!

It was only when Irene fainted away when Harry Lethbridge's name was mentioned among the killed in one of our smaller wars, that Mr. Copplemere's eyes were opened to the fact that he was not the first man who had adored Miss Dalston. The discovery changed his cold satisfaction in Irene to a bitter animosity; and even the chilly friendship which had existed between husband and wife flickered and went out.

The advent of the baby was a turning point in Irene's life. If it had not been for him she would probably have followed Harry; but the tiny face against her breast, the wee fingers clinging to hers, drew her back to life again. The child crept into the void in her heart and filled it full.

Her baby was all in all to her. He was a pretty child, strong and healthy, fair and blue-eyed; and from the first the love between mother and child was intensely strong. During the time of the boy's babyhood the husband and wife were almost separated. Except that she played her part as hostess Mrs. Copplemere shared very little of her husband's life. Sometimes for weeks they did not meet.

Naturally Irene clung to her child, and he repaid her by a passionate devotion to his "pretty Mammie," as he called her.

From a baby he was always perfectly content with her. His favourite trick was to wind his fingers among her hair, and, so soon as he woke in the morning and climbed from his cot into her bed, his warm little hand would creep round her neck, and his little fingers tug at her loosened hair. It was all sweet to Irene —even the tugs, which often hurt her. He was her boy—her own, and she lived only for him.

When the boy was three years old Mrs. Copplemere had a dangerous illness. For many days she was lying very near the borderland, and the doctors were discreetly silent on her chances of recovery. During the whole of the time the child refused to

be parted from her. He lay beside her on the bed, his arms round her neck and his little fingers in her hair; and many a time when they thought her gone, she rallied at the sound of the child's voice.

Mr. Copplemere in vain objected to the boy's presence. The doctors shook their heads and would not take the responsibility of his removal.

"She clings to the child. If she comes through at all it will be for the boy," they said. And for the child's sake Irene struggled back to life.

"You're going to live, Mrs. Copplemere," the doctor said one day, looking down at her with a smile, adding jocosely, "You couldn't leave your boy, could you?"

"I think," Irene answered, kissing the child's soft cheek passionately, "that I should come back from the gates of death if my boy called me!"

She was never very strong after this. Mr. Copplemere, as though he had discovered that he should miss something if his wife's girlish figure faded out of his life, affected a stony sort of reconciliation.

It was not in him generously to forgive her love of another man, and to set himself to win her trustful affection. He did not unbend in the slightest to her; but he expected her to be grateful and loving to him.

As he slowly made the discovery that he had lost altogether what place he might once have made for himself in her heart, and that the child was all in all to her, a resentful feeling rose up in him that took shape in sneers and scoffs at the child.

"I don't like nasty old farver," Raymond confided to his mother, and though she hushed him when he spoke, perhaps the child's words found an echo in Irene's heart.

Raymond had just passed his fifth birthday, and was a sturdy boy for his age. Fair-haired and clear-skinned, with beautiful blue eyes and a rosy little mouth showing his little white teeth, he was the picture of health and beauty.

He stood by his mother in the drawing-room one day. He had been busy with his engine—he had a passion for engines—but he had tired of it and crept up to his mother.

"I like to stroke your soft cheeks, Mammie," he said caressingly, as his fat, hot little hand went to and fro on Irene's delicate face.

"Do you? Why, darling?" his mother asked.

"They're so soft," he responded thoughtfully and lovingly, "and they're joined to your eyes—your pretty eyes."

"What do you mean, silly boy?" Irene cried laughing; but Mr. Copplemere cut in, in a contemptuous tone:

"What nonsense that boy talks! Time he went to school; he's getting a regular mother's boy!"

Both mother and son started and looked up. Neither of them had known that Mr. Copplemere was in the room.

"He must go to school," he repeated. "A good boarding school will be best."

"You wouldn't send him to a boarding school—away from me," Irene said, with a quivering lip, holding the child fast. "He's only a baby yet!"

The boy stood silent; but his little hand crept round his mother's neck and rested in her hair.

"You spoil him," Mr. Copplemere said gruffly.

"I don't think I do. I love him; but *love* doesn't spoil a child. He is perfectly obedient, and he does little lessons with me. John! You wouldn't—not yet?" Her appealing voice quivered and stopped.

"Well, well! we'll see," Mr. Copplemere said, hastily, as he left the room. The mother drew her boy closer, but a new fear had fallen on her life.

A few days later Irene was taken ill. There was a great confusion in the house, and much coming and going of doctors and nurses. Little Raymond was kept in the nursery and told that his mother was very ill. He begged piteously to go to her, but was refused permission.

Mrs. Copplemere lay on her pillows, very white and still, and the doctors had already informed her husband that all hope was over.

"I want—my boy," she said, feebly. "Where is he?"

The doctor looked at the husband. Mr. Copplemere shook his head. "He would only disturb her. He is so rough," he

said, and though the mother's beseeching eyes pleaded for a last look at her passionately loved child, and though her pallid face was full of anguish, her last request was refused. She died with that anguished, beseeching look on her face, and, when she had been made ready for the grave, and Mr. Copplemere stood beside her rigid form, the look was still there.

Little Raymond, in the nursery, was told that "Mammie" had gone away. This he sturdily refused to believe, asserting with quivering lip and tears in his eyes, "She wouldn't go wivout me! She wouldn't go away and never say goodbye."

He did not make any fuss when the nurse in charge scolded him for his unbelief, but applied himself to his engine, and presently the nurse left him alone while she went down to the kitchen to get something she wanted. The kitchen was warm, and there was company there. The nurse stayed on talking and forgot the child all alone upstairs.

The rest of the house was very still. Mr. Copplemere was shut up in his study. The servants were gossiping over their tea.

Little Raymond, in pursuance of his private plans, shunted his engine into the station in the corner, rose from his lowly seat on the floor, and quitted the nursery to go to his mother's room.

It was very still in the room, and the blinds were drawn down.

"Mammie!" he said, quaveringly; but there was no reply.

He advanced to the bed, and pulled down the sheet that hid the white face.

Ah! Mammie *was* there after all!

The bed was a high one and, from old experience, Raymond knew that he could not scale it without a chair.

He fetched one and laboriously climbed on to the bed.

"Mammie!" he said again; but, for the first time in all his experience, Mammie's eyes did not open at his first whisper of her name.

He smoothed her cold face with his warm little hand, but still she did not stir.

"Mammie's asleep," he said softly. "I'll sleep wiz her."

He pulled the sheet further down in order to creep in beside

her as was always his wont, and then he saw, with great indignation, that folded in his Mammie's arms was a tiny baby.

"A strange baby wiz my Mammie!" he exclaimed, jealously. "Mammie don't want dis, do you, Mammie?"

Getting no reply he proceeded to take command of the situation.

"Mammie's asleep, but I know she don't want dis baby. *I'm* Mammie's baby! I won't be unkind to a little strange baby, but, you know," addressing the tiny thing, "you can't stop in *my* Mammie's arms!"

With considerable trouble he lifted the small corpse and laid it on the other side of the bed.

Then, with a sigh of content, he nestled down beside his dead mother.

Presently the utter silence and the awful cold struck a fear into the child's heart.

"Mammie!" he sobbed, "Mammie!"

His little hands stole across the dead woman's neck and nestled in her hair, but still she did not turn—his Mammie, who was always so warm and soft and loving!

His pitiful wail grew louder and more passionately pleading; "Mammie, won't you look at me? Your own boydie! *Mammie!*"

A servant passing the room shivered at the cry and took the tale downstairs.

The other servants listened and shivered; but no one cared for the task of going up to take the child away.

His last cry—piercing and shrill and burdened with unutterable childish anguish—rang through the house, and then there was silence.

"He's quiet now," said the nurse uneasily. "We'd better let the master know when his dinner's taken away."

So the footman, when he went to remove his master's untasted meal, hesitatingly informed him that Master Raymond was in the mistress's room.

With a muttered imprecation on the stupidity of the servants, Mr. Copplemere rose, and bidding the man attend him with a light, went upstairs.

At the right of the disarranged bed with the chair beside it

Mr. Copplemere strode angrily forward, but suddenly stopped and caught at the back of the chair to steady himself.

It was not the sight of the child curled up there close to his dead mother's form with his little hand firmly locked in her curling hair that unmanned him. That he had come prepared to see. Nor was it the sight of the dead baby lifted from its place. It was quite conceivable that the boy, so jealously devoted to his mother, should have done that. But it was the fact that *the dead woman lay on her side*, a position into which the child's strength could never have moved her, and that her arm was round her boy and her cold face pressed on his, and that that face, at first so anguished, was now peaceful and content.

The sight so unnerved Mr. Copplemere, that he had to summon up all his resolution to aid him as he put out his hand to draw the boy away from his mother's arms.

"I wouldn't touch him, sir," said the man who had come up with the light. He turned a white face on his master as he tremblingly laid a restraining hand on his arm.

"Why! what do you mean?" asked the master.

"I'd leave them, sir! He'd never have been happy without his mother and I think—I think she's come back from the gates of death to fetch him."

Mr. Copplemere leaned over to look hastily into his boy's little face and his hands dropped to his sides.

WAEN WARLEY.

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MEMORY

"'Twas Memory first of all who did bestow upon mankind the concord of the Muses and every instrument the Muses use. Had it not been for her, naught could be kept for long or ever come to light. 'Tis Time that wears things out by its forgetfulness and hides them from our sight. All arts and oracles and laws and all the things that have been done are kept for men by Memory."—"ORPHEUS," quoted by JOHANNES DIACONUS, on HES. *Theog.* 943.

# DANTE AND THE ANCIENT WISDOM

*Mi ritrovai per una silva oscura.*

## I.

THE "gloomy wood" in which Dante thus discovers himself to the readers of the *Commedia* (Divine Comedy) is a symbol of human life. But the symbol of a wood will serve for his art as well as for his theme, albeit the wood will suggest, to all lovers of that art, through that underworld of woodland gloom, gleams of ethereal sunshine in which the spirit bathes, and flashes of well-nigh blinding light in which the soul stands self-revealed. It is not, however, of his art any more than of his theme that I dare directly to speak. My hope is simply to point out most tentatively the existence, in the art as well as in the theme, of a clue which will, I believe, at some no distant day, unravel what has hitherto proved the "*inextricabilis error*"—those winding and tangled paths of his consummate wisdom—which has hitherto baffled all interpretation. For to me, and surely to many other readers at once of Dante and of this REVIEW, it has long seemed simply inexplicable that pages so rich oftentimes in illumination of remoter and darker paths in literature and philosophy, have never yet shed one ray of light upon the *chef-d'œuvre* not only of Mediæval but of Modern Wisdom in the West. And let me say at once that I conceive Dante to be a master-builder of that Wisdom in Christendom, and the *Commedia* to be the supreme creation of that Wisdom there in the kingdom of art. The *Commedia* I say, because it is to the *Commedia* that we turn as the supreme manifestation of Dante's genius. But the *Commedia* is like a wood for other reasons than its gloom or its lights. It is like a wood, too, because of it may we truly say what Browning has said of the whole soil of Italy:

> A footfall there
> Suffices to upturn the germinating spices.

And it is the thought of this hidden yet germinating fragrance that I desire to suggest, and on which I would fain insist.

## II.

I must, however, tax the patience of my readers with another simile before I can get to my point. The *Commedia* suggests a wood by its gloom, its light, its fragrance. And we have Dante's own example on our side.

But I called him just now a master-builder, and another symbol of his art will help us to present and represent more clearly the purpose of this paper. That symbol is a cathedral. We have a poet's example for it too, the example of a poet whose sympathy with his master was greater than the service he rendered him. I speak of Longfellow and his version of the *Commedia*. And here I give his sonnet, prefixed to the *Purgatorio*, as a plea for the symbol which has suggested itself independently:

I enter and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine,
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb.
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, "Although your sins
As scarlet be," and ends with "as the snow."

Yes, the cathedral! In entering the *Commedia*, it matters not where, I always feel as I felt the other day on entering the wicket at the west door of Chartres. The gloom, the lights, the fragrance of the wood, they are all there; something yet more primeval, too, as of rocks in some bygone inland ocean! But something else, surely, is there, too, which surpasses these in mystery; that Spirit of Man, which has moved on the face of these waters, and shaped the chaos into kosmos! And assuredly no appreciation of Dante is possible, unless we keep

this double aspect of his work perpetually before our eyes. On the one hand the primeval stuff, as of virginal rock and vegetation, the stuff of Human Nature,* out of which his mighty vision was wrought. On the other hand, the marvellous "*ordonnance*" of the workman's controlling art, which has found for every fragment of that rock and every form of that growth a place, where it shall live for ever in that temple of the Human Spirit which the *Commedia* was truly designed to be.

III.

It is wilful blindness to these two great fundamental facts about Dante's creation (that it deals with the basic principles of Human Nature, and represents them in a mirror of consummate art), which has plunged its interpretation into a sea of troubles. Commentators of every age have taken neither of these facts seriously enough. Let me put it for a moment in another way. They have failed to push back their investigations to the source from which the fiery stream first issued in the volcano of the Man's psychic and spiritual experience. And they have equally failed to recognise that this fiery stream of self-consciousness has been so absolutely mastered by the Artist, as to assume the flexibility of molten metal in the founder's hand, and to be moulded at his will into a thousand forms, with reflection of his individual spirit, and the expression of matrices which are entirely his own. His creation, I say again, is a work of absolute fusion, absolute transformation. Yet they have taken the moulds which he employs (only to throw them at last away) for the substance of his thought, while they are but its vehicle. I might cite only the greatest mould of all, through which his whole thought has passed, the mould I mean of Mediæval theology (though there are many others—the moulds of Pagan mythology, of Scholastic and Ancient philosophy, of Universal and Contemporary history); this they have taken for the ultimate meaning of his work, instead of for what it really is, the mere vessel and vehicle of his supreme message, which is a message about Man, as his spirit conceived him.

* "*Subjectum est Homo*" is his own account in the Dedication of the *Paradiso* to Can Grande.

It is impossible to emphasise too much the value of that canon of criticism which bids us distinguish between the Life and the Form in the case of Dante's creation. I will, therefore, reassert it in yet another form, at the risk of growing tedious, by insisting that while all true art is an alembic, Dante is supreme among the poets in this method of transmuting the elements with which he works. Or, to put it yet again in another form, I will ask his readers to bear me out in saying that everything he handles "suffers a sea-change into something rich and strange," and I will repeat that the interpreter's mind must (to borrow another of Shakespeare's phrases), "like the dyer's hand," be first subdued to those elements in which the poet has worked, I mean the elements of self-knowledge.

## IV.

But I believe that we shall do better to resume our symbol of the cathedral and the wood if we are to appreciate the relation of the point I seek to raise to the whole fabric of his art and thought. Architecture, too, is an alembic in many ways. Its fascination is due to the fact, which as yet we dimly grasp, that in it are fused the elements of structure, symbol, and beauty. The Gothic cathedral is a supreme example of this fusion.

A hundred years ago aisle and vault in the cathedral were held to represent forest avenue and roof; people who felt the fascination of Gothic building thought that it must arise from the imitation of Nature's work in the forest, translated into stone, both in point of structure and ornament. We are coming now to recognise that the undeniable analogy between the two rests rather on the identity of those organic principles which underlie the work of those builders in the kingdom of nature, and these builders in the kingdom of art. It is the existence of these underlying principles in the fabric of Dante's art, and their identity with the facts of Human Nature, as Theosophists understand them, that I seek to indicate. May I put it in this way? Theosophists are learning to recognise the existence of organic principles in the Wood of Life, and interpreters of Dante must learn to recognise the existence of them in his art. The symbol of the cathedral helps us just because it enables us to realise that the deeper the

art, the deeper must be our search for the Life.* Who of us has not found in a cathedral crypt the answers to problems which otherwise seemed insoluble—answers both about its structure and its ornament? It is so here, and yet the illustration falls far short of the truth. Dante's work is architectural in many senses besides those of which we have already taken count, but chiefly in this: that one dominant purpose controls every part of the design, every detail of the decoration. There is nothing else in literature resembling its external unity. I am not now thinking of the *Commedia* alone. That is indeed the supreme manifestation of his Genius, and into its anthropomorphic sculpture, if I may carry on the illustration, he has ultimately wrought the most exquisite refinements of his thought. But the *Commedia* is unintelligible, as all his votaries are agreed, apart from the study of those buttresses which he openly built to support and explain that structure in the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, and the *Canzoni*—we might add in the *De Monarchia*, the *De Volgari Eloquio*, and his public letters, indeed in every authentic line which we possess from his pen. The whole structure, I say, of his writings hangs together as closely as the works of Plato, of Aristotle, or the most systematic of modern philosophers. The unity of Dante's *Opera* is indeed more remarkable than the unity of Goethe's single lifelong creation, *Faust*. And the fact which I seek to emphasise is, first of all, that a true interpretation of his art requires us to hold in our minds at one and the same moment, so far as may be, not only each *terzina* in the *canto*, each *canto* in the *cantica*, and each *cantica* in the trilogy of the *Commedia*, but each of these wonderful Commentaries in which he has left us himself the key to a true interpretation. This task has been externally attempted by those who have set before them in our own century an exhaustive interpretation of his work, and in the hands of De Witte and Scartazzini and our own Wicksteed, it has yielded wonderful results. And yet to quote the confession of Scartazzini, the most encyclopædic of them all, the enigma still awaits its Œdipus.

* I am working, the Theosophical student will observe, on the lines which Mrs. Besant has so ably laid down as a canon of study in science—I mean on the lines of her distinction between the Form and the Life, a canon of criticism as significant in the study of art as in the study of science.

Here, then, I would plead for a method which shall be not less comprehensive, but less external. I ask that the poet shall be left more to be his own interpreter. I ask that he should be considered more as a creator and less as an encyclopædist. I ask that he should be regarded as a creator from the materials with which every true poet builds, of Nature's facts within his own experience. And I need not remind even the most superficial reader that these facts in his case, if his data are anything at all besides machinery, are the facts of Human Consciousness far beyond the range of commonplace.

## V.

Briefly, then, the method for which I plead is this, that the interpreter should seek in the crypt of Dante's cathedral, I mean in the interior and fundamental principles on which the poet has raised the fabric of his vision, for the key which lies buried there. The illustration may still serve. At Chartres, that typical cathedral, structurally speaking, of arrested Gothic, there are said to be traces of no less than six churches, the oldest of which is a Celtic shrine dedicated to Druidic rites, and once bearing the inscription "*Virgini parituræ*," so the mediæval chroniclers record. Above there rises the noblest church in Christendom, if we look either to the decorative work which still stands in its glorious glass, or the structural beginnings, which still attest what the unfinished fabric was intended to become. Herein Chartres is a fit symbol of the *Commedia*. Decoratively, the *Commedia* is still the most beautiful production of Italian literature. Structurally, if Pope was right in saying that the proper study of mankind is man, it still represents a design which has never been completed in the literature of Italy or of any other country. From Leopardi to Annunzio, in our own century, Italians at least have shown themselves conscious of Dante's primacy in thought as well as art.

But there is another element in literature, as Theosophical students are aware; there is that element, unfathomed and unfathomable by what we nowadays call the intellect, by what Dante called the rational soul: that element, to which German metaphysicians to-day have given the name of Under-Conscious-

ness, and which a prince of Anglo-Saxon *littérateurs* called the Over-Soul, is at the root of art as well as of life. "Art begins," as Emerson has said, "farther back in man"; farther back we may add, perhaps, than the instincts of decoration or structure. "A true announcement of the law of Creation, if a man were found worthy to declare it, would carry art up into the kingdom of Nature, and destroy its separate contrasted existence." It is there, in the kingdom of Nature, that Dante's art originates, in that Wisdom which is Nature's counterpart. Once discovered in the crypt we can track it, I believe, through the building, though, like the masonic symbols in architecture, it has left but a serpent's trail wherever it has passed, in that "unknown perfume" of which Longfellow and Browning sing.

Perhaps Theosophists may pardon such a symbol of Wisdom, anyhow it will convey the impression that I must be content at present to leave with the reader, that the clue in the gloomy wood, of which I began by speaking, is that permanent but evasive presence of the Poet's own soul, to leave which behind is the essence of true art.

At some future time I hope to point out how this "unknown perfume" of the Ancient Wisdom clings alike to the structure and to the decoration of the *Commedia*.

S. UDNEY.

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THE whole theology of the Greeks is the child of the Orphic mysteries, for Pythagoras in the first place was instructed in the mysteries of the Gods by Aglaophāmus, and in the second Plato received his entire knowledge concerning them from the Pythagorean and Orphic writings."—PROCLUS (quoted by LOBECK, p. 723).

# FUTURE LEARNING

AT the present stage of Theosophy it is inevitable that almost all students and members of the Society should have been associated in earlier life with some one of the many religious denominations of the country, and should have derived their conceptions of man and his future from the conventional ideas known as "orthodox." Very few persons enter the Society whose minds have not been suffused with the dominant thought around, and this is of course wholly diverse from the teachings of the Wisdom Religion. It is therefore, a very frequent phenomenon that such minds, unconsciously ripening for Theosophy, should have at different times encountered perplexities or problems not explained or explainable by their traditional belief. Not from any sceptical spirit or from any conscious dissatisfaction with the existing creed, their thought detects difficulties or senses questions which arouse speculation and inquiry. When they come into Theosophy these are fully met, for the abounding light which the philosophy throws on the whole range of topics concerning man, meets the difficulty and answers the problem. It would be a most interesting matter to collect these various cases and to illustrate the value of Theosophy as a solvent for such perplexities, though a full collection would be impossible. I have thought that one single case in my own experience may have some interest and may illustrate the point which I make. Of course, all conventional belief holds that man is on earth but once, that his total equipment for the hereafter consists of such evolution as he may have attained in this one incarnation, and that he enters upon his future career with no other fitness than that which he may have acquired here. Now a serious difficulty used to present itself to my mind. It is of course conceded that the whole future existence is to be a prolonged course of improvement; knowledge, wisdom, goodness, and power being con-

tinually on the increase, man ever learning more of truth, though, like the asymptote to the hyperbola, never completely reaching it. But with only such an outfit as that attained in one life, how is it possible that such progress could be large or satisfactory? We have as yet no conception of other methods of reaching truth than through the exercise of human intelligence and reason; nor can we without assistance conceive of a wholly different mode of advance. In the rapid evolution of mind during the late half century one necessary consequence has been that all learning more and more differentiates itself into departments. Science is ever more and more divided into sections, each becoming more complicated and more profound. Students find greater and greater impossibility in pursuing other lines of thought than their own speciality, the only divergence being collateral sciences which touch upon or pervade their own. A student of medicine, for example, needs knowledge of chemistry, but both medicine and chemistry are so vast and deep that no time can exist for astronomy, mathematics, or physics. Now why should not this be the case to an even greater degree in the future state? It is no doubt a fact that very many hindrances to research will be removed. The denizen of the next world will be freed from his physical body, freed therefore from the sickness, weariness, the necessity for repose which so often interrupt his work, and the entire freedom from such hindrances will be an enormous gain; but this is offset by the enormously increased area of truth which post-mortem conditions must open. It is doubtless also the fact that human powers may well expect vast augmentation, existing ones being increased and new ones being added; but this is offset by the fact that the closer touch with realities which must occur in a less physical world necessarily discloses intricacies and complications and subtle problems which are imperceptible here. What, then, is the outlook for the attainment of knowledge in the hereafter? Can it be anything else than an enlargement of present processes, the tools and the material being indefinitely increased, but confinement to certain departments being even more peremptory and the acquisition of anything like a universal knowledge being even more impossible? The enlarged student would meet an enlarged world, and

the partial learning so inevitable here would become even more partial then.

This has often seemed to me a somewhat depressing fact for the future. There would seem no hope of anything like that rounded knowledge which one would wish to conceive of as a fitting attribute to a mind in eternity, and there would appear but an endless prolongation of the earthly methods, which are so partial, so incomplete, so often leading to erroneous results, and so rarely conferring entire certainty. But is this view of the future just? It necessarily falls upon our contracted experience and limited forecast, but is there in fact nothing richer and more hopeful than the view imposed by existing conditions?

Theosophy solves this question in the most exhilarating way. It disposes of the limitations which make so discouraging the thought of future learning, and substitutes an altogether different method for the attainment of truth than that with which we during incarnation are alone acquainted. It does this in three ways.

*First*, it supplies the truth of reincarnation. But this by no means signifies only that during successive lives a man acquires more and more of fact and, therefore, enters the future with a larger capital than could be acquired in one life. It signifies that in the steady evolution of a whole being through a long series of earthly existences there gradually ripens, if the process be normal and as contemplated, a perception of, and an interest in, states of consciousness above the sensuous. As perception extends to the reality of conditions beyond material, to the realisation of an unseen world richer than the present, of the possibilities of soul development and of spiritual function, there comes about both a desire for these higher attainments and a provision for their acquisition. In due time the lesson is learned of conscious projection on to other planes than the physical and the mental, by reason of that provision of the scheme of things by which a being ripe for it is granted entrance into regions closed to sense, and the evolving nature is made at home, by gradual steps, in the loftier worlds beyond earth. His rounded evolution includes not only more human learning but the acquirement of the faculties and powers which make him equally an inhabitant

of all planes. Hence when incarnations have done their full work, when he has learned all that is to be learned through contact with material life, and when, therefore material life has no longer a claim or a profit, he enters upon the next world with full equipment for all its demands and all its possibilities. In this first respect Theosophy, therefore, meets the difficulty I have suggested.

*Second*, it gives an accurate account of the nature and functions of the human mind. The ordinary conception of man's nature is that embodied in the analysis of St. Paul, namely, into body, soul and spirit—an analysis good so far as it goes but not complete. In its more searching division Theosophy proclaims the seven principles, showing the distinction between the temporary and the enduring parts of the man, clearly distinguishing between what is transient and what is essential. It explains how that for the perception of the material world and for the operation of that on lower planes, there exists, on a lower stratum than that of the higher, a spiritual principle, the lower mind and that this, as essential to its operations, has a physical brain by which and through which the lower intelligence functions. But above this is the higher mind, which sheds only a partial light through the lower, and this higher mind is superior to and not dependent upon the contracted operations of ordinary reason, and does not have its operations conditioned by a physical brain. When death comes, body, brain, and lower mind disappear in time, and the freed individuality thereafter functions on its own plane and with its own powers. This being so, no future learning needs for its acquirement a brain or that lower form of mind which we know as "reason" and which concerns itself with comparison and with ratiocination, but is remitted to the higher enduring individuality, which has its appropriate organs. And here again we see that Theosophy solves the suggestive difficulty by showing that the supposed limitations do not exist, and that we are not at all in our future career to gain our capital of knowledge and wisdom through the slow processes necessitated on earth.

*Third*, Theosophy indicates what is the new organ for the vision of truth. It is *intuition*. This is a seeing into, an in-

stantaneous perception of reality, an instant cognition of the actual—not a slow process of reasoning, not a balancing of considerations, not an uncertain grasp of probabilities, but a direct, accurate, searching sight of the thing as it is. Tools and implements and processes have dropped away, and the liberated soul, using only powers inherent in its own nature, gazes straight upon, into, and through Truth, perceiving reality and flooding its being with the immediate light which knows no mistake or distortion. There is a striking passage in the *Bible* which precisely illustrates this. The Apostle says that: "Now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face." This is it exactly. By our present vision the truth is through the medium of the mind. But that medium is never achromatic, it is always more or less discoloured by prepossessions, convictions, and prejudices. Nor is it free from inequalities which distort the view and confuse the outlook. Anyhow, it is a medium, and any medium is an interposition between the beholder and the reality. So, then, all our present gaze upon fact is through this distorting glass, but future learning will be face to face, the soul and the topics it gazes upon being brought into immediate contact, the learner and the subject separated by no intervention. Hence the method of future acquirement will be the simple turning upon a topic the soul's eyes, and instantly is perceived through this faculty of intuition the exact truth desired. Intuition has taken the place of reason, instant perception has supplanted slow argument, and uncertainty has been succeeded by assurance. And here again we see not only that no present limitation will inhere in the method of future learning, but that the old tools are taken away and a new and perfect one is in their place.

It is one peculiarity of Theosophy that it does not insist arbitrarily upon even the most unquestionable facts, but that it endeavours to make all things clear and reasonable to the student, most particularly endeavouring to establish their probability by showing their analogy with admitted facts. In this matter of future learning it does so not less than in every other sphere. Notice the analogy in each of the three matters I have mentioned. It is but partial, but it is suggestive.

*First*, as to physical acts. Nothing is more marked in physical functions than the translation of conscious and deliberate acts into unconscious and automatic ones. All bodily movements have to be slowly learned in childhood, each being the subject of long and deliberate care until they operate of themselves and without attention. The most common, although the most unnoticed of these, is the act of walking. Instead of being the simple thing many suppose, it is really a most complicated and delicate process, involving a constant accommodation of muscles and balance to the shifting centre of gravity, and, if it did not become automatic, would require a continuous amount of sustained attention which would make impossible any other thought. But its constant practice gradually makes it an entirely self-adjusted affair, releasing attention for other things, and we never concern ourselves with the movement of walking unless in insecure places or on slippery ground. Now the point is that very gradually and through repeated performances the physical apparatus works automatically in the important functions of life, and that consciousness is no longer concerned with it. This points to a state of things where instant, thorough, and perfect operation takes the place of one which exacts time, is only partial, and is but incomplete. May we not expect analogous evolution on still higher planes?

*Second*, this, too, is the case in the mental region. Like the physical, all mental acts are at first slow and deliberate, but by incessant repetition become rapid and unconscious. One of the best illustrations, which combines with it, however, a like experience on the physical plane, is that of reading. When we read a sentence the eye necessarily takes in each letter and each word, as also that combination into a sentence which conveys a meaning. Although not a letter, a syllable, or a word escapes vision, the process is so instinctive and so rapid that we do not notice it. More than this: inasmuch as a word is but the symbol of the idea, and as a combination of words into a sentence involves an extended meaning much more expanded and also intricate, it is evident that the mind in instantly grasping the thought conveyed by the sentence has really undergone the process of sensing every word, and combining their united meaning into a definite

whole. Yet, unless there is some confusion or unusual profundity in a sentence, in which case conscious thought is necessary to extract the meaning, the mind at once grasps with an instantaneous perception the whole bearing of the connected words. Automatic action has succeeded to a slow and complicated process. And here, again, we may infer a further development by which the process of reading itself may be dispensed with and some simpler, quicker mode of communication be made possible to more evolved intelligences. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that an Archangel might infer a whole inorganic universe from the contemplation of a pebble.

*Third*, there is an analogy in the moral sense. In early youth, and even in maturer years, moral judgments are often conflicting and uncertain. This is partly because the moral sense is as yet developed but imperfectly, even by comparison with the intellectual. Our perception of right and wrong is not immediate, and there are so many collateral and confusing influences that we are often unable to make sure of moral judgments. Nevertheless it is true that as men follow conscience and are ever on the alert for truth and right, there is formed a tendency towards a more accurate perception of where right lies. Steadily there increases a readiness to apprehend instinctively what is just and fitting, and, as this further evolves, the slow process of perpetual comparison is dispensed with and the soul responds instinctively to the presence of moral considerations. Then judgment on moral problems becomes instantaneous, the dictum as to right instantly presenting itself, the light of reality pouring freely upon moral questions. And this experience on the three planes again suggests that in a higher region still there may be one analogous, an automatic action superseding a slower process.

All these three analogies point to a condition of things in the abiding ego when lower and feebler methods have been surpassed and when intuition shall take the place of reason.

Picture, then, to yourselves in some faint way a highly-developed man in the spiritual sphere. He obviously has no physical body; he has not even the mental body, but dwells in the causal body, the enduring and glowing Augoeides. Movement to any other part of the universe is instantaneously possible.

Space is annihilated by a mere act of will. But so also is time. He gazes at any portion of the Âkâsha which it may be his pleasure to see, and reads the imperishable records of past events. Thus the tangible universe is at any moment open to him. Yet not less so is the intangible. His knowledge, his power of thought, his acquaintance with cosmic design, with cosmic processes, and with human motive, his perception of universal Law and of Divine mysteries, his undimmed memory —all are to us inconceivable. But there are, there ever must be, facts, problems, intricacies, still to be known. He does not ratiocinate upon them, he draws no inferences, he pursues no lines of thought. He simply looks at them and understands them. Some complication is encountered for the first time, some distant or recondite phenomenon in the limitless realm of truth. No research or speculation is needful; intuition is used at once, and the thing is known.

From this it might seem that omniscience had been attained, and that there was nothing more to gain. Not so. Knowledge of the *manifested* Deity may in ages be his, but there is ever the *unmanifested* still. Who can sound the depths of infinity? Far as the most developed being can penetrate into the Divine, there must yet be mysteries beyond:

> Veil after veil will lift—but there must be
> Veil after veil behind.

Only eternity can be adequate to the perception of infinity, and eternity is endless, as is infinity.

The substitution of a wholly different method of mental and spiritual advance in the hereafter is one illustration of the universal displacement which Theosophy gives to the old "orthodox" conceptions of human evolution. Yet it is only one. In fact, the very word "evolution" is such a displacement. It means a wholly diverse doctrine and process. It connotes another origin to humanity, another course, another system, another goal. If one cannot say that it is in all respects more consolatory, it is certainly more bracing, because true to fact, and more ennobling, because conducting to grander heights. And it does not shirk perplexities, it explains them. In this present matter of the means to future progress, it not only discloses

the way in which that occurs, the *only* way in which it can adequately occur, but it removes that weariness and hopelessness felt by every intelligent soul which looks out upon the future from the view-point of conventional ideas. What a wretched equipment for eternal pursuits is a slightly-improved temporal apparatus! How feeble is a finitely-enlarged mind for an infinitely enlarged sphere! But this disheartenment vanishes when we are shown the actual adaptation of means to ends, the new provision for the new needs. Nor is the consideration without a reflex influence on our present state. Mind is a tool, and we often feel its inadequacy and its limitations. Yet each exercise of it thins the wall between it and the intuition which lies behind and is making ready to function when the wall has gone. Flashes of sudden insight come at times to the thinker, the moralist, the aspirant. They presage the perpetuity of the endless day. They affirm the Theosophic doctrine that every human experience is but preparatory, a little contribution to that outfit which shall in its season expand to the limitless requirements of a limitless existence. "Now we know in part, but then shall we know even as also we are known."

ALEXANDER FULLERTON.

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## THE MYSTERIES OF BACCHUS

"HITHER from shrines most holy do I come . . . . Chaste is the life I lead since I became initiate of Ida's Zeus; partaking of the same feast of Zagreus in the night, eating His flesh and pouring forth His blood, to Mother on the mount my hands upraising, I have been purified and bear amid the Pure the name of Bacchus. Clad in white robes I speed me from the genesis of mortal men, and never more approach the vase of death, for I have done with eating food that ever housed a Soul."—EURIPIDES, *The Cretans* (Fragment), "Chorus of Initiates" (Text, LOBECK, p. 622).

# THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 77)

## CHAPTER V.

### CONCENTRATION

FEW things more tax the powers of the student who is beginning to train his mind than does concentration. In the early stages of the activity of the mind, progress depends on its swift movements, on its alertness, on its readiness to receive impacts from sensation after sensation, turning its attention quickly from one to another. Versatility is, at that stage, a most valuable quality, and the constant turning outwards of the attention is essential to progress. While the mind is collecting materials for thought, extreme mobility is an advantage, and for many, many lives the mind grows through this mobility, and increases it by exercise. The stoppage of this habit of running outwards in every direction, the imposition of fixed attention on a single point—this change naturally comes with a jar and a shock, and the mind plunges wildly, like an unbroken horse when it first feels the bit.

We have seen that the mental body is shaped into images of the objects towards which attention is directed. Patañjali speaks of stopping the modifications of the thinking principle, *i.e.*, of stopping these ever-changing reproductions of the outer world. To stop the ever-changing modifications of the mental body, and to keep it shaped to one steady image, is concentration so far as the form is concerned; to direct the attention steadily to this form so as to reproduce it perfectly within itself is concentration so far as the Knower is concerned.

In concentration, the consciousness is held to a single image; the whole attention of the Knower is fixed on a single point, without wavering or swerving. The mind—which runs

continually from one thing to another, attracted by external objects and shaping itself to each in swift succession—is checked, held in, and forced by the will to remain in one form, shaped to one image, disregarding all the impressions thrown upon it.

Now when the mind is thus kept shaped to one image, and the Knower steadily contemplates it, he obtains a far fuller knowledge of the object than he could obtain by means of any verbal description of it. Our idea of a picture, of a landscape, is far more complete when we have seen it, than when we have only read of it, or heard it described. And if we concentrate on such a description the picture is shaped in the mental body, and we gain a fuller knowledge of it than is gained by mere reading of the words. Words are symbols of things, and concentration on the rough outline of a thing produced by a word descriptive of it fills in more and more detail, as the consciousness comes more closely into touch with the thing described.

At the beginning of concentration two difficulties have to be overcome. First, this disregard of the impressions continually being thrown on it. The mental body must be prevented from answering these contacts, and the tendency to respond to these outside impressions must be resisted; but this necessitates the partial direction of the attention to the resistance itself, and when the tendency to respond has been overcome, the resistance itself must pass; perfect balance is needed, neither resistance nor non-resistance, but a steady quietude so strong that waves from outside will not produce any result, not even the secondary result of the consciousness of something to be resisted.

Secondly, the mind itself must hold as sole image, for the time, the object of concentration; it must not only refuse to modify itself in response to impacts from without, but must also cease its own inner activity, wherewith it is constantly re-arranging its contents, thinking over them, establishing new relations, discovering hidden likenesses and unlikenesses. This imposition of inner stillness is even more difficult than the ignoring of outside impacts, being concerned with its own deeper and fuller life. To turn the back on the outside world is more easy than to quiet the inner, for this inner world is more identified with the Self, and, in fact, to most people at the present stage of evolu-

tion, represents the "I." The very attempt, however, thus to still the mind soon brings about a step forward in the evolution of consciousness, for we quickly feel that the Ruler and the ruled cannot be one, and instinctively identify ourselves with the Ruler. "*I* quiet *my* mind," is the expression of the consciousness, and the mind is felt as belonging to, as a possession of the "I."

This distinction grows up unconsciously, and the student finds himself becoming conscious of a duality, of something which is controlling, and something which is controlled. The lower concrete mind is separated off, and the "I" is felt as of greater power, clearer vision, and there is evolved a feeling that this "I" is not dependent on either body or mind. This is the first dawning consciousness of the true immortal nature, and the horizon widens out, but as though inwards, not outwards, inwards and inwards continually, illimitably. There unfolds a power of knowing Truth at sight, which only shows itself when the mind, with its slow processes of reasoning, is transcended. For the "I" is the expression of the Self whose nature is knowledge, and whenever he comes into contact with a truth, he finds its vibrations regular and therefore harmonious with his own, whereas the false jars him and causes a jangle, by its very contact announcing its nature. As the lower mind assumes a more and more subordinate position, these powers of the Ego assert their own predominance, and intuition—analogous to the direct vision of the physical plane—takes the place of reasoning, which may perhaps be compared to the physical plane sense of touch.

When the mind is well trained in concentrating on an object, and can maintain its one-pointedness—as this state is called—for some little time, the next stage is to drop the object, and to maintain the mind in this attitude of fixed attention *without the attention being directed to anything*. In this state the mental body shows no image; its own material is there, held steady and firm, receiving no impressions, in a condition of perfect calm, like a waveless lake. Then can the Ego shape that mental body according to his own lofty thoughts and permeate it with his own vibrations. He can mould it after the high visions of the planes beyond his own, that he has caught a glimpse of in his own highest moments, and can thus convey

downwards and outwards ideas to which the mental body would otherwise be unable to respond. These are the inspirations of genius, that flash down into the mind with dazzling light, and illuminate a world. The very man who gives them to the world can scarce tell in his ordinary mental state how they have reached him ; only he knows that in some strange way

. . . . . the power within me pealing
Lives on my lip and beckons with my hand.

## Consciousness is wherever there is an object to which it responds

In the world of form, a form occupies a definite space, and cannot be said to be—if the expression may be pardoned—in a place where it is not. That is, occupying a certain place, it is closer to or more distant from other forms also occupying certain places in relation to its own. If it would change from one place to another, it must cross over the intervening space ; the transit may be swift or slow, rapid as the lightning flash, sluggish as the tortoise, but it must be made, and it occupies some time, whether the time be brief or long.

Now with regard to consciousness, space has no existence. Consciousness changes its state, not its place, and embraces more or less, knows or does not know of that which is not itself, just in proportion as it can or cannot answer to the vibrations of the not-selves. Its horizon enlarges with its receptivity, *i.e.*, with its power of response, with its power to reproduce vibrations. In this there is no question of travelling, of crossing over intermediate intervals. Space belongs to forms, which affect each other most when near each other, and whose power over each other diminishes as their distance from each other increases.

All successful students in concentration re-discover for themselves this non-existence of space for consciousness. A true Adept can acquire knowledge of any object by concentrating upon it, and distance in no way affects such concentration. He becomes conscious of an object, say on another planet, not because his astral vision acts telescopically, but because in the inner region the whole universe exists as a point ; such a man reaches the Heart of Life, and sees all things therein.

It is written in the Upaniṣhads that within the heart there

is a small chamber, and therein is the "inner ether," which is co-extensive with space; this is the Âtmâ, the Self, immortal, beyond grief:

> Within this abide the sky and the world; within this abide fire and air, the sun and the moon, the lightning and the stars, all that is and all that is not in This [the universe]. (*Chhândogyopaniṣhat*, VIII. i. 3.)

This "inner ether of the heart" is an ancient mystic term descriptive of the subtle nature of the Self, which is truly one and all-pervading, so that anyone who is conscious in the Self is conscious at all points of the universe. Science says that the movement of a body here affects the farthest star, because all bodies are plunged in, interpenetrated by, ether, a continuous medium which transmits vibrations without friction, therefore without loss of energy, therefore to any distance. This is on the form side of Nature. How natural then that consciousness, the life side of Nature, should be similarly all pervading and continuous.

We feel ourselves to be "here" because we are receiving impressions from the objects around us. So when consciousness vibrates in response to "distant" objects as fully as to "near" objects, we feel ourselves to be with them. If consciousness responds to an event taking place in Mars as fully as to an event taking place in our own room, there is no difference in its knowledge of each, and it feels itself as "here" in each case equally. There is no question of place but a question of evolution of capacity. The Knower is wherever his consciousness can answer, and increase in his power to respond means inclusion within his consciousness of all to which he responds, of all that is within his range of vibration.

Here again physical analogy is helpful. The eye sees all which can send into it light-vibrations, and nothing else. It can answer only within a certain range of vibrations; all beyond that range, above or below it, is to it darkness. The old Hermetic axiom: "As above so below," is a clue in the labyrinth which surrounds us, and by a study of the reflection below we can often learn something of the object above which casts that reflection.

One difference between this power of being conscious at any place and "going to" the higher planes is that in the first case

the Jîva, whether encased in its lower vehicles or not, feels himself at once in presence of the "distant" objects, and in the second, clothed in the mental and astral bodies, or in the mental only, travels swiftly from point to point and is conscious of translation. A far more important difference is that in the second case the Jîva may find himself in the midst of a crowd of objects which he does not in the least understand, a new and strange world which bewilders and confuses him; while in the first case he understands all he sees, and knows in every case the life as well as the form. Thus studied, the light of the One Self shines through all, and a serene knowledge is enjoyed which can never be gained by spending numberless ages amid the wilderness of forms.

Concentration is the means whereby the Jîva escapes from the bondage of forms and enters the Peace. "For him without concentration there is no peace," quoth the Teacher (*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 66), for peace hath her nest on a rock that towers above the tossing waves of form.

### Wandering Minds

The universal complaint which comes from those who are beginning to practise concentration is that the very attempt to concentrate results in a greater restlessness of the mind. To some extent this is true, for the law of action and reaction works here as everywhere, and the pressure put on the mind causes a corresponding reaction. But while admitting this, we find, on closer study, that the *increased* restlessness is largely illusory. The feeling of such increased restlessness is chiefly due to the opposition suddenly set up between the Ego, willing steadiness, and the mind in its normal condition of mobility. The Ego has, for a long series of lives, been carried about by the mind in all its swift movements, as a man is ever being carried through space by the whirling earth. He is not conscious of movement; he does not know that the world is moving, so thoroughly is he part of it, moving as it moves. If he were able to separate himself from the earth and stop his own movement without being shivered into pieces, he would only then be conscious that the earth was moving at a high rate of speed. So

long as a man is yielding to every movement of the mind, he does not realise its continual activity and restlessness; but when he steadies himself, when he ceases to move, then he feels the ceaseless motion of the mind he has hitherto obeyed.

If the beginner knows these facts, he will not be discouraged at the very commencement of his efforts by meeting with this universal experience, but will, taking it for granted, go quietly on with his task. And, after all, he is but repeating the experience voiced by Arjuna five thousand years ago:

> This Yoga which Thou hast declared to be by equanimity, O slayer of Madhu, I see no stable foundation for it, owing to restlessness; for the mind is verily restless, O Kṛishṇa! it is impetuous, strong and difficult to bend; I deem it as hard to curb as the wind.

And still is true the answer, the answer pointing out the *only* way to success:

> Without doubt, O mighty-armed, the mind is hard to curb and restless; but it may be curbed by constant practice and by indifference. (*Bhagavad Gítâ*, vi. 35, 36.)

The mind thus steadied will not be so easily thrown off its balance by the wandering thoughts from other minds, ever seeking to effect a lodgment, the vagrant crowd which continually encircles us. The mind used to concentration retains always a certain positiveness, and is not readily shaped by unlicensed intruders.

All people who are training their minds should maintain an attitude of steady watchfulness with regard to the thoughts that "come into the mind," and should exercise towards them a constant selection. The refusal to harbour evil thoughts, their prompt ejection if they effect an entry, the immediate replacement of an evil thought by a good one of the opposite character—this practice will so tune the mind that after a time it will act automatically, repelling the evil of its own accord. Harmonious rhythmical vibrations repel the inharmonious and irregular; they fly off from the rhythmically vibrating surface as a stone that strikes against a whirling wheel. Living, as we all do, in a continual current of thoughts, good and evil, we need to cultivate the selective action of the mind so that the good may be automatically drawn in, the evil automatically repelled.

The mind is like a magnet, attracting and repelling, and the nature of its attractions and repulsions can be determined by ourselves. If we watch the thoughts which come into our minds, we shall find that they are of the same kind as those which we habitually encourage. The mind attracts the thoughts which are congruous with its normal activities. If we then, for a time, deliberately practise selection, the mind will soon do this selection for itself on the lines laid down for it, and so evil thoughts will not penetrate into the mind, while the good will ever find an open door.

## How to Concentrate

Having understood the theory of concentration the student should begins its practice.

If he be of a devotional temperament, his work will be much simplified, for then he can take the object of his devotion as the object of contemplation, and the heart being powerfully attracted to that object, the mind will readily dwell on it, presenting the beloved image without effort and excluding others with equal ease. For the mind is continually impelled by desire, and serves constantly as the minister of pleasure. That which gives pleasure is ever being sought by the mind, and it ever seeks to present images that give pleasure and to exclude those that give pain. Hence it will dwell on a beloved image, being steadied in that contemplation by the pleasure experienced in it, and if forcibly dragged away from it will return to it again and again. A devotee can then very readily reach a considerable degree of concentration; he will think of the object of his devotion, creating by the imagination, as clearly as he can, a picture, an image of that object, and he will then keep his mind fixed on that image, on the thought of the Beloved. Thus a Christian would think of the Christ, of the Virgin-Mother, of his Patron Saint, of his Guardian Angel; a Hindu would think of Maheshvara, of Viṣhṇu, of Umâ, of Shrî Kṛiṣhṇa; a Buddhist would think of the Buddha, of the Bodhisattva; a Parsi of Ahura-mazda, of Mithra; and so on. Each and all of these objects appeal to the devotion of the worshipper, and the attraction exercised by them over the heart binds the mind to the happiness-giving object. In this

way the mind becomes concentrated with the least exertion, the least loss of effort.

Where the temperament is not devotional, the element of attraction can still be utilised as a help, but in this case it wil bind to an Idea and not to a Person. The earliest attempts at concentration should always be made with this help. With the non-devotional the attractive image will take the form of some profound idea, some high problem; such should form the object of concentration, and on that the mind should be steadily bent. Herein the binding power of attraction is intellectual interest, the deep desire for knowledge, one of the profoundest loves of man.

Another very fruitful form of concentration, for one who is not attracted to a personality as an object of devotion, is to choose a virtue and concentrate upon that. A very real kind of devotion may be aroused by such an object, for it appeals to the heart through the love of intellectual and moral beauty. The virtue should be imaged by the mind in the completest possible way, and when a general view of its effects has been obtained, the mind should be steadied on its essential nature. A great subsidiary advantage of this kind of concentration is that as the mind shapes itself to the virtue and repeats its vibrations, the virtue will gradually become part of the nature, and will be firmly established in the character. This shaping of the mind is really an act of self-creation, for the mind after a while falls readily into the forms to which it has been constrained by concentration, and these forms become the organs of its habitual expression. True is it, as written of old:

> Man is the creation of thought; what he thinks upon in this life, that, hereafter, he becomes. (*Chhândogyopaniṣhat*, III. xiv. 1.)

When the mind loses hold of its object, whether devotional or intellectual—as it will do, time after time—it must be brought back, and again directed to the object. Often at first it will wander away without the wandering being noticed, and the student suddenly awakes to the fact that he is thinking about something quite other than the proper object of thought. This will happen again and again, and he must patiently bring it back

—a wearisome and tiring process, but there is no other way by which concentration can be gained.

It is a useful and instructive mental exercise, when the mind has thus slipped away without notice, to take it back again by the road along which it travelled in its strayings. This process increases the control of the rider over his runaway horse, and thus diminishes its inclination to escape.

Consecutive thinking, though a step towards concentration, is not identical with it, for in consecutive thinking the mind passes from one to another of a sequence of images, and is not fixed on one alone. But as it is far easier than concentration, the beginner may use it to lead up to the more difficult task. It is often helpful for a devotee to select a scene from the life of the object of his devotion, and to picture the scene vividly in its details, with local surroundings of landscape and colour. Thus the mind is gradually steadied on one line, and it can be led to and finally fixed on the central figure of the scene, the object of devotion. As the scene is reproduced in the mind, it takes on a feeling of reality, and it is quite possible in this way to get into magnetic touch with the record of that scene on a higher plane—the permanent photograph of it in the kosmic ether—and thus to obtain very much more knowledge of it than is supplied by any description of it that may have been given. Thus also may the devotee come into magnetic touch with the object of devotion and enter by this direct touch into far more intimate relations with him than are otherwise possible. For consciousness is not under the physical space-limitations, but *is* wheresoever it is conscious—a statement that has already been explained.

Concentration itself, however, it must be remembered, is not this sequential thinking, and the mind must finally be fastened to the one object and remain fixed thereunto, not reasoning on it but, as it were, sucking out, absorbing, its content.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# THE GOSPELS' OWN ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES

THE intellectual activity which has manifested such a remarkable development during the last three or four centuries among Western nations, has not only yielded remarkable results in every domain of exact investigation, but has added countless new facts to our common store of knowledge. In reviewing, however, the history of these eventful years and the mental conquests achieved by the application of the scientific method, no fact is more striking than the dearth of positive additions to our spiritual knowledge. In every other branch of human knowledge "new discoveries" have been made; in religion alone, as far as its facts are concerned, we are where we were before science came to our aid.

It may have been thus designed, and that we have to pass through the lesser mysteries of intellectual development before we can approach the contemplation of the greater. It may be that it is necessary that a more exact knowledge of the facts of nature is required before we can proceed to a more exact knowledge of the soul and of the Divine.

It will be observed that in the above we have spoken of the "*facts*" of religion, of "*positive* additions" to our spiritual knowledge, and of a "more *exact* knowledge" of the soul and of the Divine. We do not mean to say that there are no facts upon which to go, but that there has been no addition made to them by the science of exact observation. So far it has not been occupied with the facts *of* religion, but rather with the facts *about* religion; it has so far devoted its energies to an analysis of the facts about religion, that is to say, to the assertions of religionists, in order that it may clear the way to a better understanding of the actual facts of religion, the real nature of the experiences and emotions which form the ground of its existence.

For in every effort of the mind to arrive at greater certitude it must be that it should pass through the natural phases of the "turning of the wheel"—or to be more precise, of the involving of its sphere into its centre and its re-evolution in a higher phase. It must pass from the "Everlasting No," through the "Centre of Indifference" to the "Everlasting Yea," as Carlyle has it. So far the results of scientific investigation in the domain of religion have been negative, not positive. But who shall say that this is not a good and a decided gain, when we reflect that in all endeavours towards more exact knowledge and the purification of the mind, the most difficult task is to get rid of erroneous preconceptions and opinions? If the windows of the mind are encrusted with impurities, how shall we ever be able to obtain an unimpeded view of the sun of truth.

Now the present seems a favourable opportunity for passing in review the main results of this purificatory process as applied to the mind of Christendom, the only area of religion at present, we may remark, in which we can detect any sure signs of genuine effort in this direction. It is a purification of the *mind*, be it noted, with which we are dealing, and the only subject with which we can at present deal exactly in so marvellously complex a subject as religion. The purification of the heart is another matter, and upon this it would be overweening presumption for any mortal to pass judgment; He who sees the heart alone, has this in His keeping.

The present seems a favourable opportunity for such a review, because in the first place there is behind us a full century of painstaking investigation inaugurated by the scholarship of Germany, and in the second place the results of this century's labour on the basic documents of general Christendom have just been summed up in two works in the process of publication, which are intended as the standard books of reference for all Protestant teachers of religion in the English-speaking world. These two works are *The Encyclopædia Biblica* (London; A. & C. Black), and *A Dictionary of the Bible* (Edinburgh; T. & T. Clark).

The reason for the simultaneous publication of two works covering practically identical ground will not escape the discern-

ing reader. The former represents the standpoint of so-called "advanced" criticism, the latter, generally speaking, gives us the position of more "moderate" opinion.

Both are the work of well-known scholars, and even the "moderate" position shows an enormous advance in biblical scholarship and more liberal views when compared with the view-point of such a standard book, for instance, as Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*. Both number among their contributors the best American as well as the best English scholars. But *The Encyclopædia Biblica* is rendered especially valuable by welcoming in addition the co-operation of the flower of continental scholarship; and this in no faint-hearted manner, for at least the half of its contributors are professors in the most important chairs of theology in Germany, Switzerland, and Holland.

It is well known that their predecessors led the way in biblical research, and that the present holders of the chairs of scientific theology have ever since kept in the forefront of enlightened criticism. Indeed, until some twenty-five years ago, when Robertson Smith so brilliantly fought for critical liberty in this country, really independent research was impossible, and English biblical scholarship had owed its origin not to the pure love of knowledge, but to a defensive and conservative league organised by the genius of Lightfoot, and made strong by his fine scholarship and unwearied labours against the inroads of so-called "German theology."

But now-a-days all this is being speedily changed; so rapid is the progress which is being made in every field of biblical research that it is a commonplace to note how that views once considered "advanced," or even "dangerous," are now held by not only the moderate party, but even by pronounced conservatives. Indeed, the views of Robertson Smith himself, who was so bitterly attacked by the conservatives of a quarter of a century ago, are now considered quite moderate by the advanced wing of criticism.

But while great strides have been made by many towards complete independence in the domain of O.T. research, there is still a general hesitancy in applying the same canons of judg-

ment to the N.T. documents, although year by year greater boldness is shown by many, and entire independence may be said to have been reached by a few.

It follows, therefore, from what has been previously said that though both the new dictionaries make for progress and are valuable contributions to our biblical knowledge, *The Encyclopædia Biblica* is the more progressive, and that though this may be considered as "advanced" to-day, in another twenty-five years it will most probably have to be classed as indicative of "moderate" views compared to the standpoint of the next generation. In this we do not mean to say that on *some points* conservatism may not be eventually justified; it may very well be so, but generally speaking, nothing can now prevent the unhesitating on-march of uncompromising investigation into the claims of those who have declared that they were in possession of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of the religion of the great Master of Christendom.

In this review we shall confine our attention to the present position of criticism in its labours on the four documents which are claimed to be the main authentic narratives of the Life and Teachings of the Christ. To bring out the main points of this position, we shall for the most part base ourselves on the admirable summaries and carefully-documented expositions of the two scholars to whom the article on "The Gospels" in *The Encyclopædia Biblica* has been entrusted. This article consists of sixty-nine pages, each of two closely printed columns; the descriptive and analytical part is written by the Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D., and the historical and synthetical is contributed by Dr. Paul W. Schmiedel, Professor of New Testament Exegesis at Zürich, who is also responsible for an article of some thirty pages on "John."

At the outset, we would remind our readers that the enquiry is mainly with regard to the historical authenticity of the documents known as the our canonical Gospels; whatever the results of that enquiry may be, we are bound to face them boldly, and in prosecuting this enquiry we shall not be wise to start with a mass of presuppositions and prejudices based on early training, but simply with an earnest desire to get at the truth of

the matter. For ourselves we have no fear of the results, whatever they may be, because we do not base our belief in the mastership of the Christ or in the basic truths of religion on any special documents, but on a general study of the history of religion, and on a consensus of evidence as to the marvellous exaltation of feeling and thought wrought by the inner impulse given to things religious in the Western world by the compelling presence of the Master of Christendom.

For convenience of reference we shall use abbreviations of the names Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, to distinguish the four documents under discussion; but it should be understood that this does not prejudge the question of the authorship.

First, then, to take up the main features of the question of internal evidence as to origin afforded by the documents themselves, as set forth by Dr. Abbott. Of these four writings the first three so often agree in subject, order, and language that they are regarded as taking a "common view," and are therefore called Synoptic, and the writers Synoptists.

Of the Synoptists it is found in general that Mk. exhibits the Acts and *shorter* Words of the Lord; Mt. a combination of the Acts with *Discourses* of the Lord; Lk. another combination of the Acts with the Discourses, with a further attempt at chronological order. The matter common to Mk., Mt., and Lk is known as "the Triple Tradition"; the matter common to Mt. and Lk., but absent in Mk., is called "the Double Tradition."

A critical study of the matter of the Triple Tradition leads to the conclusion that in this "Mt. and Lk. borrowed (independently of each other), either from our Mk., or more probably from some document embedded in our Mk."

The present edition of Mk. is to be generally distinguished from this "embedded" document by the frequent substitution of "he said" for "he says," or by the substitution of more definite, or classical, or appropriate words and phrases. It is especially remarkable that Mk. quotes no prophecies in his own person, makes no mention of Christ's birth or childhood, and gives no account of the resurrection, for the proof that Mk. originally terminated at 16.8 is admitted even by conservative critics.

The "simplicity and freedom from controversial motive"

of Mk. is regarded by Dr. Abbott as "characteristic of Mk.'s early date," and so, also, is the rudeness of Mk.'s Greek. Mk., we are also told, "contains 'stumbling-blocks' in the way of weak believers" omitted in the other Gospels, and this also is considered to point to its antiquity. We have here the general grounds for the now most widely held hypothesis of the priority of Mk., but these phenomena may be explained on quite different grounds, as we shall see in the sequel.

In passing to the Double Tradition (matter common to Mt. and Lk. but absent in Mk.), we must notice that there are two subordinate double traditions, namely the matter common to Mk. and Mt. and to Mk. and Lk., which considerably complicate the problem as will be seen later on. As to the Double Tradition proper, in general the Acts of the Lord are confined to the details of the Temptation and the healing of the Centurion's Servant, while the Words, or rather Discourses, of the Lord are very differently arranged by Mt. and Lk. The *exactly similar* passages are for the most part of a prophetic or narrative character. This Double Tradition contains the Parables, none of which, roughly speaking, find a place in the Triple Tradition.

We next come to the question of the introductions of Mt. and Lk., dealing with the nativity and infancy. These differ entirely from one another but for a citation of a fragment from Is. 7. 14, which, in Hebrew, runs: "A young woman shall conceive and bear a (or the) son *and shall call* his name Immanuel." In other respects Mt. and Lk. altogether diverge, even in the genealogies, which, however, have this much in common, that they trace the descent of Jesus through Joseph and not Mary. We are further told that "there survive even now traces of a dislocation between them and the Gospels into which they are incorporated." This seems to confirm the tradition of Clemens Alexandrinus that "those *portions* of the Gospels which *consist of* the genealogies were written first," that is, prior to our Mt. and Lk. The genealogies deny the miraculous conception, Mt. and Lk. assert it, basing themselves not on the Hebrew of Isaiah but on the Septuagint Greek translation: "The virgin shall be with child, *and thou* (*i.e.*, *the husband*) *shalt call* his name Immanuel."

The conclusions of Mt. and Lk. treat of Christ's resurrection,

and so does the appendix to Mk., but the genuine Mk. does not do so, breaking off abruptly at 16.8, "for they were afraid."

In the matter of both the introductions and conclusions Dr. Abbott points out impartially the historically irreconcilable statements of the Synoptists, as indeed he does throughout, in treating each heading of his subject, but for details we must refer our readers to the article itself.

With regard to the post-resurrection utterances of Jesus, Dr. Abbott sums up his statement of the case with the following weighty words: "We are warned by our knowledge of the various accounts of Christ's revelations to Paul that we must accept none of them as necessarily representing the actual words of Christ himself, though (in various degrees, and subject to various qualifications) they may be regarded as revelations to the Early Church, conveyed, during the period of manifestations, to this or that disciple, in the same way in which the vision and the voice were conveyed to Paul at his conversion."

And summing up his analysis of the testimony of Paul, our earliest historical witness to Christianity, Dr. Abbott further declares that these facts lead to the following general conclusions:

"(*a*) Words recorded as having been uttered by Jesus may really have been heard in the course of a 'vision.' (*b*) Words recorded as uttered in a 'vision' may have been heard in the course of a 'trance.' (*c*) The alleged occasion of utterance may really be a confusion of two or even more occasions. (*d*) Some of the words may have proceeded not directly from Jesus, but indirectly, through an inspired speaker."

In these pregnant sentences, we are of opinion that Dr. Abbott has put his hand to a key that will unlock many a puzzle of the early days. More than this, he has pointed to a factor not only of importance, but, in our opinion, by far the most important of all in the development of Christian tradition, literature and dogma. It is, therefore, all the more surprising that the contributors to this otherwise admirable *Encyclopædia* have left the enormous field of mystic Gnostic tradition entirely untilled; indeed, but for a very brief and absolutely useless article on the Gnosis by Jülicher, whose name is not known to any bibliography of writers on Gnosticism, there is no informa-

tion of any kind on the subject, and the new *Encyclopædia* has to hide its diminished head when confronted by the painstaking work done a generation ago by Lipsius, Hort and Salmon in Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

Turning now to the Single Traditions of the first and third Synoptists, Mt. seems to have been primarily intended for Jewish writers. Among many considerations which point to this conclusion the most striking is the stress laid on prophecy; this tendency is revealed by the frequent repetition of the phrase, "in order that it might be fulfilled as it is written"; the mind of the writer is dominated by this presupposition, to which he makes all else subservient. In treating of the internal evidence as to date, Dr. Abbott tells us that though some difficult and obscure passages may lead to the belief that Mt. has in some cases preserved the earliest single tradition, yet other far clearer passages indicate "a time when the Eucharist had so long been celebrated in the Church as materially to influence the general traditions of the doctrine of the Christ"; that is to say, there is no positive evidence of any kind.

As to the Single Tradition of Lk., the dedication speaks of the "many" written accounts already in circulation. Lk., moreover, writes in his own name, a peculiarity among the evangelists. He dedicates his work to a certain Theophilus, who, if not an imaginary "God-beloved," would appear to have been "a patron, a man of rank." The "eye-witnesses and ministers of the word" have "delivered" their testimony and passed away. The "many" who had "attempted to draw up a formal narrative," were clearly not "eye-witnesses," nor were they, in the opinion of the writer of our Third Gospel, successful in their task, they had not "traced everything up to its source," nor written "accurately," nor yet "in order." As a corrector in the Triple Tradition, Lk. is a linguistic purist, but in his introduction his narrative takes an archaic and Hebraic turn, facts which, one would think, point conclusively to two hands. The key-note of Lk.'s doctrinal characteristic as compared with Mk. and Mt. is that redemption is for "all the peoples, a light for the revelation of the Gentiles." As to internal evidence of date, Lk. describes the fall of Jerusalem (A.D. 70) as the result of a siege and capture;

this is also to be seen (but less clearly) in Mk. and Mt. Beyond this there is no clear internal evidence which can fix a date-limit.

Summing up the general evidence as to Lk.'s position historically, Dr. Abbott writes: "Although Lk. attempted to write 'accurately' and 'in order,' yet he could not always succeed. When deciding between an earlier and later date, between this and that place or occasion, between metaphor and literalism, between what Jesus himself said and what he said through his disciples, he had to be guided by evidence which sometimes led him right but not always." This judgment of how Lk. treated his literary material is based not only on faults of commission, but also on "Lk.'s absolute omission of some genuine and valuable traditions"—where we may point out that a totally different construction might be put on Lk.'s silence, and the deduction drawn that *he* at anyrate did not consider them "genuine and valuable."

The Third Gospel is evidently a favourite with Dr. Abbott, for he writes: "Every page of it shows signs of pains, literary labour, and good taste. It is by far the most beautiful, picturesque, and pathetic of all the Gospels, and probably the best adapted for making converts, especially among those who have to do with the life of the household. But, if bald bare facts are in question, it is probably the least authoritative of the four."

But it is just the facts which we are at present in search of. Now it is interesting to notice that Marcion (*cir.* 140-150), the first known critic of Gospel documents, preferred a Gospel in many things resembling Lk.'s account, but excluding his introduction and conclusion. Marcion rejected every other Gospel-account as utterly erroneous, including in every probability our Mt., Mk., and Jn. Marcion's judgment, was therefore, the exact antithesis of Dr. Abbott's opinion as to the historicity of Lk. Marcion may of course have been in error; but the main point of interest for the student of history is that the Marcionite view gained an enormous following, perhaps the half of the then Christian world. This fact proves conclusively that at this period there were no *provable* historical facts to which to appeal; it was all, even at this early date, a question of opinion.

Let us now turn our attention to the Fourth Gospel. In its

relation to the Triple Tradition "it will be found that Jn. generally supports a combination of Mk. and Mt., and often Mk. alone, against Lk."; "he very frequently steps in to explain, by modifying, some obscure or harsh statement of Mk., omitted by Lk."

In relation to the Double Tradition, the discourses in John have almost for their sole subject the Father as revealed through the Son, and lie outside the province of the precepts, parables and discourses of Mt.-Lk. For Jn. Jesus is Truth itself, and not a teacher of truth as with the Synoptists. Jn. never speaks of "praying," but of "asking" or "requesting."

Jn. in relation to the Mt. and Lk. introductions is apparently negative. He speaks of Jesus, *the son of Joseph*. In relation to the Mt.- and Lk.- conclusions and Mk.-app., in Jn. "proof" is entirely subordinated to "signs" or spiritual symbolisms. Moreover "there is a curious contrast between the personal and as it were private nature of Christ's last utterances in Jn., and the public or ecclesiastical utterances recorded by Lk., Mk.-app., and the last verses of Mt."

In relation to Mt. and Lk.'s Single Traditions, if we are to suppose Jn. had them before him, he treats them with the greatest freedom. Dr. Abbott, however, is so convinced that Jn. had our three Synoptists before him, and not only their respective common matter, that he thinks Jn. may be used as "the earliest commentary on the Synoptists." But the relation of John to the Synoptists may be otherwise explained.

Turning now to the Fourth Gospel as a Single Tradition, we first seek for internal evidence as to authorship. The text states that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" is the witness and writer of "*these things*," and adds "and *we* know that his witness is true." But the text of the appendix where it refers to the witness as writer ($20._{24}$) is uncertain.

As to the evidence from names, Jn. may be shown "to write mostly from biblical or literary, not from local knowledge." Jn. uses numbers in a symbolic sense, and his "quotations" from the O.T. are condensed and adapted to the context. Though Jn.'s style is simplicity itself, his method is exceedingly artificial, but quite natural to any one bred amid Jewish and

Alexandrian mystic traditions. For instance, "the thought of the perfect 'seven' pervades all Jn.'s highest revelations of the divine glory."

It is also to be noticed that the Fourth Gospel does not contain the Synoptic "repent," "repentance," "forgiveness," "faith," "baptism," "preach," "rebuke," "sinners," "publicans," "disease," "possessed with a devil," "enemy," "hypocrisy," "divorce," "adultery," "woe," "sick," "riches," "mighty work," "parable," "pray."

The Prologue is based on ancient traditions of the Wisdom —the Logos-doctrine. We have always, however, ourselves considered that this was taken bodily from a more ancient writing. Jn. is characterised by the teaching of the spiritual doctrines of the Bridegroom, of the mystic Water, and mystic Bread of Life, and especially by the grandiose conception of the Light and the Life. With regard to the greatest of all the miracles, the raising of Lazarus, omitted by all the Synoptists, Dr. Abbott, basing himself on the demonstrable acquaintance of Jn. with Philo's symbolical method, says: "He might well think himself justified in composing a single symbolical story that might sum up a hundred floating traditions about Christ's revivifying acts in such a form as to point to him as the Consoler of Israel, and the Resurrection and the Life of the World. For with regard to such miracles in general, Dr. Abbott believes that "marvellous cures (and not improbably, revivifications) were wrought by the earliest Christians, as indicated by the Pauline Epistles, by indirect Talmudic testimony, and by early Christian traditions. There, are signs, however, of very early exaggeration arising from misunderstood metaphor."

After dealing with the peculiar symbolic views of John as to the Passover and Passion, Dr. Abbott concludes: "Thus, amid mysticism and symbolism, as it began, ends the Johannine life of Christ." Its only historical value, apparently, lies in "correcting impressions derived from the Synoptic Gospels."

So ends Dr. Abbott's analysis of the Gospels in search of the internal evidence they afford as to their nature, date and authorship. The main features of their peculiarities, mutual relationships and composite nature, have been brought out; and we have seen how

little information they afford as to their authorship and date. The whole matter, as we see, is very gently dealt with and there is a studied moderation of view. But Dr. Abbott's preliminary analysis is only the breaking of the ice as we shall see in the sequel Our next paper will take up the external evidence as to these four interesting documents.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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# ON THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

Know Thyself.

THE diagrammatic scheme which illustrates this article has already been brought forward under the title of "The Ladder of Life" in the January number, 1899. For the general principles on which it is constructed the reader is referred to that article, since these are essentially unchanged, and many points there given cannot be repeated here for lack of space. But in some instances better terms have now been found to denote the particular quality of conscious activity which corresponds to the vibration of the several kinds of matter indicated by the diagram. Further, the three uppermost circles, which denote the triple centre of individual being, energy, and consciousness in the Eternal, are placed together. The diagram is simply an elaboration of the archaic symbol, the cross within the circle, which represents both the macrocosm and the microcosm, the universe and man. The circle symbolises manifestation, the vertical line spirit or life, the horizontal line matter or form. So in the diagram, which merely multiplies the symbol seven times, the circles represent human manifestation on the seven planes of nature; the vertical arrangement indicates the life-ray pouring into the several lower vehicles from the Eternal Centre; and the horizontal divisions denote the seven sub-planes of the matter of each plane which go to make up the corresponding vehicle.

| Vehicles and their Combinations | Powers: Passive | Powers: Active |
|---|---|---|
| V. of Omnipresence | The One Existence | Being |
| V. of Omnipotence | Bliss | Creative Energy |
| V. of Omniscience | Nirvanic All-Consciousness | Omniscience |
| The Christos | Beatific Vision | Beatitude |
| | Devotion | Ecstasy |
| | Compassion | Rapture |
| V. of Understanding | Buddhic Wisdom | Comprehension |
| The Reincarnating Ego | Insight | Inspirations |
| | Intuition | Convictions |
| | Abstraction | Principles |
| V. of Thought | Ideation | Cognitions |
| The Emotional Nature | Acute Perception | Appreciations |
| | Higher Feeling | Emotions |
| | Feeling | Passions |
| V. of Impulse | Sensibility | Instincts |
| The Desire Nature | Acute Sensation | Tastes |
| | Organic Sensation | Appetites |
| | Massive Sensation | Wants |
| V. of Action | Stimulability | Movements |
| The Dense Body | Assimilation | Nutrition |
| | Absorbtion | Digestion |
| | Existence | Being-Reproduction |

This arrangement of the planes and sub-planes in horizontal sections is the only way of keeping them distinct in a two-dimensional diagram. In reality, of course, both the planes and the corresponding vehicles of consciousness interpenetrate each other, and occupy the same space. In the same way the life-ray, indicated as shining down through the series of vehicles, really pours out from a centre in space round which the interpenetrating vehicles are built; from this centre of force vibrations ray out into each vehicle, and produce characteristic manifestations of life in the corresponding kind of matter. This centre of the life-energy we call the vital, instinctual, mental, and divine spark, according to the vehicle in which it is manifesting itself.

The over-lapping of the circles denotes those sub-planes of the matter of one vehicle which, when vibrating, cause harmonic vibrations to occur in the corresponding sub-planes of the next up or down the chain. It will be seen that the three higher sub-planes of one gear in with the three lower of the next; the central sub-plane of each vehicle is thus left to form a bridge in the matter of which the life-ray energises purely in the mode characteristic of the vehicle in question. Some of the reasons for this arrangement are given in the "Ladder of Life" article with respect to the astro-physical region and may be summed up as follows.

The first physical ether permeates every individual cell in the body, and by its vibration causes each cell to move and perform its special function. When this first ether is set vibrating by the vibration of the molecules of all the cells which make up the whole body, this etheric vibration is passed on to the second ether and here causes a harmonic vibration in the astral body, and a massive sensation results. Now we are told that such a massive sensation occurs even in the vegetable world, in which the astral body is most rudimentary; hence it is probable that only the first astral sub-plane is engaged in producing a massive sensation. But the body is also divided into organs and systems. When molecular vibrations arise in one or other of these, apart from the whole, the third physical ether is required to convey the organic sensation to the second astral sub-plane, and so

differentiate it from the massive sensation belonging to the body as a whole. Further, when the organs of special sensation are caused to vibrate a further differentiating medium is required, and the fourth or atomic ether will vibrate together with the third astral sub-plane. We have thus the whole body, the several organs, and the single cells of the sense organs as the sources of molecular vibration, and the corresponding three higher ethers as the connecting links between the three lower astral sub-planes, in which part of the astral body the centres of sensation we are told exist. Further Mr. Leadbeater tells the writer that he believes that this theoretically necessary arrangement is what actually occurs in nature.

Another group of indications are to be found with regard to the astro-mental or kâma-mânasic overlapping, the region of emotion. They are these.

On studying the descriptions of after-death states, it is evident that those egos which first function on the fifth sub-plane of the astral, afterwards find themselves on the first sub-plane of the heaven-world; this indicates, since the ego is unchanged, that these sub-planes are linked as bases for consciousness, and that while the desire-body persists the consciousness functions on the fifth astral, but when that body disintegrates the consciousness continues to function on the first devachanic sub-plane. In the same way the sixth astral and second devachanic sub-planes are, we are told, largely occupied by religionists; those who desire material glories on the astral, those who simply love on the devachanic. Now, no pious soul at this stage of evolution has reached impersonality; hence in all the elements of desire and love will co-exist, and when desire is exhausted on the sixth astral, love has its perfect expression on the second devachanic sub-plane. The same selfish and unselfish characteristics are found in the inhabitants of the seventh astral and third devachanic sub-planes. These macrocosmic indications point to a corresponding linking of the sub-planes in the microcosm, since the material basis of vibration is the same in both; consequently this triple over-lapping in the diagram can be accepted with very considerable confidence. From the side of the evolving consciousness also, this arrangement permits a complete

evolutionary sequence of conscious states to be worked out. If the experiment be tried of attempting to do this with an overlapping between the highest physical and lowest astral, or the two higher physical and two lower astral sub-planes, it will be found to be impossible. Thus theory unites with both practice and clairvoyant observation in confirming the system adopted. The strong distinction drawn between the three higher subplanes of the mental plane and the four lower, also points to a marked difference in the activity of these ranges of matter as bases of consciousness, this will be referred to further on.

The principles which lie beneath this system are three. *First*, that the four lower vehicles in which life energises are characterised by four distinct qualities, action, impulse, thought and understanding. *Second*, the phases which occur at the overlapping parts of the several vehicles, share the characteristics of both vehicles concerned, appetites being partly physical etheric vibration or movement, partly astral impulse or instinct. So emotions are partly astral instinct, partly mental cognition. So convictions are partly abstract mental cognition, partly buddhic comprehension. *Third*, the life-ray cannot function in physical matter till the lower four sub-planes are gathered round it and form its vehicle, while the three higher ethers are the medium by which the life-energy reaches the dense body. This is the case with the amœba, which is made up of solid, fluid, gaseous, and etheric matter, just as much as the human body. This fundamental fact must be the case with each vehicle in turn, since they are all moulded on the physical body. Therefore, really each vehicle consists of all seven sub-planes of the corresponding plane of matter, and thus the etheric double and dense physical are one, the etheric and dense astral are one, the etheric and dense mental are one, the etheric and dense buddhic are one. Each of these vehicles is linked in sequence to those above and below, and all are developed from below upwards around the ray of life which is always pouring down from the Eternal Centre.

Such are the principles which are indicated by the diagram; they will be supported by many reasons which will occur to the student of Theosophy, especially if he will bear it in mind when

reading or reflecting. The whole great theory can be built up in the mind when it is used as a scaffolding, and much clarification of thought will result. The writer speaks from experience; but it is necessarily impossible to refer here to the hundreds of hints scattered through theosophic works, the many questions put to those who "see," the numbers of considerations drawn from science, philosophy, and experience, which have gone to satisfy his mind as to the theory. He can only indicate the leading features and recommend it as comprising all the planes and sub-planes of nature on the form-side, and an unbroken sequence of states of consciousness on the side of life. It seems to furnish a complete gamut on which life plays its wondrous tunes, and to correctly represent occult psychology so far as he can understand it. It will be found also to furnish a psychological key to elucidate and interpret much that is obscure in mystic writings. However, it must stand or fall before the bar of reason; if it represents a side of truth it cannot fail to be useful, if not it will go the way of all illusions.

### The Vehicle of Action

It may be asked: How can a sphere divided into seven sections represent so vastly complicated a structure as the physical body? If we go back to the original germ-cell from which the body is developed, it *is* a sphere, and is made up of solid, fluid and gaseous matter, and interpenetrated by the ethers. The curves of the surface of the adult body are also all parts of spheres. But the different sorts of matter and ether are distributed throughout the body, not ranged in layers as in the diagram. Very true; but they are so arranged to indicate the path of the vibrations from the solid matter to the fluid and molecular or gaseous, and thence to the ethers, and from these, by harmonic vibration, to the astral and other vehicles. However perfectly these varieties of matter are mixed up in nature, this vibratory sequence is always the same, from the denser to the less dense; hence, diagrammatically, they may be properly arranged in layers.

The physical body is called the vehicle of action, because all action, both internal and external, implies movement on stimu-

.ation, and this is the fundamental characteristic of the life-ray working in the physical vehicle. The lowest sub-division represents the solid matter in the body, the presence of which is necessary to physical existence; were it absent we should sink into the earth like rain; hence a modicum of "dust" is essential to the make-up even of the soaring genius and the transcendent saint. Solid matter is the basis on which the evolution of consciousness reposes, and life working in it is the ultimate manifestation of the stability of the One Existence. But solid matter is the basis also of all the activities of the body summed up in the word being; hence existence is the passive side and being the active side of the presence of life in this form of physical matter.

On the fluid sub-plane absorption is the power evolved, for all matter taken in to build up the tissues is first brought into the fluid state; absorption in activity is summed up in the word digestion with all its multifarious details. On the gaseous step, the matter already absorbed is built molecule by molecule into the substance of the tissues, and also confronted with oxygen and decomposed, energy so being set free; actively these complex processes are summed up by the word nutrition. The first etheric sub-plane interpenetrates the cells of the body, conveys the life-currents to them and carries heat. It also vibrates in response to a stimulus from without or from within, and this vibration permeating the individual cells causes them to move and fulfil their various functions. So the body moves as a whole from place to place, or its limbs move in the activities of life. So the organs of digestion move, so the individual cells move, and thus all functions are performed. But this first ether, belonging to the individual cells, when caused to vibrate passes the vibration on to the second ether and this vibration awakes a harmonic one in the dense matter of the astral body.

### The Vehicle of Impulse

This, the astral body, is best understood by analogy with the physical. It is generally called the desire-body, but it is also the body of aversion; the word impulse implies both attraction and repulsion, and is perhaps less invidious, so it is to be preferred. The life-ray working in this vehicle is characterised by impulse, just as in the physical body it is characterised by

movement or action. As vibrations arising in the dense body, or reaching its sense organs from the outer world, cause the interpenetrating ethers to vibrate, so these same vibrations passed on to the dense astral body arouse its power of sensibility, and cause an impulse of attraction or repulsion in response to the sensation. This reflected back on to the dense body as an instinctive impulse causes that vehicle to move towards or away from the original external stimulus; or to make movements to rid itself of the cause of any inharmonious molecular vibration arising in it as a whole, or in any of its organs. Such instincts, developed in the sub-human period of evolution, are directed to the preservation of the individual life, or to the propagation of the species; without them physical existence would tend to cease. Consequently, they are essentially good in themselves. Massive sensation arises in the astral body in response to molecular vibrations arising in the physical body as a whole; when these are harmonious the massive sensation is pleasant, when jarring it is painful. In harmonious vibrations, the primary wants, corresponding to the several sub-planes of matter in the body, are caused by want of food, water, air, or heat, for the amœba requires these as much as the human organism. The corresponding sensation follows the molecular vibration, and instinctive movements result; by these movements the wants are supplied or life ceases. But in our complex bodies, these wants are referred by the mind to the organs concerned, and the sensations of hunger, etc., though really massive, since the whole body wants the food, are classed as appetites. These being absent the massive sensation we experience is that of being generally well or generally ill, this last ranging from "general *malaise*" to "general collapse." The organic sensations arise further when any organic system requires exercise, and impel to the corresponding action; they also arise when the molecular vibrations in any organ are inharmonious, this is internal pain existing apart from the organ of touch. Both massive and organic sensations then bring inharmonious conditions of the physical vehicle into consciousness as feelings. When all is going right we feel the "joy of life"; it is a pleasure to exist. Did we treat our bodies perfectly rightly this state would be permanent, and we should have put an end to

pain. Then the astral vehicle would manifest in the lower world the bliss, just as the physical vehicle manifests the stability of the One Existence.

The acute sensations are caused by the etheric vibrations of the external world stimulating the ethers in the organs of special sense, and being harmonically passed on to the astral centres. The impulse to exercise these senses results in what we call our tastes. It will now be plain that sensation is caused by a joint vibration of the astral and physical vehicles, and that it has the characteristics of both combined; it is partly a vibration or *movement* of the etheric double, and partly a vibration or *impulse* of the astral body. This, since we desire pleasant sensations, is marked the desire nature in the scheme. It is evident that the acute sensations are very different from the organic ones, which should be always absent. Acute sensation is the real function of the balanced astral body, and its fine vibrations are blurred when inharmonious sensations or pains are allowed to exist. It is impossible to see or hear with perfect precision if the brain is being shaken by violent pain, or agitated by jarring vibrations caused by misuse of any organ, or by imperfect fulfilment of any organic function. To play ducks and drakes with the physical body is to incapacitate it as the organ of acute perception and expert action, the two most important functions for which it is brought into existence. But the sensations to be felt must pass over the astral bridge, in which pure instincts inhere, and so reach the mental body.

A. H. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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THE Mysteries of Father Liber (Bacchus) are concerned with the purification of the soul.—SERVIUS, *ad. Georg.*, ii. 389.

# THE TELLER OF DROLLS

Sir Richard Rosvean was thirty years old when, in the opening years of the nineteenth century, he succeeded unexpectedly to the title, and assumed the position of landlord, ruler, and general disposer of the affairs of Ruan by the Pool, Cornwall.

He was a man who possessed in a marked degree the power of extracting the beauty and poetry which lurk in the ugliest things, and making them as though they were not! In his society the sea became a large reservoir for the better conservation of the more costly kinds of fish, and the whole social fabric a machine for providing perfectly appointed houses and well-cooked meals at rigidly regular intervals for the upper classes. This was the effect produced by the external man on the consciousness of his neighbours.

As a matter of solid fact this external man did not by any means manifest the qualities of all the mental and moral machinery that went to the building of the person known as Sir Richard Rosvean. He had a very strict sense of honour, a high courage, physical and moral, a nice sense of the duties imposed upon him by his position, and a sincere desire to do those duties. He was a born ruler, in so far that it was natural to him to administer affairs, govern, plan, and dispose of the business of his subordinates as seemed good to himself. He failed partially because he had a rather keener sense of his own rights than of the necessities of his people. He also failed because he was constitutionally unable to see another person's mental and emotional position if it was alien to his own.

Thus he was by no means the man to understand the peasantry amongst whom his lot was cast. He missed their spirit as wholly as Ulian Penaluna caught it. Ulian Penaluna was, as his name indicates, a Cornishman. It was perhaps true to say of him that he was so fatally able to feel and see as others

felt and saw, that he had no "sticking place" for his own mental attitude on any given subject. Because he had a vivid imagination, a poet's power of dream and abstraction, a sense of dramatic fitness, and a picturesque power of expression, he was a very fit mouthpiece to voice the grievances of the voiceless. He was mentally saturated with the genius of the people amongst whom he was born, and from whom he sprang; yet he was not altogether of them. He was permeated by the legends of the old land; thrilled through every fibre by her beauties; the beauties of the soft fleecy fogs that hung ghostlike about her dark headlands; the glow of colour of her waters, of her purple moors, of the golden glory of the withering bracken with which she decked herself so soon as the fiery breath of autumn made the ripe hedges of the whole west country burn with the light of hip and haw, red guelder-rose berry, and scarlet rowan and crab-apple.

Ulian loved the land and its people; the cry of every bird that called over the grey rocks and purple heather was as the voice of a friend to him. Always, from early boyhood, he had responded thus to beauty; from the day when he wept publicly in Ruan Church, because the Vicar, who had a delightful voice, was reading the lament of David over Jonathan, to the day when he shocked Farmer Trevose, who was grumbling at the presence of "them beastly weeds" in his cornfields, by dreamily replying:

"It's odd how flowers seem to grow where they'll look best."

Ulian was then eighteen, and very big and powerful for his age, a fact which probably preserved him from having his ears boxed by the indignant farmer. Ulian hated mining and disliked fishing, so that he had adopted a curious calling which was well known in Cornwall in the eighteenth and in the early part of the nineteenth century.

He was a "teller of drolls," a wandering story-teller, roving the whole West country as far as Somerset; going from farm to farm, from village to village, from fair to fair; calling at the houses of the gentry and penetrating always to the servants' hall, and sometimes, on winter evenings, to more distinguished company; he was present always at "geese dancings" and "furries"; sometimes he did a little farm work, broke a colt,

or helped with the hay, but commonly he earned food and bed by his "drolls," which were not necessarily as "droll" as their name.

Ulian Penaluna's father lived in a cottage on a patch of silver-grey sandy ground, where yellow poppies, sea holly and sea pinks grew. It was by the river, close to the ford. The river was swept by a tidal wave; the current was strong, the sands dangerous, and the ford still more so. Sir Richard Rosvean, a public-spirited man, resolved to build a bridge. In order to prevent people from crossing the ford he fixed upon that particular spot for the site of his bridge. To build the bridge he must pull down the cottage where the elder Penaluna lived. He went in person to inform him of this necessity, and to offer compensation. Penaluna was a bee-keeper, a skilful herbalist, and a physician to the sick beasts of the neighbourhood. He was a gentle old man, with a refined method of speech and a very simple and courteous manner. He was steeped in the lore of the country, and he looked at his landlord in horror.

"Your honour will surely never do that, sir," he said respectfully, but with unfeigned dismay. "You've come here lately, Sir Richard, if you'll forgive me saying so; else you'd never dream of bridging the river *here*. There's not a woman, nor man neither, but'll be stark mazed with fear."

"'Mazed with fear! What are they afraid of?"

"It's the Water Dog's Ford, Sir Richard."

"What do you mean?"

"The river claims two lives a year here, sir. Two people a year are always drowned in the ford."

"I should think so! It's very dangerous. I wonder there aren't more."

"They say, sir, that after Dame Tredennis's son was drowned two hundred years ago, she built a bridge, and there came an awful sickness that swept half the village away. The people pulled down the bridge; and they do say they drowned a young maid here to stop the plague. But a mile or so up stream, Sir Richard, wouldn't interfere with the ford."

"Bless my soul! I *want* to interfere with the ford. Penaluna, you're too intelligent to wish me to heed the ignorant

pagan superstitions of the people. You have given me an overwhelming reason for building on this site. When they see that no disaster follows, I shall have uprooted a childish superstition."

There was a "geese dancing" in the village three weeks later. Ulian Penaluna came home to ply his calling thereat. He found the village fairly convulsed with horror. Their landlord, their squire, an authority against whom there was no appeal was about to bridge the stream and bring upon the whole community the unspeakable terrors of the Water Dog's wrath.

Already the ghostly ship, the unfailing portent of disaster, had been seen to sail at sunset over the land, from the river mouth to the grey lichen-splashed Menêg on the moor. The women were more ready to mourn and shriek than to dance in the village streets; the men were mad with the rage born of great dread. Public opinion was at white heat; the village was a seething cauldron of fear, anger, and rebellion. The people were wild, fiery, and fierce, a lawless race, and terror acted on them as a spark on gunpowder. Sir Richard Rosvean, used to the sober-minded, law-abiding peasantry of a quiet village in the Midlands, knew nothing of the forces and passions with which he was playing. He knew "the people were discontented," owing to their "idle superstitious fears"; it was for him to show them they were wrong. He did not know that they were ripe for murder and arson from sheer terror of the unseen.

Ulian Penaluna entered the village; there were no drolls, no "three men songs," no revelry at that geese dancing, only fear and rage rising gradually to fever heat. The droll-teller felt the fire of their passion till a like flame responded in him. He did not fear the Water Dog so much as he feared the sullen devil which was waking in the eyes of the men, lashed and spurred by the terror of their women. Ulian loved the village and the villagers even as he loved the whole Western land, and he saw trouble ahead for those whom he loved. Swayed by their passions, moved by their terrors, he scarcely contributed to the peace of the people; indeed, he responded so fiercely that they appealed to him to be the spokesman who should turn aside this evil from the village. Therefore Ulian Penaluna went the next day to see Sir Richard Rosvean, and was admitted. Standing in

his presence he earnestly, and indeed eloquently, for it was his trade to put his thoughts into words which should move, begged that the work might be stopped, and the bridge built higher up the stream. Sir Richard's reply was curt; he had been offended by the sullen glances and ungracious manners of the people.

"Who are you?" he said sharply. "Spokesman for these foolish people?"

"My name is Penaluna."

"O, you're the droll-teller. I know your father. Don't take it ill when I say you've wasted time and breath this afternoon. I chose that site carefully—firstly, upon the advice of the architect; secondly, because it will prevent the people from using a dangerous ford; thirdly, because I found I could eradicate a mischievous superstition by choosing that place."

"You will do something more. You'll repent your choice if you persist in it."

"Have your—employers commissioned you to threaten me?"

"No. But you are threatened by your own actions. If you do this, there'll be a riot."

"Present my compliments to the ringleaders, perhaps you are one, and tell them there are barracks at Plymouth; since I'm a magistrate I need not trouble any of my neighbours to read the Riot Act for me."

"You call yourself a friend to this village! You're its enemy. You act from sheer love of oppression."

"Take care, young man," said the other coolly. "Whether you mean to be impertinent, or whether lack of education prevents you from seeing that you're officious and offensive, I don't know. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt. Good-morning."

"You mean to build the bridge there?"

"I do."

"Then it'll be destroyed, and you'll be lucky if this house isn't burned, too."

"In that case you and your friends had better offer yourselves on the Water Dog's altar, if you wish to escape penal servitude. Arson is rather a serious offence, remember. Good morning!"

"Don't say I did not warn you."

Rosvean bowed; his eyes were contemptuous, but they were also very angry.

Ulian Penaluna walked to a stretch of moor, whence he could see the river and the village. His soul, since he had seen this man, was shaken with a curiously violent passion. Rosvean had had power to move him more than any with whom he had yet come in contact. He saw him purely through the mental spectacles of Ruan by the Pool. He saw him as the peasants saw him; but with a strange personal agitation, for which he could not account, added to the impersonal indignation. To him, for the moment, Rosvean ceased to be the well-meaning man, above the average in power and purposefulness, which he really was. In Ulian's vision he loomed as a tyrant, an insensate oppressor, a man who was about wilfully and wantonly to make shipwreck of the village.

"He does this from the pure lust of power," he said between his teeth. "He is a cast-iron block, a pig-headed fool, he—he—"

Words failed him in the contemplation of Rosvean, who was thinking about him very little, save that he was vexed a man so obviously his inferior should have been able to move him as much as he had done.

Matters were really as serious as the droll-teller said. Ulian, with less force and intellect than Rosvean, had his finger on the public pulse; his power of sympathy made him see what the other missed. If the bridge were built there would be rioting, destruction of property, loss of life, Bodmin Gaol for half the parish. This Ulian saw; and he gradually wrought himself to a passionate longing to avert this village tragedy.

"To think that one man can do this harm to a village-full," he thought, bitterly. "If he were gone—"

He did not know whether the impulse came from within or from without himself.

"If he were gone—" There was one way he might go, and if, because he went that way, Ulian followed him by an equally violent death, what then? He should save the village; he should "die for the people." He lay there and thought; until feeling

and passion made murder seem like self-sacrifice. He rose and walked quickly to his father's house. The old herbalist was out; Ulian went in and found what he wanted, an old Spanish dagger. He put it in his pocket and began to walk to Rosvean's house. There were pine woods round the house; Ulian walked quickly through them. He hardly felt his limbs, they moved so quickly and lightly. He became conscious that there was something in his action which needed alteration. It was not a moral doubt; it was a feeling that he was making a wrong move in the game. He reached the opening of the wood, where there was a gate. A man was standing there in the darkness of the pines. Ulian mechanically followed the courteous usage of the Cornish peasantry, he said: "Good night!"

"Rosvean," said the stranger quietly, "sees only one point at a time, where you see a hundred. He holds his views strongly, and he sees too little. You see too much for your strength. Help his weakness with yours, and make of them a single power. You are about to do what you tried to do before. It did not answer then, and it will not answer now."

Ulian started. "Who are you?" he cried. "In the name of God, who are you?"

"Good night!" said the stranger gently; he walked through the open gate out of sight. Ulian sprang after him, but he was gone. Stunned as he was with surprise, he did not relinquish his purpose. He walked more slowly towards the house. There was a lawn of old turf, with cedars upon it; it was separated from the path by a sweet-briar hedge in which was a gate. On the gate a girl child was swinging, her fair hair blowing in the wind. It was Chesson Quarme, Rosvean's twelve-year-old niece, his sister's child, and his own god-daughter. The child jumped from the gate. She knew Ulian.

"You shall come in," she cried. "You shall tell Uncle Dick and me a story. Uncle Dick!"

Rosvean sauntered across the lawn, and stopped, frowning. The lovely incense of the sweet-briar hedge went up to heaven between the two men. Penaluna was vaguely conscious that one could not do murder in the presence of a child.

"What do you want?" said Rosvean.

"I came to see you."

"On business connected with your visit of this morning?"

"Yes!"

"Then I do not choose to hear it. Good evening!"

"No, no!" cried the child. "I want him to come in and tell us a droll."

"Rosvean shook his head. The child rose on tip-toes to hold him round the neck.

"Yes, Uncle Dick; do, Uncle Dick. You must!"

"Must I, Chesson?"

Rosvean looked down at her and smiled. Ulian saw the smile as it lit the man's eyes, and curved his mouth. The droll-teller thought suddenly that here was an untried means of bettering the situation. What if he put before Rosvean the fears of the people in the form of a "droll." If he failed, there was always—the knife.

"One tale," he said, pleadingly. "Let me tell Miss Quarme one tale. It may be better for me, better for you, better for us all, if I tell it."

Rosvean's eyes met his; slowly as though under compulsion he answered:

"This one tale if you wish it, Chesson."

He spoke to the girl. He sat down under the cedar; and the child perched herself on the arm of his chair. The droll-teller stood within three paces of him, his eyes on the little girl.

"Once," he began, "once, long ago over the sea there ruled a king."

He paused; his words seemed to be dragged slowly from him; it seemed to him as though he were not voicing the fear and anger of a mere handful of villagers to a little local ruler; he seemed to be no longer the humble tale-teller, but a far greater man, voicing the agony and injuries of a whole people.

"He was a just man. Yes! *just*, as he saw justice. Yes! he was surely just and honest. He was a ruler; body and soul a ruler. To govern was as natural to him as to breathe. He desired the good of his people. Yes, yes, *that* I see clearly. He was a great soldier, too, a conqueror. He conquered and held tributary another nation. A people of a different genius, of a

different race, having other traditions, other customs, other gods. He sought to rule them by his own people's laws. The laws were good, but alien to the thoughts of the other race. And this king set over the people to govern them a man of their own nation, whose heart beat as theirs; whose thoughts were their thoughts, whose gods were their gods. And this man honoured the king as a great strong man; nay, more, he *loved* his conqueror."

The droll-teller's voice trembled; it well-nigh broke. Rosvean leaned forward; his eyes were startled, the drops were on his brow; it was knitted. He looked almost frightened.

"He saw," went on Ulian, "that it was well his people should be ruled by this great man; a man with clean hands and an honest heart. The land had been a Republic; popular ruler after ruler had risen, and been bought, and bribed, and sold. But this new ruler earnestly desired that the king should look through the people's eyes, and feel with the people's heart. And he would not. He would not understand; till at last, seeing, or thinking he saw, that worse would befall the people, that man conspired against his master's life, to place himself on the throne. Not that he wished for power. God be my witness, he did not wish for power; he was not born to rule. But he saw the people's needs and he loved them."

The droll-teller spoke rapidly, passionately, as though he defended himself. Rosvean never took his eyes from his face. Chesson sat, round-eyed, on the grass.

"That plot was betrayed, and the man was arrested and brought to be judged by the king. When he pleaded the people's cause, the king said: 'The laws are good, the fruit of the wisdom of our wisest. These people would have lived in peace, but you, outwardly my servant, have conspired against my life and my rule, that you might grasp the sceptre for yourself. You are a a traitor!' And the other cried angrily: 'What would you have? I was no ruler, but your slave to administer a law that maddened the men of my race. Such a slave must submit or conspire. I chose the last.' 'And you failed,' said the other. 'And having failed, shall die.'"

Rosvean leaped to his feet and caught Ulian by the arm.

The eyes of both met; they stood, the one man grasping the arm of the other. Ulian's breathing seemed to have well-nigh stopped; Rosvean's was quick and uneven.

"And you did die?" he said hoarsely.

"At sunrise," said Ulian in a whisper, "Just as the sun rose. The sand was pink; and the trees—in a line—over there —you remember—."

His voice died away in a long sobbing breath.

"And therefore," said Rosvean, his own voice very distinct but very low. "Since you died thus, you came here to kill me."

Ulian Penaluna did not seem to hear. Rosvean looked at him for a few seconds.

"Come in," he said at last. "We cannot talk before the child. We will try to understand this."

He made Penaluna enter the house.

"I do not know what I have been saying," began the droll-teller faintly. "I came here to —"

"To kill me. I know that."

"It seemed better to do that, and die for it, than— There'll be a riot, and ruin for half the village."

"Not necessarily. Sit down and let us talk. I will tell you what you have been saying."

Slowly he repeated the words down to his own exclamation and Ulian's answer.

"Do you remember?" he said in a whisper.

"Yes!"

"So do I."

There was a pause.

"If we are mad," said Rosvean, "we will try to learn from our madness. As you spoke this thing it seemed to be true; it seems to be true now. Long ago you tried to make me understand, and died because you failed. Try again to-day, will you?"

Ulian tried again. He told of the people's agonised fear, of their prejudices, their beliefs, their customs. Rosvean listened.

"You know them," he said musingly. "Beyond a doubt you know them. Now will you try to understand me equally well, if I explain my views, and what I wish to do."

He spoke so gently, so courteously, with such willingness to explain, such a desire to be understood, that he brought the tears into his listener's eyes. Rosvean began to explain. Ulian's eyes kindled.

"All that you want to do is good," he cried eagerly. "If it were done slowly, carefully; if you made them see."

"*You* might make them see, if you will work with me. You, who have their confidence and to whom they listen. Tell them I am not an ogre. I want to help them."

"May I tell them you will build that bridge up stream?"

"Y—yes," said Rosvean slowly. This was very distasteful to him, but he had seen past and present as by a flash of light, and he was shaken by the sight. "Yes. Tell them I will build up higher, Ulian."

* * * *

Now a year afterwards, when there was peace in Ruan by the Pool, and the bridge stood a mile up stream, Sir Richard Rosvean rode across it with his bailiff and agent, who was as his own right hand; nay! despite the difference in birth and station, well nigh as his brother.

"We were surely mad that night," said Rosvean. "If it were more than a delusion, I should have to give my life for yours, or you must take mine."

"Surely not; if that which you did was just."

"True," said Rosvean. "But if I felt—then, as I felt that night, I was angry enough to *wish* your death. It was a personal rage against you."

"I think we were not deluded. But whether you give me your life freely, or I take it unwillingly, it will be given or taken in love, not hate."

"That is true. Therefore, I suppose it matters little either way. But if it must be, I wish it might be the first."

And this wish was granted to him two years later, when the river was in flood, and the Water Dog claimed many lives of Ruan by the Pool.

MICHAEL WOOD.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## A Platonic Symposium

The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons; 1901.)

Eight Englishmen, mutual friends, are gathered together on a holiday in Switzerland; they are drawn into a discussion on the meaning of Good, and Mr. Dickinson reports their arguments and criticisms. Since the days of Plato many have adopted the dialogue form of philosophic exposition, but few have really succeeded; the adoption of this form in the present instance, however, is justified, for the endeavour is not to present a dogmatic view of the subject, but to allow the mind to play round it from various and often antagonistic points of view. It must be admitted that the arguments are at times somewhat dull, or rather will be thought so by the ordinary reader, and that one welcomes with gladness the sallies of wit or humorous bursts of indignation which too occasionally besprinkle the pages. Nevertheless the dialogue is highly instructive, and deserves careful consideration, especially by those who are very sure they know what Good is. The great art of the book lies in the fact that it describes the actual state of affairs—the clash of opinion among ordinary thinking men and the great uncertainty as to the purpose of life. The protagonist (Mr. Dickinson himself) throughout the dialogue shows a slight leaning to rhapsodising, as he calls it; to put forward occasionally something positive in all the uncertainty, and finally, when the argument has arrived at nothing in particular, and it is clearly seen that the reason cannot decide the matter, he recounts a mysterious experience, which he says has never ceased to affect his thoughts and life. This experience is a very curious dream, "if dream it was." He describes how that, under the influence of an anæsthetic, he leaves his body and becomes "more conscious." Some details of the dream are so very well sketched that we cannot but think the writer has actually experienced some such state of inner consciousness. He sees a vision of cosmo-

genesis and anthropogenesis; he hears the harmony of the spheres, and feels the throbbing of the life of the world. We are tempted to quote at length from these fourteen fascinating pages devoted to the dream, but it would be fairer to Mr. Dickinson to refer the reader to his interesting book.

The important point for us is that the first step towards any assurance that there may be a solution of the mystery, lies in the direction of an extension of consciousness; not that there is any solution intended even by so fair and instructive a vision as that described in the dialogue, but the sight of it gives hope that a solution may be reached, and that it presupposes the idea of identification with the life of all things, with the mind of the universe, and the will of Deity.

G. R. S. M.

## An Excellent Manual of Neo-Platonism

The Neo-Platonists: A Study in the History of Hellenism. By Thomas Whittaker. (Cambridge: The University Press; 1901. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*)

We have read this excellent work with immense interest and pleasure. It is by far the best general work on Neo-Platonism which we have read in any language, and we sincerely congratulate Mr. Whittaker on the success he has achieved in treating so difficult a subject, not only with a clarity which shows his thorough grasp of the material, but with a sympathy which allows him to enter into its spirit. We most cordially recommend it to our fellow students.

It goes without saying, however, that there still remains much work to be done on this brilliant period of revived philosophy during the closing centuries of Græco-Roman civilisation. Above all we require translations of the masterpieces of these high thinkers—translations from the pens of men who understand their thought and who can clothe it in vigorous and fair English. The partial translations of Thomas Taylor, upon which the general English reader has to depend entirely, are difficult to procure, most crabbed and inelegant in style, and frequently miss the meaning of the original. We have no words of blame for the brave soul of Thomas Taylor, who a century ago fought single-handed the good fight. He did far more than could be rightly expected of one man; but he had his limitations. To-day he simply whets the appetite and leaves us desiring more.

Mr. Whittaker's book supplies us with an excellent introduction to Neo-Platonism and summarises the main features of the doctrines

of the masters of the School. We now need faithful versions of the original treatises. For we hold that this kind of so-called "Platonism" is not of merely antiquarian interest, but that the spirit of it will revive when similar conditions reappear; new forms will doubtless be found in which to clothe the spirit that lay behind "Platonism" and "Neo-Platonism," but true idealism will never cease in the world while man evolves. As Mr. Whittaker says: "Neo-Platonic thought is, metaphysically, the maturest thought that the European world has seen. Our science, indeed, is more developed; and so also, with regard to some special problems, is our theory of knowledge. On the other hand, the modern time has nothing to show comparable to a continuous quest of truth about reality during a period of intellectual liberty that lasted for a thousand years. What it has to show during a much shorter period of freedom, consists of isolated efforts, bounded by the natural limitations of its philosophical schools. The essential ideas, therefore, of the ontology of Plotinus and Proclus may still be worth examining in no merely antiquarian spirit."

No, the experience of such high minds in their search for inner truth will never be out of date for the majority of us. We may set their science of outer phenomena on one side, but their science of the soul and of the mind is not as yet surpassed by any modern speculators.

The weak side of Mr. Whittaker's treatise is, as might be expected, the obscure question of "theurgy," which played so prominent a part in the "exercises" of the School after the days of Iamblichus. We sympathise with him, for it is indeed a difficult matter for a mind shaped purely on philosophical lines. Nevertheless, we have learned this much of philosophy as well, that there are many ways whereby man can approach the gods and God. The way of pure thought, in the Plotinian sense, is the most difficult path of all, and none but the very few can in any way strive along it. Others must seek less difficult means of approach. Among these other ways, ceremonies and exercises, without and within, find their proper place; and we should be on our guard lest our personal dislike for any of these methods should lead us to an unphilosophical denial of their utility for others.

G. R. S. M.

## Tolstoy's Anarchism

Resurrection: A Novel. By Leo Tolstoy. (London: Simpkin Marshall and Co.; Cheap ed., 6*d*.)

This is a melancholy book, for more reasons than its author was aware of. It is always a sorrowful spectacle when a great artist in his later years is led to betray his art—the one true reality *to him*, for what he considers his principles; when Cruikshank wastes his talent on Temperance cartoons, Ruskin writes Political Economy, or Tolstoy falsifies his observation, his naturally keen artistic intuition, for the sake of inculcating his views on the New Testament. The hero and heroine of this book are not human creatures at all, but only wooden dolls under cover of which he may speak his mind; and the pity is that no one can know this so well as the artist himself; it is a deliberate prostitution of his art, not in the least to be excused by the fact that he has come to believe he has something more important than art to give the world. Any Russian of his views could have written *Resurrection*—the inspired painter has come down to daubing "eikons" for the village churches, or caricatures for the elections.

Perhaps all may not be sensitive to this artistic fault. Many may, and will, reply that his talents cannot be better used than for pointing a moral; that it was his *duty* to waste them (if waste it be) to help to set right the evil around him. He has already in actual fact laid down the pen for the spade; and this book is only the same sacrifice in another shape—the deliberate sacrifice of the higher powers to the lower work which is the sum and substance of the new Gospel of Tolstoy, but to us the Great Heresy, the Unpardonable Sin. Let us, however, for the moment pass this question, and see how he has treated his problem.

The problem itself is better set forth by Tourguenieff, who in such tales as his *Virgin Soil* treats it in the purely artistic way, as the calm recorder of facts and not as the impassioned advocate of any side whatever. For us, it is easier stated in our own Theosophical terms. There is in Russia a vast mass of peasantry, mainly belonging to the fourth root race, and not to our fifth. A very curious illustration of this is given in *Resurrection* by the stress which is laid (as in all other Russian stories) on the horrible smells amongst which the peasants live undisturbed. Heine once described the works of a popular novel writer of his time as "positively *stinking* of bread and cheese and beer"; what *Resurrection* stinks of is not so easy to say in print, nor

is this the only point in which its "realism" is rather too strong for ordinary English readers. But if we remember the statement which has been made that smell is precisely the sense developed by the fifth-race, we have at once the explanation of the fact, and the key to the problem. For the puzzlement of the Russian writers is the gulf which lies between the peasants and the higher classes. The tragedy of *Virgin Soil* is that one of the educated minority, resolving to give his life to raise the down-trodden peasants, finds, on making the attempt, that they have nothing in common upon which he can work—that in spite of similar origin and common religious faith they receive him with uncomprehending suspicion and his work is an utter failure before it is well begun. And Tourguenieff, the conscientious artist, blinded by no illusions of passion, is relentless—his hero must die, the gulf *cannot* be bridged from that side. It is only by the efforts of the best men *of the peasant class* that the rest can be helped, not by the pamphlets and speeches of students of the Universities. Such is the lesson he has to teach; as I have said, they are of two distinct races and cannot mix. They are *not* brothers—only cousins, and that far removed.

But the unselfish devotion of so many of the higher race to the hopeless task, has raised a new complication. The arrangements of society and law are based upon the supposition that criminals belong to the lower and less sensitive race; but the unsparing activity of the police against the Nihilists has filled prisons and penal settlements with men and women of the most refined and sensitive natures, upon whom the discipline works as pure brutality—*barbarous* cruelty in the fullest meaning of the word. It is a similar case to the old slave times in America; you could make a negro into a mere chattel—treat him as an animal; but when you come to the *mixed* race—men and women as white as yourselves—and treat *them* as brutes also, slavery is doomed altogether and its fall is only a question of time. The outrage to human nature is too great to be endured. It is against this state of things that Tolstoy has written his book; we mistake it altogether if we treat it as a novel—it is a polemical treatise. The whole power of the great writer is devoted to the picturing of the evil done by the Russian police system, not only to the sufferers under it but to those who carry it out; and (as I have said) the indictment is drawn with the most unflinching realism. The heroine is a woman of the streets, whose "resurrection" is accomplished by the resolution of the man who originally seduced her to follow her to Siberia and marry her,

whilst *his* "resurrection" is that by reason of this self-sacrifice he is found worthy to receive Tolstoy's new gospel.

What this is we know already. It is at least a simple one. Let there be no more law, no soldiers and no police; then the "poor but virtuous people" will have no one to worry them, and the kingdom of God will have come. Briefly, anarchy. It would not be hard solemnly to denounce this, with due parade of texts of Scripture and doctrines of Political Economy; easier still to make fun of it. Neither attitude befits a student of history, for the matter is a very serious one. True, that this is Count Tolstoy's view is a matter of small consequence to any but his few disciples; but what is a matter of serious thought for all who have an interest in the world's movement is that he is but putting into distinct words the meaning of a blind, confused undercurrent of the world's tides, which is just now coming more and more to the surface, and threatening to engulf the progress of the ages and bring back "Chaos and Old Night." There must be no mistake or doubt about it—it means a deliberate return to Barbarism; the "flesh pots of Egypt" once more chosen instead of the arduous and dangerous struggle towards the Promised Land. The backward and unprogressive races, who are still the vast majority (even in so-called civilised countries) are everywhere, as in China at the present moment, growing impatient of the whip and spur with which we have been trying to drive them forwards, professedly for *their* profit, certainly for *ours*. We, the higher progressive races, are on our trial. We have not raised them to our own level; but that is no crime, it was not and is not possible to do this. Our fault is that we have tried to force our civilisation upon them, for our own selfish ends, whilst all the time only too conscious that we have failed to make out of it a life worth living for themselves. But to go back for an ideal life to the physical comfort and mental stagnation of the Indian ryot or Russian peasant as he might be if unvexed by tax-gatherer or policeman is only possible to an enthusiast with a new interpretation of Scripture. And it is of all things most important for us distinctly to separate ourselves from such teaching. *Our* hope is of a new state of things, in which the evils of modern civilisation, evils which arise from our individualisation, may vanish as the whole world learns once more its unity and solidarity. But this can only arise as a development of the old, not upon its ruins. The lawyer, the soldier, and the policeman, will fall away naturally when there is nothing to go to law about, no enemy to resist, and no class who live

at the expense of others, either by trade or rapine. But as long as the present organisation of society and the passions it has developed continue unchanged, to attempt to abolish the force which prevent these passions from tearing it to pieces, can only result in the utter destruction of the civilised world, the loss of all the gains of the last 2000 years and the ruin of all our hopes of bettering the condition of the human race for thousands of years to come.

A. A. W.

## Science and the Soul

The Soul of Man. An Investigation of the Facts of Physiological and Experimental Psychology. (Cloth, 6*s*.)

Whence and Whither. An Inquiry into the Nature of the Soul, its Origin and its Destiny. By Dr. Paul Carus. (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. London: Kegan Paul, Trübner and Co., Ltd.; 1900. Cloth, 3*s*. 6*d*.)

From the pen of the indefatigable Dr. Paul Carus come two more books, both treating of a subject which bulks largely in the studies of our readers. Dr. Carus himself says: "The psychological problem is the centre of philosophy," and "in our soul, if anywhere, must be sought the key to the mysteries of the cosmos." With these, and other like excellent sentiments, greeting us in the preface to the first of the two works (which is a second and revised edition), we took up the volumes with expectations which we do not feel have been altogether fulfilled, and yet we have read both books with interest and pleasure—for, like all Dr. Carus' works, they are eminently readable. But all the time we feel as though we were watching the author in breathless pursuit of something which hovers just beyond his reach. We come across sentences which almost make one shout "Now he's got it," or emphatically declare "He can't miss the point *this* time"; but—he does. And the thing that is eluding him, the missing link, is just that which Theosophy could supply. But that our philosophy teaches us a wiser way one could almost grieve to see so clever a thinker grasp so much, see so clearly, and yet miss the vital point. It is like watching some strong swimmer beaten back from the surf-girdled shore, only we know that in the long run he is bound to reach it.

In *The Soul of Man*, the author has set himself the task of bringing together all the leading facts of physiology, anatomy and

psychology, and presenting them to the reader in their connection one with the other, and in their relation to religion and ethics. It is a pretty big programme but it has been, on the whole, worthily attempted, especially so far as the presentation of the facts goes, for Dr. Carus has brought together the results of some of the most recent researches in the several branches of science with which he deals, presents them succinctly, and embellishes his pages with illustrations to the extent of 182 cuts and diagrams drawn from numerous modern sources. From this point of view alone the book is worth the attention of those whose inclinations or opportunities do not make them close students of physiology and anatomy. Out of all the array of facts Dr. Carus draws many useful minor inferences, but it is when he comes to deal with the larger conclusions that his insight fails him. There is one protest which must be emphatically made against the inclusion of some statements based on the brutal vivisectionary experiments of Goltz, and others. The chapter on "Localisation" is sadly disfigured by these assertions; the general argument gains nothing by them, they prove nothing, but they suggest that the real science of the soul will long elude the seeker who works even partially with such untrustworthy tools.

In the chapters entitled "The Nature of Soul Life," "Central and Peripheral Soul," "Psychology and Religion," and "The Soul of the Universe," Dr. Carus chiefly sets forth his theory, which—in brief—it would not be unfair to call the "Dethroning of the Ego." The following extracts present a fair summary of the author's conclusions and illustrate our criticism of his book: "The peripheral soul is the separate psychical activities of the constituents of an organism; the central soul is the product of their common activity. The peripheral soul is the foundation upon which the central soul stands, or rather it is the ground from which it grows. . . . The central soul was born in its present abode. . . . The central soul rises from the peripheral soul. [There is no difference in kind but only in degree we are told.] The former [central soul] being taken away, the latter may continue to exist; but we see no possibility for the central soul to exist, if its foundation, the peripheral soul, is withdrawn. . . . It is not *we* who make our thoughts think, but our thoughts are thinking, and their thinking is sometimes accompanied with consciousness. Therefore, we should say, as Lichtenberg proposes, 'it thinks,' just as we say, 'it lightens,' or 'it rains.'" Mrs. Besant in her article on "Thought-Control" in the

February issue of this REVIEW, exposes the fallacy of this half-truth. And yet Dr. Carus can also write of Nature that "being a law unto herself and being a living power, she naturally makes li e grow according to law, *i.e.*, she organises in living organisms. Living organisms, therefore, can truly be said to be created in the image of the living cosmos. They are microcosms and can be looked upon as revelations of the macrocosm, of the immeasurable All. This is the more true, the higher an organism is, and most of all it is true of man. We cannot doubt that there is a scientific truth in the words of Moses, when he says: 'So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him.'"

On the Soul of the Universe we read: "Using the word soul so as to signify the formative factors of the various forms that have been evolved and constantly are evolving and re-evolving; we are naturally led to the conception of a soul of the universe. The soul of the universe we call God. . . . The idea of a world soul as the formative factor of the world is unobjectionable in science as well as theology, but a world soul conceived as cosmic consciousness, is not only an unproved, but also a fantastical assumption. . . . God does not die with the break-up of a solar system. The formative power of the universe will prove itself active again and again. It is a living presence, indestructible and eternal."

Dr. Carus does not attempt to reconcile these mutually opposed statements, a study of the philosophy of Bruno would show him that the immanence and transcendence of Deity can be rationally held, but it is only fair to Dr. Carus to add that he maintains that "a closer acquaintance with the modern solution [*i.e.*, his own] of the problems of soul-life shows that instead of destroying religion they place it upon a firmer foundation than it ever before possessed."

In *Whence and Whither* we have in reality a sequel to the previous work. Here Dr. Carus' conclusions are set forth, and here the results of the author's study of Eastern scriptures—Buddhism pre-eminently—become evident, but here again we read with interest and conclude with Tennyson:

> That each who seems a separate whole
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall,
> Re-merging in the general Soul,
> Is faith as vague as all unsweet.

And although Dr. Carus writes much worthy and beautiful senti-

ment, with which we shall all agree, and although he maintains that by his theory "we can impart to life a significance that is beyond the intrinsic meaning of the moment, and, being the revelation of imperishable ideals, possesses a worth everlasting," we write "not proven" as our verdict on his case. With his deductions as to life and conduct we could have no quarrel—they are altogether admirable—but while, for a Clifford, a Bradlaugh, a Carus, it may be that from such premises life works out to noble ends, the mass of humanity will figure the same premises out to the old result, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

We do not know that we are in all cases inclined to accept Dr. Carus' translations of Goethe—from whom there are many quotations—as superior to those renderings which have become familiar, but that is a minor point. There is one item which theosophical readers should especially note in perusing these books. Dr. Carus attaches precisely an opposite and reversed meaning to the words individuality and personality from those to which we are accustomed, and when he writes of the relative permanence of the personal over the individual it has a curiously topsy-turvy effect.

E. W.

## Gleanings from the Buddha's Sowing

The Imitation of Buddha. Quotations from Buddhist Literature for each day in the Year. Compiled by Ernest M. Bowden, with Preface by Sir Edwin Arnold. (London: Methuen; 1901. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Ten years ago we reviewed the first edition of this useful little collection and are now pleased to inform our readers that it has reached its fourth edition, being further rearranged and revised. It is pleasant to notice that four editions have been called for in ten years; but our old objection to the title still continues. It offends the susceptibilities of the lovers of the *Imitatio* and is not a good title in itself, for no wise teacher desires a pupil to copy another, but rather that he should grow of himself towards the thing he is to be.

G. R. S. M.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

In the February *Theosophist* Colonel Olcott describes his journey to Australia to settle the Hartmann difficulty. Those who are not familiar with our literature may not be acquainted with the case, and it is one which should not be forgotten. A certain Mr. Hartmann had died, and it was found that he had left all his property, worth about £5,000, to the Theosophical Society and not a penny to his children or his brother, to the great scandal of the neighbourhood. The Colonel, on ascertaining the facts, declined to take advantage of the bequest; and with grand indifference to all legal difficulties in the way, made the property over to the rightful heirs; thereby gaining a reputation for himself and the Society worth more than the money ever could have been. The result of the whole transaction he sums up as follows: "When I went to Australasia we had three weak branches in that part of the world. When I left there were seven good ones, amongst whose members were thorough-going mystics and Theosophists, from whom I then expected much, and who have not disappointed me."

The number also contains a lecture by Miss Edger, "The Conditions of Progress." Mr. Webb concludes his article on "Theosophy and Socialism," in which he brings out clearly the essential point of the question—that no socialistic scheme has as yet been formulated which provides for the needful progress of the race—that all tend to stereotype and keep back, and are (as a politician would say) essentially "reactionary." A. Fullerton speaks on the "Study of Theosophy." Next comes Mr. Stead's article on his visit to the Parisian seeress Mme. Mongruel. Her vision of the position of things during the siege of the Pekin legations seems to have been wonderfully accurate, and her prognostications of a general war, European and Asiatic, for the end of this present year, are only too likely to be fulfilled. Mr. Stuart concludes his paper on the "Great Year of the Ancients," and J. Kṛishṇa Shâstri gives the due Indian colouring with an introductory article on the *Râma Gîtâ*.

*Prasnottara* (January and February) contains the Report of the Indian Convention, and the continuation of the papers on "Shṛî Kṛishṇa," "Emotions," and "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*."

*The Theosophic Gleaner* for February publishes Mr. Sutcliffe's lecture entitled "Two Undiscovered Planets," whilst P. D. Khandalvala treats of "Moses and his Mission" according to the

revelations of Fabre d'Olivet, and Kannoo Mal's paper on the Vedânta is reprinted from *The Ideal Review*.

*Central Hindu College Magazine* for February contains a paper by Bertram Keightley, expounding the Monitorial system of English Public Schools, a modification of which is to be introduced into the College; and one by Mrs. Besant setting forth the reasons for refusing admission to married students in very clear and forcible style. In addition to these there is much of interest of more local character.

*The Dawn* (December, 1900), has an article on the "Arts and Industries of India," by S. J. Tellery. His point is the very practical one that what India wants is not Schools of Art to train skilled workmen, but work for the vast number of skilled workmen who already exist.

From *The Brahmavâdin* for February we take a pithy saying of Râmakṛishṇa, "Men always quote the example of Janak Râja as that of a man who lived in the world and yet attained spiritual knowledge. But throughout the whole history of mankind there is only this solitary example. Do not think yourself to be a Janak. Many centuries have rolled away and the world has not produced a second Janak." To Miss Noble's project of a school for girls in India we must wish every success.

Also received: *Siddhanta Deepika*, and the *Indian Review* (February).

*The Vâhan* (March) contains answers to questions how best to train ourselves to work for others; the choice of evils; the portion of the organism in which memories of the past are stored; and the old grievance of "devachanic illusion," etc.

*Revue Théosophique Française* (February) in addition to translations, contains the first of Dr. Pascal's lectures to the University at Geneva, and a touching little account of a spring festival of a Pagan tribe in Russia.

*Theosophia* (January) has translations from H. P. B.'s "Claims of Occultism," and "A Note on Éliphas Lévi," the continuation of J. v. Manen's translation of the *Tao-Te-King*, C. W. Leadbeater's lecture to the Amsterdam Lodge on the "Use and Development of the Astral Body," and a paper by J. W. Boissevain, entitled "The Indian Trinity."

*Dev Vâhan* (February) continues Frau von Ulrich's "Religion and Theosophy," the usual summary of THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW and questions from *The Vâhan* follow, also the reprints of the funeral notices of H. P. B., the Address of Colonel Olcott at the Benares Convention and a paper by R. Schultze on Spinoza.

*Teosofia* for February continues Sra. Calvari's "The Earth and Humanity," and has translations from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Ethics," Dr. Pascal's *Reincarnation* and Mr. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance.*

*Sophia* (February) contains Mrs. Besant's "Secret of Evolution," the continuations of Dr. Diaz-Perez' interesting paper on Moslem Mysticism, of J. X. H. on "Two Civilisations," and of D. José Melián's "Free Will": ending with a portion of *The Idyll of the White Lotus.*

*Teosofisk Tidskrift* (January and February) is not so dependant on translations as many of our magazines. With the exception of one from Mrs. Besant and Léon Cléry's "What is Theosophy?" which has appeared in our own columns, all is original prose, verse and stories.

*Theosophic Messenger* (January and February) is mainly occupied with Mr. Leadbeater's lectures and the Colonel's coming visit. A heading of one of the former is worth preserving: "An Eastern teacher has enumerated as the four great stumbling blocks to success for Europeans: want of thoroughness, want of perseverance, want of cheerfulness, and want of charity."

*Philadelphia* (February) has an original article by Carlos M. Collet, on "The Supernatural, Miracles and Mysticism"; also *Light on the Path*, with an introduction, with translations from Mrs. Besant, Dr. Pascal, Mr. Sinnett, and Mr. É. Schuré, furnish the remainder of a good number.

*Theosophy in Australasia* (January) opens with a paper by Dr. Bailey entitled "The Joys and Sorrows of the Atom." A very elaborate and useful synopsis of all that has been said as to the possibility of reconciling the existence of Chance with the doctrine of Karma is begun; whilst W. A. M. takes up the kindred subject of the "Relation of Forgiveness of Sin to Kârmic Retribution," a matter on which there is still much to be said. Perhaps what is most needful just now is to define somewhat more clearly what each party means by "forgiveness of sin," and what the "sin" is which is to be forgiven. The report of what seems to have been a very successful Convention makes the main portion of the rest of the number.

*The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine* for January and February keeps up its enlarged form and its lively character. The more serious part of it includes a handy series of contrasts between popular religion and Theosophy, by Dr. Marques; "The Influence of Music on the Inner Nature," by Mr. Ernest Nicholl, of Hull; "Union

and Unity," by A. Fullerton; "The Successive Lives of the Soul," by A. Blech; and a paper entitled, "On taking Life as it Comes," by Mrs. Hooper, who does herself much injustice by describing it as "the wisdom of a fool." The New Zealand Convention seems to have been as great a success as the Australian.

We have also to acknowledge with thanks: *Modern Astrology; Light; Review of Reviews; Metaphysical Magazine*, containing an interesting article on that most Theosophical of books, Balzac's *Seraphita; Human Faculty* (Chicago); *Humanity; Monthly Record* and *Animals' Guardian; Notes and Queries; Neue Bahnen; Theosophischer Wegweiser.*

Also of pamphlets: *Malabar and Its Folk* (Natesan and Co., Madras, 1 rupee), by T. K. Gopal Panikkar, B.A., an interesting little study of the manners and customs of the natives, and of the improvements attempted by the English Government; *A Message from the Old to the New Century* (1*d.*, J. Freeman, 81, Wellesley Road, Croydon); *The Mission of Modern Spiritualism*, by J. Scoulller (3*d.*, the Author, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell); and *The Solar System*, a reprint from *Notes and Queries*, Manchester, New Haven.

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## Corrigendum

In the article "Planes of Consciousness," in our last number, the author desires to make the following correction. For the sentence (p. 41, ll. 19 ff.): "it would not seem so difficult to think that thought requires a *plane* to itself which we cannot think upon the physical plane, and such-like absurdities."

Read: "it would not seem so difficult to think that thought does not require a *plane* to itself other than the physical plane, whilst it is unnecessary to suppose that thought requires a *plane* to itself, and that we cannot think upon the physical plane, and such-like absurdities."

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THE

# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Distribution of Ideas

IT is very true that the Theosophical Society is an organisation for the collection and distribution of ideas, but it would be a very foolish Society indeed, were it to attempt to stamp any of these ideas with its own exclusive hall-mark, or imagine that it could by itself attempt any adequate distribution of them to the general world. Our point of view is the antipodes of the conviction of the sectarian conventicles who are persuaded that outside their particular church, whatever it may be, there is no salvation. Indeed, we have always been keenly alive to the fact that there must be far better Theosophists outside our ranks than among the members of the Theosophical Society, otherwise we should have to despair of many things. Accordingly, among those who have understood this necessary condition of affairs, there has never been any attempt to induce people to join the Society. They have none of the missionary fervour which desires to make all men, women and children, the world over, not only partisans of their own convictions, but also members of their own association, and that, too, under the spur of a belief that there is only one

possible form of Truth, and all else is therefore false and eventually soul-destroying. No; the only recruits that are worth having in our ranks are those who come freely of their own inner conviction to do what they can to help—to fetch and carry for others.

* * *

AGAIN, it is manifestly absurd to expect that any new form of expression of ideas should be very widely disseminated; the new form will naturally appeal to the comparatively few. It is, however, not the form with which we are most interested; indeed our most experienced writers have every reason to know the oft-times unsatisfactory nature of the form in which they strive to clothe their thoughts. What is of interest, what is of importance, is the propagation of the ideas in their general outlines. These we desire to see spread on all sides, and therefore we are above all anxious that they should reach those who already are placed in the positions of pastors, preachers, and teachers—who are the natural distributing agencies, and who can present the ideas, or as much of them as can be so presented, in the language and forms familiar to their audiences. We do not desire these ideas to spread in order that people may be induced to come out of their churches, sects, or religions, and join the Theosophical Society. Far from it; we should not know what to do with them, if they did. They are people who require some special and exclusive form of religion, and who without it would starve and perish.

Natural Distributing Agencies

* * *

To take an instance; we are very anxious that saner views on the subject of death and the *post-mortem* state should circulate among the masses of the people. It is, however, not to be expected that the detailed investigations into these important subjects with which we are familiar, should at present have any very wide currency. They are involved in a host of other considerations, the understanding of which requires a deep knowledge of life, or a wide acquaintance with literature, or some uncommon experience,

Life after Death and the Bible

The further spreading of general ideas on this subject must be through the medium of the teachers of the various religions. Now, whatever may be the case with other religions and other forms of Christianity, for Protestantism there is only one way of affecting the masses of the people, and that is by the Bible. They are sincerely convinced that the Bible contains the first and last word on the subject, and that outside of it there is no information possible. This may be, in the opinion of the readers of this REVIEW, a very self-limiting view, in the light of the liberty which is open to the student of comparative religion, philosophy and science, but it is the fundamental fact with which we have to deal in this case.

* * *

Two Books on the Subject

Now if these good folk can be shown that the Bible teaches the same general notions as to life after death as those with which we are familiar from our more general studies, there will result a better understanding and a better feeling. We are, therefore, exceedingly glad to notice how successfully a clergyman of the Anglican Church has laboured in this field. Six years ago the Rev. Arthur Chambers published a small volume entitled *Our Life after Death, or the Teaching of the Bible concerning the Unseen World* (London: Taylor; Paternoster Row; price 2*s.* 6*d.*), and it has already run through fifty-eight editions, showing how greatly some such work was needed. Recently, Mr. Chambers has followed this up with a second volume, called *Man and the Spiritual World, as Disclosed by the Bible* (3*s.* 6*d.*), and already it has reached its eighth edition. Now we are not among those who value a book by the number of its editions, for the fortune of books can be made in the same way as the fortune of soap or meat-extract—by clever advertisement. But what gives us pleasure is the fact that Mr. Chambers puts forward the very same general ideas as we ourselves are putting forth, and further "proves" every one of his contentions by the words of the Bible. We are in agreement with this popular writer in all of his contentions on the subject, and can cordially recommend his books to those of our readers who are anxious to widen out the horizon of their orthodox relatives and friends.

MR. CHAMBERS, of course, writes for those who believe that the Bible is true in all its parts and in all its statements—for those who have no idea of Criticism, Higher or Lower. There is therefore nothing to distract the mind of the believer from the main contentions, or to affront his simple faith with doubts thrown on the authenticity of the Biblical documents or their statements. It is work such a man as Mr. Chambers can do, for presumably he holds the same belief as those for whom he writes; but for us such work would be impossible, and in proportion as we called into question the inerrancy of the scriptural narrative in any particular, so should we fail to gain the confidence of the bibliolater. The main question that occurs to us, however, is this: Would the writer have deduced his conclusions from the Bible itself unaided?—because, as he repeats over and over again, it is just those people who profess to read their Bible most who are most scornful of any declaration that it is possible to have any distinct notion of the life after death, and who assert that the Bible teaches nothing on the subject. We think not; we are more inclined to believe that it is Mr. Chambers' own reading and experience which have enabled him to understand the inner significance of the very general statements found in the Old and New Covenant documents. Nevertheless, for those who hold that the Bible is true in every detail, it is an enormous gain to have its statements explained in a way that is consistent and sensible, and this Mr. Chambers has done and done well.

The Cart before the Horse

* * *

WE are, therefore, among Mr. Chambers' hearty well-wishers, and this too in spite of his mistaken notion of ourselves, and his little gratitude to fellow-sharers in those ideas and experiences but for which his books could not possibly have been written. In his Preface, among the questions he puts to himself before writing his second volume, is the following:

The Bible and the Bibles

> Could I do anything to stem the ever-increasing tide of emigration of men and women, in England and America, from the ranks of Christianity to a Modern Spiritualism and Theosophy without Christ, by showing to them that there is no need for them to go to those systems for the knowledge of

the Spiritual for which they crave; that the truth, however dimly perceived in the past, *is all in the Bible*, and that neither Modern Spiritualism nor Theosophy can tell us more about the truth than the Scripture does.

We are surprised to hear that Theosophy is "without Christ"; it is not only not without Christ, but not without Kṛishṇa or Buddha, or Zoroaster, and many others loved and honoured. But perhaps Mr. Chambers means "without an exclusive Christ." And as for scriptures, we have the world-scriptures before us, and need not confine ourselves to one collection only. It is just because of this that we are able to supplement the information in the Bible and throw light on its dark places; we explain one Bible by the other Bibles, we explain the life and teaching of one Master by the life and teaching of His Brethren.

* * *

THAT for which Mr. Chambers is above all to be congratulated is for his boldness in not only stating boldly that many of the experiences and phenomena related in the Bible occur to-day, but also giving his own evidence to some of them; we take the following from the conclusion of a long and interesting conversation purporting to be held between himself and a "Hindoo of high caste and culture," speaking through an entranced youth.

An Experience

Q.—Many of the things you have told me appear like familiar truths, and yet I cannot tell when or where I learned them. Is this not strange?

A.—No; you have been taught them.

Q.—By whom?

A.—By several in our World who are guiding you.

Q.—But I am not controlled?

A.—Not physically, but you are mentally. They impress your mind with a thought, and you clothe it with language and ideas.

Q.—Is this possible?

A.—Read your Bible for the answer. Inspiration (or as it should be more correctly termed, "spiritual *suggestion*") is a fact.

Q.—Are men, then, *still* being guided in this way?

A.—Yes; many are. Have I not told you that a great wave of spiritual energy is now passing from our World to yours?

Q.—May we hope, then, that men, as time goes on, will better understand the truth concerning the Spiritual than they have hitherto done?

A.—Most assuredly. Have you not, yourself, received the testimony of hundreds that they are craving for clearer light than the schoolmen give? That craving is the forerunner of enlightenment.

Q.—Will the Bible be superseded?

A.—No; but it will be better understood.

. . . . .

At this point of the conversation, I put a question (I cannot remember what it was) which drew forth a reply marvellous for the depth of thought and beauty of expression contained therein. The reply was concerning God, and the fact that character finds its highest development when Self-hood is absorbed in love and concern for others. It was a long statement, and took, at least, fifteen minutes to deliver.

I could not reproduce it if I tried. I candidly admit that I have not the ability to do so.

I have listened to the sermons of many noted preachers, but no one of them has equalled, in sublimity of idea and charm of diction, this sermon.

* * *

The following dream, sent in by the same correspondent who recently contributed to our pages the substance of "A Christ-dream and other Dream-fragments," may prove of interest to our readers. It looks very much like a graphic summary in vision and feeling of a long evolutionary process. Dream or imagination, such things make life less grey, and teach us of the possibilities of the soul and the nature of its instruction. It is additionally interesting from the fact that our colleague had never read the London Lodge Transaction on the "Lunar Pitṛis," in which a somewhat similar "astral picture" is described, nor had he previously paid any attention to this side of the subject. He thus describes his dream:

The Dream of a Prehistoric Monster

I am sitting on the banks of a deep, sluggish water. The whole landscape is of a reddish hue. There is green in it, but even the green has a distinct red tinge. I would call the landscape—tumbled. It is mountainous everywhere, but not even the highest mountain has any trace of snow. The water, though dark in its depth, is likewise tinged redly. The sky, though blue, is tremulous with a red haze. The red colour is diversified in different shades. For myself I am stark naked and my hair hangs nearly to my waist. I am watching some huge fish in the water; one of these swims towards the bank. As it comes it rises near to the surface, and its forked tail changes into short legs together with its side fins. It soon waddles

ashore, growing rapidly. Its scales develope into huge horny plates like those of a giant tortoise. Its head elongates along with the whole body. I sit quietly where I am; but when the animal has fully grown, I turn my head and find its snout close to my elbow. I look upon its back, examining it closely. I should say it is about one hundred yards long at least. What were formerly its back fins are now one long horny prickly kind of spine. Its legs are short, very thick, and its feet are flabby, with four or five pads. It has also a long, thick, scaly tail. No hair anywhere. It is monstrous, hideous, but appears quite inoffensive. At all events I am not the least afraid or even surprised by it. It is not only inoffensive but even seems friendly. Judging from its enormous bulk and length I must also be of somewhat gigantic size; for, as I say, I can see along its back, and its snout, only slightly depressed below the line of its back, just reaches my elbow *as I sit*. After a while I find I am slightly clothed in some kind of skin, and I see the beast rapidly undergoing more changes. It decreases in size, and in the process the reddish horny scales drop off. Its legs become thinner, hair begins to cover it, the head grows less clumsy. In the end it evolves into a huge dog, like a Newfoundland, only twice the size, or so, and its shaggy hair is red, very coarse, and the animal is much more clumsy. Seemingly my own personality has kept pace with its decrease in bulk. The red tinge has also disappeared from the landscape and things look more normal.

* * *

A Second Pompeii

We sincerely hope the following communication from the Roman correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (April 13th) is true. Now that the Western world is learning the value of the buried remains of antiquity, and is more and more fitting itself to make use of the materials recovered, perhaps the Gods will allow some really epoch-making "find" to come to light. So many pieces of the puzzle are ready to slip into their proper places, if only the key-stone of one single arch could be found. The paragraph runs as follows:

> Archæological researches near Caserta have resulted in the discovery of a buried town of the early period of the Roman Republic which closely resembles Pompeii. The town, which must have been a favourite resort of wealthy Romans, is in an excellent state of preservation.
>
> Investigations have been commenced in a public building of magnificent artistic design. It is nearly fifty yards long and enriched with numerous paintings and Greek statues. The present indications point to the discovery of a veritable archæological mine of immense wealth.

* * *

In our October "On the Watch-Tower" we published a paragraph

entitled "Magic or Cunning?" It was based on an article in *The Wide Wide World Magazine*, which professes rigorously to exclude fiction from its pages. This writer professed to describe as an eye-witness the Fire-dance of the Navahoes. We have now received a copy of a Californian periodical, called *The Land of Sunshine*, which contains an unanswerable *exposé* of the ex-Rev. writer and his article. It is a tissue of falsehood from first to last. What truth there is in it was bodily stolen from Dr. Washington Matthews's "Mountain Chant" in the 5th *Annual Report* of the Bureau of Ethnology (Washington). We have to thank this venerable ethnologist for his courtesy in sending us a copy of this *exposé* of "Untruthful James." As he says: "If you read this article you may I think easily answer your own question—'Magic or Cunning?'"

A Rectification

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### An Orphic Invocation to Phanes

O Thou who hast sole sway o'er both the unseen world, above, below, o'er sea and land; who dost with thunders shake the mighty hall that crowns Olympus' height; at whom the angels tremble and the host of Gods feel fear; to whom the fates, relentless though they be, yield up their will; immortal Father-mother, by whose breath all things are moved; who set'st the winds a-going and dost hide all things in clouds, cleaving broad æther with Thy lightning's flash! Thine is the order in the stars, speeding its way by laws that cannot change; before Thy fiery throne laborious messengers attend, whose care it is to bring to due effect all things for men! Thine the new spring a-smile with purple flowers; the winter Thine which comes with chilly clouds; Thine are the joysome fruit-times which the God bestows! . . . Thou God beyond decay and death whom none but those who know not death can voice! Come, greatest of all Gods, with all thy all-compelling might!

Quoted by Clement Alex., *Strom.*, v. 125.

# THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 147)

## The Dangers of Concentration

THERE are certain dangers connected with the practice of concentration as to which the beginner should be warned, for many eager students in their wish to go far go too fast, and so hinder themselves instead of helping.

The body is apt to suffer owing to the ignorance and inattention of the student.

When a man concentrates his mind, his body puts itself into a state of tension, and this is not noticed by him, is involuntary so far as he is concerned. This following of the mind by the body may be noticed in very many trivial things; an effort to remember causes a wrinkling of the forehead, the eyes are fixed, and the eyebrows drawn down; tense attention is accompanied by fixity of the eyes, anxiety by an eager, wistful gaze. For ages, effort of the mind has been followed by effort of the body, the mind being directed entirely towards the supply of bodily needs by bodily exertions, and thus an association has been set up, which works automatically.

When concentration is commenced, the body, according to its wont, follows the mind, and the muscles become rigid and the nerves tense; hence great physical fatigue, muscular and nervous exhaustion, acute headache, are very apt to follow in the wake of concentration, and thus people are led to give it up, believing that these ill effects are inevitable.

As a matter of fact they can be avoided by a simple precaution. The beginner should now and again break off his concentration sufficiently to notice the state of his body, and if he

finds it strained, tense or rigid, he should at once relax it ; when this has been done several times, the links of association will be broken, and the body will remain pliant and resting while the mind is concentrated. Patañjali said that in meditation the posture adopted should be "easy and pleasant"; the body cannot help the mind by its tension, and it injures itself.

Perhaps a personal anecdote may be pardoned as an illustration. One day, while under H. P. Blavatsky's training, I was desired by her to make an effort of the will; I did do so with much intensity, and with the result of much swelling in the blood-vessels of the head. "My dear," she said drily, "you do not will with your blood-vessels."

Another physical danger arises from the effect produced by concentration on the nerve-cells of the brain. As the power of concentration increases, as the mind is stilled, and the Ego begins to work through the mind, he makes a new demand on the brain nerve-cells. These cells are, of course, ultimately constituted of atoms, and the walls of these atoms consist of whorls of spirillæ, through which run currents of life-energy. Of these spirillæ there are seven sets, four only of which are in use ; the remaining three are as yet unused—practically rudimentary organs. As the higher energies pour down, seeking a channel in the atoms, the set of spirillæ which—later in evolution—will serve as their channel are forced into activity. If this be done very slowly and carefully, no harm results, but over-pressure means injury to the delicate structure of the spirillæ. These minute, delicate tubes, when unused, have their sides in contact, like tubes of soft india-rubber ; if the sides are violently forced apart, rupture is apt to result. The feeling of dullness and heaviness all over the brain is the danger-signal ; if this be disregarded acute pain will follow, and obstinate inflammation may ensue. Concentration should therefore be practised very sparingly at first, and should never be carried to the point of brain-fatigue. A few minutes at a time is enough for a beginning, the time being lengthened gradually as the practice goes on.

But, however short the time which is given to it, it should be given regularly ; if a day's practice be missed, the previous condition of the atom re-asserts itself, and the work has to be

re-commenced. Steady and regular, but not prolonged, practice ensures the best results and avoids danger.

In some schools of what is called Haṭha Yoga, the students are recommended to assist concentration by fixing the eyes on a black spot on a white wall, and to maintain this fixity of gaze until trance supervenes. Now there are two reasons why this should not be done. First, the practice, after a while, injures the physical sight, and the eyes lose their power of adjustment. Secondly, it brings about a form of brain paralysis. This begins with the fatigue of the retinal cells, as the waves of light beat on them, and the spot disappears from view, the place on the retina where its image is formed becoming insensitive, the result of prolonged response. This fatigue spreads inwards, until finally a kind of paralysis supervenes, and the person passes into a hypnotic trance. In fact, excessive stimulation of a sense-organ is, in the West, a recognised means for producing hypnosis—the revolving mirror, the electric light, etc., being used with this object.

But brain paralysis not only stops all thinking on the physical plane, but renders the brain insensitive to non-physical vibrations, so that the Ego cannot impress it; it does not set him free, but merely deprives him of his instrument. A man may remain for weeks in a trance thus induced, but when he awakes he is no wiser than at the beginning of the trance. He has not gained knowledge; he has merely wasted time. Such methods do not gain spiritual power, but merely bring about physical disability.

### Receptivity

Most people are only too receptive, but the receptivity is due to feebleness, not to deliberate self-surrender to the higher influences. It is, therefore, well to learn how we may render ourselves normally positive, and how we may become negative when we decide that it is desirable that we should be so.

The habit of concentration will by itself tend to strengthen the mind, so that it will readily exercise control and selection with regard to the thoughts that come to it from outside, and it has already been stated how it can be trained automatically to

repel the bad. But it may be well to add to what has there been said, that when an evil thought enters the mind, it is better not to fight with it directly, but to utilise the fact that the mind can only think of one thing at a time; let the mind be at once turned to a good thought, and the evil one will be necessarily expelled. In fighting against anything, the very force we send out causes a corresponding reaction, and thus increases our trouble; whereas the turning of the mental eye to an image in a different direction causes the other image to drop silently from the field of vision. Many a man wastes years in combatting impure thoughts, when quiet occupation of the mind with pure ones would leave no room for his assailants; further, as the mind thus draws to itself matter which does not respond to the evil, he is gradually becoming positive, unreceptive, to that kind of thought.

This is the secret of right receptivity; the mind responds according to its constitution; it answers to all that is of like nature with itself; we make it positive towards evil, negative towards good, by habitual good thinking, thus building into its very fabric materials that are receptive of good, unreceptive of evil. We must think of that which we desire to receive, and refuse to think of that which we desire not to receive. Such a mind, in the thought-ocean which surrounds it, draws to itself the good thoughts, repels the evil, and thus ever grows purer and stronger amid the very same thought conditions which render another fouler and weaker.

The method of replacing one thought by another is one that may be utilised to great advantage in many ways. If an unkind thought about another person enter the mind, it should at once be replaced by a thought of some virtue he possesses, of some good action he has done. If the mind is harassed by anxiety, turn it to the thought of the purpose that runs through life, the Good Law which "mightily and sweetly ordereth all things." If a particular kind of undesirable thought persistently obtrude itself, then it is wise to provide a special weapon; some verse or phrase that embodies the opposite idea should be chosen, and whenever the objectionable thought presents itself, this phrase should be repeated and dwelt upon. In a week or two the thought will cease to trouble.

It is a good plan constantly to furnish the mind with some high thought, some word of cheer, some inspiration to noble living. Ere we go forth into life's turmoil day by day, we should give the mind this shield of good thought. A few words are enough, taken from some Scripture of the race, and this, fixed in the mind by a few recitations in the early morning, will recur to the mind again and again during the day, and will be found repeating tself in the mind, whenever the mind is disengaged.

## Meditation

Meditation may be said to have been already explained, for it is only the sustained attitude of the concentrated mind in face of an object of devotion, of a problem that needs illumination to be intelligible, of anything whereof the life is to be realised and absorbed, rather than the form.

Meditation cannot be effectively performed until concentration is, at least partially, mastered. For concentration is not an end, but a means to an end; it fashions the mind into an instrument which can be used at the will of the owner. When a concentrated mind is steadily directed to any object, with the view of piercing the veil, and reaching the life, and drawing that life into union with the life to which the mind belongs—then meditation is performed. Concentration might be regarded as the shaping of the organ; meditation as its exercise. The mind has been made one-pointed; it is then directed to and dwells steadily on any object of which knowledge is desired.

Anyone who determines to lead a spiritual life must daily devote some time to meditation. As soon may the physical life be sustained without food as the spiritual without meditation. Those who cannot spare half an hour a day during which the world may be shut out and the mind may receive from the spiritual planes a current of life, cannot lead the spiritual life.

Only to the mind concentrated, steady, shut out from the world, can the Divine reveal itself. God shows Himself in His universe in endless forms; but within the human heart He shows Himself in His Life and Nature, revealing Himself to that which is a fragment of Himself. In that silence, peace and strength and force flow into the soul, and the man of meditation is ever the most efficient man of the world.

Lord Rosebery, speaking of Cromwell, described him as "a practical mystic," and declared that a practical mystic is the greatest force in the world. It is true. The concentrated intelligence, the power of withdrawing outside the turmoil, mean immensely increased energy in work, mean steadiness, self-control, serenity; the man of meditation is the man who wastes no time, scatters no energy, misses no opportunity. Such a man governs events, because within him is the power whereof events are only the outer expression; he shares the divine life, and therefore shares the divine power.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# TRUE AND FALSE YOGA

I SUPPOSE that some excuse is needed for undertaking to speak upon a subject with which I can claim no practical familiarity, and which I have never myself taken up with that steady purpose and resolution which alone can bring about any actual result. In all probability, had I done so, I should have found myself under the laws of secresy which seem so strictly to bind all who attain; and my best excuse for undertaking to speak of Yoga will probably be found in the fact that all my qualifications are comprised in the desire to communicate what seem to me to be results of some value to which I have been led in the course of my studies.

From an early period of my acquaintance with Theosophy I have given a good deal of thought to the Indian books on this subject, with the hope of being able, in time, to put their statements into such a shape as to bring them to some extent into relationship with our Western thought. It is completely useless to treat them as one would European scientific treatises, to compare and classify their statements and draw serious conclusions from their use of this word or that. Dictionary meanings are quite out of place; when an English scientific man undertakes, for example, to investigate the nature of the Vedic Deities by counting up the number of times their names occur, he is only

manifesting his hopeless ignorance of how to set about his task. The early writer *sees* his subject before him, and proceeds to try to express it by throwing words at it in just the same vague sort of way in which a child with his first colour box will undertake to paint a red cow, with indefinite splashes of every colour at his command—his eye not yet sufficiently trained to know any difference between one and another shape or hue. It is entirely natural that the Western philosopher on discovering this should throw his studies aside; it *is* quite hopeless to expect any "scientific" results from them. But if by study and meditation you can bring before your mind, even vaguely, the reality which the books are trying to describe, then the case is altered. At once, every confused hint or half-intelligible word takes real meaning; each not only shows that your author himself *saw* what his words so faintly express, but also helps to clear up your own misty conception. You are able to see what was intentional "blind" (to use H.P.B.'s favourite word), and where the reality was beyond all power of expression. In this manner, you come, by degrees, to possess, not an answer for an examination paper, but an intuition of the truth.

There are many around us who have more or less power to see what is not visible to the ordinary eye; who have attained (either by their own effort or by outward tuition, in either case aided by natural qualifications not shared by all) to the knowledge of something more than words can give; who are ready and desirous of undertaking to use this power for the world's benefit, of doing for it something, they know not what. I venture to think that it is time we ceased to meet them with mere denunciation of every attempt to gain or to improve these powers. Let us leave this attitude to theologians scenting heresy in everything unaccustomed. We are running serious risk of being left behind in the world's movement, as has already happened to the priests. If we cannot help and guide them, the Powers will have to find some one to take our place; and if our principles forbid us—so much the worse for our principles!

Let me begin by giving my own definitions of two Indian words often used in this connection. As Euclid does, let me *postulate*, for the purposes of my argument, that;

(1) *Haṭha Yoga* is such exercise of body and mind as is calculated to gain certain special and extraordinary *powers*, to be used in this present life; and that (2) *Râja Yoga*, on the other hand consists in such exercise also of body and mind as may bring them by degrees fully and completely to express the higher Soul to which they belong. The benefit of this last is not affected by the death of the body, but continues for all time.

It will be seen at once that I repudiate the simple but crude distinction which is frequently made amongst us, that the first is of the body, the second of the mind. There is a sense in which this is partially true, as will be seen hereafter; but as usually given, it is entirely misleading. It is not the exercise, but the goal aimed at which restricts what is usually called Haṭha Yoga to the lower nature; and all that I have to say here will be directed to maintaining and illustrating this position. Exercise of the mind only will never make a Râja Yogin. No one can attain save by bringing *all* his "bodies," buddhic, higher and lower, mental, astral and physical, to work together as one organised whole under the guidance of the Self which is above them all. This, and no less, is the goal of the world's pilgrimage, and the object of those who seek to realise it more quickly by the steps of the Path; and it seems to me well that it should be clearly set before all.

Such a book as Vivekânanda's well-known *Râja Yoga* will answer well enough for an example of the Indian teaching to which I refer. It is intended for Western readers, and a good deal of trouble has been expended to make it intelligible to them; notwithstanding, the effect of the whole is thoroughly misleading, and this intentionally. Is anyone simple enough to imagine that an Indian author would really print and publish rules whereby anyone can make himself a Yogin by six months' practice, as he writes, with all the ironic gravity of Éliphas Lévi himself? There is a little note at the end, which nine readers out of ten would pass over without notice, which tells you quite honestly that it is of no use undertaking all this without the help of a Guru. *That* is so true that nobody believes it; the Guru is needed to explain that the whole is only an elaborate system of "blinds" to keep

you from the knowledge you seek, until your personal fitness is known and judged.

The favourite "blind" of the Hindu writers is to put the *effect*, or one small part of the effect, for the *cause*. You are told that certain wonderful effects are produced by breathing alternately through the right and left nostril. In actual fact, you may go through the comical finger-gymnastic there described for all eternity and be neither the worse nor better for it. There *is* a practice, one result of which happens to be that the breath comes through the nostrils in this very way; but you will never find it printed in a book—*that* you must find out for yourself! Similar is the Prâṇayâma of which he says so much. If an ordinary Englishman should undertake to hold his breath according to the rules set down, faithfully and perseveringly, I will answer for it that in three months he will have completely disorganised his interior, and before the six months are out will have attained all the powers (whatever they may be) possessed by a disembodied spirit—but he won't be alive! All that is said of Prâṇayâma is true, but the control of Prâṇa is quite another thing from holding the physical breath. There will come, we are assured, a stage in our Yoga where the breath *will* be thus affected, but this will be a result, not a cause. It will *mark* a great advance, but not cause it.

With this preliminary, let us see how we can lay down, in general terms, what is our life-task. In considering what we have to work with, we need not go into details as to the seven centres, chakrams or lotuses, which every Indian book enumerates, and no two alike. It will be sufficient for us to take notice only of the parting of the body into two stories, as it were, by what is known as the diaphragm, which is connected with the breathing apparatus and makes a separation, like a house-floor, between the upper and lower body. We thus have three divisions:

i. The lower body, the centre of the vegetative life, containing the organs of nutrition and reproduction. The nervous centre or brain of this is formed by the often-named "solar plexus" in its midst.

ii. The upper body, the seat of the circulation of the blood, "which is the life"—comprising the heart (to pump it), the

lungs (to restore its virtue when spoilt by use), and the needful nerve-centres to keep up its movement.

iii. The brain; as to which we need notice, for the present, only the etheric centre in the space between the eyebrows, and the higher organ known as the pineal gland, in the very centre of all.

These three divisions are connected into a single organisation by the two sets of nerves. The lower body has its own set of nerves, known as the sympathetic system; whilst the brain has its special communication with the rest of the body by the spinal nerves, one side of which conveys to the brain the currents which we sense as "feeling," the other side carries the orders of the brain, which produce "motion" as a result of our feeling.

Nature's ideal of man is thus complete. The brain is to be the absolute ruler of the whole organism. The nutritive system goes on its own way in the lower organisations which have no brain to interfere with it; but in man every portion of the sympathetic system is accompanied—vivified as one may say—by twigs of the spinal nerves, which are to ensure that even in these matters the higher part of man is to have its say also. And as you go higher, the rule of the Higher Self is to be more complete over sensation and action alike; the very test and definition of imperfect development being (as F. Nietzsche rightly gives it) "the incapacity of *refusing*, when so directed by the will of the higher mind, to answer to the stimulus of the outer world."

But when we come to enquire how this ideal is carried out in actual life we shall find, very likely to our great astonishment, how very far short of this even the most highly developed of us fall. A curious statement made not long ago by Mr. Leadbeater as to the condition of things on a higher plane than the physical, will perhaps help us to understand. He pictures the atoms of the brain substance as laid out in a flat layer, and upon them the corresponding atoms of the astral; and describes the ordinary state of things to be that there are large regions in which there is no mutual communication one with the other. In this way when the higher wishes to pass some knowledge to the lower, in many cases it cannot do this at all, or only by a circuitous route, through particles which have nothing directly to

do with the message, but which happen to be in circuit with their counterparts. This is a very fruitful suggestion, which seems to account for the difficulty (sometimes amounting to actual impossibility) we all find now and then in assimilating new branches of knowledge. Now, something precisely like this meets us on the physical plane also. The more ordinary actions of life are performed automatically—that is to say, the stimulus of sensation reacts upon the motor nerves without being taken to the brain at all; we breathe, not only without conscious effort, but even against the strongest resolution of the mind not to do so; there are very few, if any, who are conscious of the beating of their own hearts without feeling the pulse with their fingers. Any one who will make the attempt to focus his consciousness on any interior organ of his body will find he cannot distinguish one from the other; if he tries consciously to direct the nervous currents upon it, he will discover that, at least at first, they give no sign of obedience to his will. It is common to say that these actions were at first voluntary, but the mind has by degrees let go the reins—that once we had to learn to breathe, as we learn to walk, by repeated, conscious efforts which have now become automatic, but it seems to me preferable to regard them as portions of the bodily life over which the mind has not yet *gained* control. For example, the nutritive functions, such as digestion, etc., go on under the direction of what I have already described as their own "brain"—the solar plexus—without relation to the mind at all; nevertheless, a strong nervous or mental shock will often be transmitted along the true brain nerves and throw these functions out of order. Were the mind in full *possession* of the body, it would be able as easily by a thought to set them right as to set them wrong; and herein lie all the mysteries of "faith-healing" and of the large majority of so-called "miracles." The mind, in short, rattles loosely in its body as a dried pea in a pod; it only touches its shell at the few points where sheer necessity has forced it to take the command.

Now I venture to lay it down that the *first* step of any kind of progress—call it Yoga if you prefer the word—is for the mind fully to possess the body. You cannot be a pupil at all, of Masters either white or black, until you are able at will to con-

centrate yourself fully on any defined portion of your physical frame. And this word "concentration" does not mean the mere vague "thinking" of it, but the becoming fully conscious of it as if it were an image set before the mental eye, the bringing the nerve and thought currents to bear upon it steadily, without interruption, and for just as long as you choose. It is not dreaming, but the very most energetic and continuous exercise of every power of mind and body alike which can be conceived. And the true reason why most of us are yet outside the Hall of Learning is, not want of goodwill on either side, but simply our want of power to begin even the preliminary exercises; just as a Liszt or a Rubinstein *could* not, if they would, take as a pupil a three years old child.

I came lately upon a few words, purporting to be written under a portrait of a Master, which express this view very forcibly. He says:

"I am your Master, but you are not my disciples. Though not my disciples, yet you are my children. Learn then of the nurses till you are ready for Me. The nurses are love and hate, fear and longing, struggle and despair, passion and desire.

"Meantime my children have my love with them."

And the "struggle and despair" here spoken of as belonging to the babes in the nurses' arms are just the very process of the subjugation of the body I am referring to. When this is done comes the subjugation of the lower mind; but this step is almost impossible unless the first has been made safe.

In this sense the Indian books are quite right when they say that Haṭha Yoga must in every case precede Râja Yoga, but we must carefully distinguish the true Yoga from the false. The false, commonly called Haṭha Yoga, spends its time in learning *feats*, often horribly painful and always useless; the true aims at providing a perfect body for the use of the perfect soul,—the "*mens sana in corpore sano*" in the highest sense of the words. There cannot be perfect physical health so long as *any* portion of the body is, as it were, dead to the mind to which it belongs, insensitive to the mind's orders, impervious to its nervous currents. And the action and re-action are equal; the mind is at all events incomplete, if not warped and injured by

the condition of its body, the only means by which it can communicate with the world around it whose lessons it has to learn. Perfect sympathy and control of the body by the mind mean, then, health, physical and mental; as we go higher and place this whole organisation under similarly perfect control by the Higher Ego we have moral health also; the Indian statement that such a condition cleanses from all "sin" is a mere truism. The "man" at that stage is beyond the "nurses"—passion and desire have no meaning for him; as the New Testament has it, "he has passed from death unto life and therefore he *cannot* sin."

If anyone should ask me to lay down for him some regular course of exercises for carrying out the object I have suggested, I can only answer that (in all probability) no two men will ever follow precisely the same course. He must work it out for himself on the lines I have indicated, learning from his successes, still more from his failures, watching himself carefully, alive to every hint books or lectures or chance words in conversation may have for him. He must not be discouraged by fear lest all his gains should be lost when the body is disintegrated. The feats of the false Yoga will assuredly not be renewed in a new body—that is true; but the soul that has learnt in one life fully to vivify and guide the body which then belonged to it, will find but little trouble in bringing a new one into order and the whole Man—body, soul and spirit—will start his new life at vast advantage.

Nor should difficulties or apparent failures be any cause for discouragement or despair. He is not aiming to pass an examination, to gain entrance to a school, or power to work wonders. All these *may* be for him in the future; at present he is but taking into his own hands, consciously and intelligently, the task usually left to the slow working of the circumstances of the passing hour. Wherever he begins, and however he arranges his labour, it cannot possibly be wasted, for his work is incomplete as long as any portion of the field is left untilled. At *some* point of his development the work must be begun; we cannot pass the critical period of the Fifth Round by merely drifting with the current. Why not begin at once? The reward of suc-

cess is incalculable; there is no joy in life to be compared with the exercise of the complete activity of our whole nature which the attainment of the full control of which I have been speaking renders possible for the first time. This, and this only, is the happiness which our soul desires so blindly. When the mind degrades itself to the lower pleasures it makes to itself a misleading reflection of this, the only true happiness; mind and body *do* work together as a complete whole as far as it goes; this unity being, however, gained by entirely ignoring the Higher Ego. That they work thus in harmony is the pleasure—the temptation; that they can do this without caring for the true Life is the sin and shame. But who of us are really *conscious* of anything higher? As long as we have to *resist* temptation—as long as we feel that to refrain is as the "cutting off the hand," or "putting out the eye" of the saying of the Christ, we show thereby that we are deaf and blind to the higher influences. We yield to the temptation because we cannot feel anything left for us but blankness and emptiness if we do not take our pleasure. But supposing that all were *not* blank to us? Suppose that our mind had learnt by sad experience no longer to "prefer to her divine husband the earthly wedlock with her terrestrial body"; that the desire body was completely under her control and the physical nature also, so that all might be felt consciously working together for the noblest purposes without a single jarring note, a perfect instrument answering to the touch of the Divine player—what yet unknown revelations of bliss and glory might not come to the world through such a being, and what pure and perfect happiness for himself also?

When we are inclined (as we all are or have been in our time) to grumble that the Masters do not show themselves, that we are not let into any school and do not have our eyes opened to the astral plane and the like, it may be good to remember that all I have spoken of is for the outside world we are tempted to think ourselves above. In the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (p. 62) H. P. B. says: "As to ecstasy and such like kinds of self-illumination, this may be obtained without any teacher or initiation, for ecstasy is reached by an inward command and control of Self over the physical Ego." It is simply

the preliminary step to this control—a step often overlooked or even said to be unnecessary, which has been the subject of my paper, and I cannot better conclude it than with her warning that "even this is difficult, as the first necessary qualification is an unshakable belief in one's own powers and the Deity within oneself."

ARTHUR A. WELLS.

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# THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(CONTINUED FROM p. 114)

TURNING now to the third division, the social and political teaching of Ruskin, there are three points we may specially notice.

(1) Let us direct our attention first to his ideas with regard to *government*, and to *monarchy* in particular. Ruskin believes in kings most emphatically, if they are of the right kind; what that is we shall see directly. He says:

> From Scott and Homer I learned a most sincere love of kings, and dislike of everybody who attempted to disobey them. Only, both by Homer and Scott, I was taught strange ideas about kings, which I find for the present much obsolete; for I perceived that both the author of the *Iliad* and the author of *Waverley* made their kings, or king-loving persons, do harder work than anybody else. Tydides or Idomeneus always killed twenty Trojans to other people's one; and Red-gauntlet speared more salmon than any of the Solway fishermen, and—which was particularly a subject of admiration to me—I observed that they not only did more, but in proportion to their doings, got less than other people—nay, that the best of them were even ready to govern for nothing, and let their followers divide any quantity of spoil or profit.*

There is even a recognition of the Divine Right of kings conveyed in the following words:

* *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 190.

The moment government ceases to be the practical enforcement of Divine Law, it is tyranny; and the meaning which I attach to the words "paternal government" is, in more extended terms, simply this: "The executive fulfilment, by formal human methods, of the will of the Father of mankind respecting his children."*

There are traces of the same thought in Mrs. Besant's writings; thus, in her article already quoted from ("Problems of Sociology") we read:

> If the idea of monarchy be admitted at all, we are brought logically to the view that the king must derive his authority from some invisible, spiritual superior, who delegates to him the administration of a department in the divine world-government, and to that end invests him with the authority necessary for the effective carrying on of the administration.†

And in *The Path of Discipleship* also we find these words:

> [The king was to rule] not that he might gratify himself by power, but in order that justice might be done, in order that the poor man might feel secure, and the rich man might be unable to tyrannise, in order that fairness and impartial justice might prevail in the struggling world of men. For in the midst of this world, where men . . . . are seeking to gratify the spirit of self instead of the common good, they have to be taught that justice must be done, that if the strong man abuses his strength, the just ruler will restrain that unfair exercise of strength, that the weaker shall not be trampled upon, that the weaker shall not be oppressed. And the duty of the king was to do justice between man and man, so that all men might look to the throne, as the fountain from which divine justice flowed. That is the ideal of the divine kingship, that is the ideal of the divine ruler.‡

We see that both writers dwell more upon the *duties* than the *rights* of kings, just as they do with regard to ordinary individuals; and we shall find the same identity of opinion as to the characteristics which must be found in kings, if they are to come up to the ideals set forth by Ruskin and by Mrs. Besant; this is shown by a comparison of the following passages. Ruskin says:

> There is a wide difference between being captains or governors of work, and taking the profits of it. It does not follow, because you are general of an army, that you are to take all the treasure or land it wins; neither, because you are king of a nation, that you are to consume all the profits of the

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 151.
† THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, May, 1898, p. 207.
‡ *The Path of Discipleship*, p. 28.

nation's work. Real kings, on the contrary, are known invariably, by their doing quite the reverse of this; by their taking the least possible quantity of the nation's work for themselves. There is no test of real kinghood so nfallible as that.*

If there had been indeed in the hearts of the rulers of great multitudes of men any such conception of work for the good of those under their command, as there is in the good and thoughtful masters of any small company of men—not only wars for the sake of mere increase of power could never ake place, but our idea of power itself would be entirely altered. Do you suppose that to think and to act even for a million of men, to hear their complaints, to watch their weaknesses, restrain their vices, make laws for them, lead them day by day to purer life, is not enough for one man's work? . . . . If the ruler has any other aim than this: if, careless of the result of his interference, he desires only the authority to interfere, and regardless of what is ill-done or well-done, cares only that it should be done at his bidding:—if he would rather do two hundred miles space of mischief, than one hundred miles space of good, of course he will try to add to his territory—and to add illimitably. But does he add to his power? . . . Follow out this thought for yourselves; and you will find that all power, properly so called, is wise and benevolent.†

Referring to a fresco at Siena, in which the figure of Charity is shown in the act of crowning the king, he says:

If you think of it a little, you will see the beauty of the thought which sets her in this function; since, in the first place, all the authority of a good governor should be desired by him only for the good of his people, so that it is only Love that makes him accept or guard his crown; in the second place his chief greatness consists in the exercise of this love, and he is truly to be revered only so far as his acts and thoughts are those of kindness; so that Love is the light of his crown, as well as the giver of it; lastly, because his strength depends on the affection of his people, and it is only their love which can securely crown him and for ever. So Love is the strength of his crown, as well as the light of it."‡

And once more, speaking of Frederick the Great, he says:

In war or in peace, his constant purpose is to use every power entrusted to him for the good of his people, and be, not in name only, but in heart and hand, their king. Not in ambition, but in natural instinct of duty. . . . He believes that war is necessary, and maintains it: sees that peace is necessary and calmly persists in the work of it to the day of his death, not claiming therein more praise than the head of any ordinary household, who rules it simply because it is his place, and he must not yield the mastery of it to another.§

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 107.
† *Ibid.*, pp. 145-7.
‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 59.
§ *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 211.

Turning again to Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Sociology," we find the same ideal of the kingly character in the following paragraph:

> Considering the part played by this idea in the history of the world [she is speaking of the Divine right of kings], its endorsement by religion, and its acceptance by the wisest and best of our race in the past, its origin cannot be without interest. It comes down to us from the days of Lemuria and Atlantis, when perfected men of an earlier humanity dwelt among our infant races and guided their earliest steps. They ruled the nations without question by virtue of their manifest and unchallenged superiority, as a father rules his children; by their wisdom, compassion and justice, they enthroned the idea of monarchy in the hearts of men, and knit together in their minds religion and royalty, being in very truth to their peoples the representatives of God upon earth, embodying in their rule so much of the divine order as was suitable to the place and to the time. There was no doubt in the minds of any as to the innate difference between the primitive kings and the nations that they ruled; they gave to the people their arts, their sciences, and their polity; they were at once their teachers and their guides; they built the outer fabric of the nation, and nursed its dawning life. From those heroic figures of antiquity, enriched still with the magic of their deeds enshrined in myth and poem, there has come down an ideal of kingship in which the king was greater, wiser, nobler, diviner, than the people over whom he ruled, where his valour was their buckler, and his wisdom their enlightener, where selfishness played no part, self-seeking held no place, where he gave himself and his life to the people, toiled that they might rest, waked that they might sleep, fasted that they might eat, where kingship meant supreme self-surrender, in order that the nation might be guarded, taught and raised.*

If we further consider Ruskin's idea of the essentials of good government, we shall find two points brought into prominence —the necessity that every attempted reform shall not be superficial, but shall go to the root of the matter; and that all such reform shall be considered in relation to the whole of the human race, and not in relation to the individual nation or man only; for he says:

> A nation does not strengthen by merely multiplying and diffusing itself. It multiplies its strength only by increasing as one great family, in perfect fellowship and brotherhood.†

Sound political economy has nothing whatever to do with separation between national interests. . . . It either regards exclusively the ad-

* THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, May, 1898, pp. 205, 206.

† *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 148.

ministration of the affairs of one nation, or the administration of the affairs of the world considered as one nation.*

No measures are *practical* except those which touch the source of the evil opposed. All systems of government, all efforts of benevolence, are vain to repress the natural consequences of radical error.†

Government and co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life; anarchy and competition the Laws of Death.‡

Compare these passages with the following, taken from the same article of Mrs. Besant's. Speaking of those who are usually called Theosophists, she says:

> They allege that there is something that underlies both politics and economics, and that is human nature. They say that until human nature is understood, with its fundamental ineradicable tendencies; until a study is made of man as man, both as an individual and in his social relations with his fellows, man in the past, the present, and the future, with his weaknesses and his powers; until this be done, we shall never be able to build a society that shall endure. . . . Whether or not they take part in political or social questions, they always hold these to be subsidiary to that which they regard as basic—a wide view of humanity as composed of souls evolving through vast ages of time under a definite law of growth. . . . Those who see each man evolving during millions of years must necessarily look on all political and economic schemes as partial and temporary . . . any political and economic system can but represent a passing phase in the vast evolution of humanity.§

This last sentence brings to our notice a slight divergence in the two lines of teaching. Ruskin has set before us what he conceives to be an ideal system of government, where a nation is ruled by one man of undoubted superiority, who devotes himself and his life to the nation's good, and is in every way worthy of its reverence, love, and obedience. Mrs. Besant's teaching also holds up this ideal system, as one that has played a great part in the evolution of humanity; but says at the same time that any such system can be but temporary—that it can only belong to a particular stage of that evolution. This idea is very clearly expressed by Mr. Sinnett in his article, "Theosophy and the Problems of Life," where he says:

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 170.
† *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 198.
‡ *Unto this Last*, p. 102.
§ Theosophical Review, May, 1898, pp. 202, 203.

Divine kingship was admirably adapted to the childhood of the human race, but could it have been compatible with growth and maturity? The status of the pupil is one thing, the status of the master is another; if a given entity is required to pass from the one condition to the other, he is bound to pass through an intervening stage. . . In its childhood the race could not have dispensed with superior guidance. As it grew up, it could not dispense with the discipline of self-help. The gradual decay of kingship as an institution was as necessary to progress, as its maintenance through long ages previous. As the boy on entering manhood must learn to fend for himself, so the race, entering the upward arc of its progress, has been obliged to dispense with the guidance of superior wisdom. But, as invariably happens in natural processes, one *régime* overlaps another . . and modern kingship is not merely overlapping the growth of democracy, it will certainly continue to overlap it as an institution of human society for centuries to come. The political *régime* could not be abruptly changed. The unworthiness of many modern kings has itself been a necessary factor in the change. But for that humanity could never have been persuaded to give up the beauty and glory of monarchy with all its ennobling traditions of loyalty and love and service, for anything so repulsive, at the first glance, as the rule of the multitude. . . But Theosophy forecasts for us the grievous necessity at some time in he future of breaking with the beloved tradition.*

And he goes on to show how democracy also is only a temporary thing, a stage of evolution, which in its turn will have to give place to something more fitting.

(2) The next point we shall take up is that of social relations in the matter of class-distinctions, or rather, the division of society into various classes, with their special duties and mutual obligations. It is interesting to notice, that though the classes enumerated by Ruskin do not exactly coincide with the Hindu castes, which Mrs. Besant in her pamphlet upon the subject has so clearly shown to be in accordance with the principles that should govern the organisation of society, yet he gives expression to the same ideas of mutual help and service, by means of which the whole fabric of society is to be built into one harmonious whole, instead of being split up, as is now the case, into so many discordant factions. Upon this point he says:

Five great intellectual professions, relating to necessities of daily life have hitherto existed—three exist necessarily—in every civilised nation. The oldier's profession is to *defend* it. The pastor's to *teach* it. The physician's to *keep it in health*. The lawyer's to *enforce justice in it*. The merchant's

* THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, November, 1897, p. 222.

to *provide for it*. And the duty of all these men is, on due occasion, to *die for it*. "On due occasion," namely, the soldier, rather than leave his post in battle. The physician, rather than leave his post in plague. The pastor, rather than teach falsehood. The lawyer, rather than countenance injustice. The merchant, what is his "due occasion" of death? It is the main question for the merchant, as for all of us. For truly, the man who does not know when to die, does not how to live. . . He is bound to give up his life, if need be, in the discharge of his special functions, which are—to realise and carry out his responsibility with regard to the lives led by his workmen, and to see that the articles he provides are the best and purest possible. . . The esteem and respect given by the world to any class of men is really founded on their capability of self-sacrifice, wherefore the profession of a soldier ranks higher than that of a merchant, because the soldier is supposed to hold his life for the service of his country, and the merchant is supposed to trade for his own benefit, which ought not to be. . . . In true commerce, as in true teaching, or true fighting, it is necessary to admit the idea of occasional voluntary loss; that sixpences have to be lost as well as lives, under a sense of duty, that the market may have its martyrdoms as well as the pulpit, and trade its heroisms as well as war.*

Once more comparing Ruskin's words with Mrs. Besant's on the same subject, we find just the same thought. In *The Path of Discipleship*, speaking of the Hindu castes, she shows how each one has its own special duties, and how these are to be performed in each case, not for self-gratification or self-advancement, but solely for the benefit of the nation; and she says of the Vaishya or merchant class:

So again with the Vaishya, who was to accumulate wealth. He was to do it, not for his own gratification, but for the support of the nation. He was to be rich in order that every activity that needed wealth should find a store of wealth at hand, and be carried out in every direction. . . His duty was this accumulation for the common good and not for individual self-gratification.†

Ruskin further points out the responsibilities of those usually called the upper classes towards the lower, dwelling always, not upon their privileges, but their duties; nor hesitating to show how much these duties have been disregarded. Thus he says:

Alas! of these divided races, of which one was appointed to teach and guide the other, *which* has indeed sinned deepest, the unteaching or the untaught; which now the guiltiest, these, who perish, or those—who forget? ‡

* *Unto this Last*, p. 24 *et seq.* † *Path of Discipleship*, p. 30.
‡ *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 152.

You may have your fluting and piping, but there are sad children sitting in the market-place, who indeed cannot say to you: "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced"; but eternally shall say to you: "We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented."*

You ladies like to lead the fashion: by all means lead it—lead it thoroughly—lead it far enough. Dress yourselves nicely, and dress everyone else nicely. Lead the *fashion for the poor* first; make *them* look well, and you yourselves will look, in ways of which you have now no conception, all the better. The fashions you have set for some time among your peasantry are not pretty ones; their doublets are too irregularly slashed; and the wind blows too frankly through them.†

And he shows also how riches, so far from being a characteristic or a necessity of nobility, are rather an infringement of social rights and duties, and likely to become an evil, unless held only in trust for the benefit of mankind.

Riches—so far from being necessary to noblesse—are averse to it. So utterly averse, that the first character of all the Nobilities that have founded great dynasties in the world is to be poor:—often poor by oath, always poor by generosity. And of every true knight in the chivalric ages, the first thing history tells you is, that he never kept treasure for himself.‡

Luxuries, whether national or personal, must be paid for by labour withdrawn from useful things; and no nation has a right to indulge in them until all its poor are comfortably housed and fed.§

The real aspect that a rich man ought to have is that of a person wiser than others, entrusted with the management of a larger amount of capital, which he administers for the profit of all, directing each man to the labour which is most healthy for him, and most serviceable for the community.‖

But Ruskin recognises that there are duties and responsibilities on both sides; he does not take up the position held by so many Socialists of the present day, teaching the equality of all men; on the contrary, we find him taking quite the opposite view; equal rights all may have—equal claim to care and consideration; but equality in themselves—no—for he says:

If there be any one point insisted upon throughout my works more frequently than another, that one point is the impossibility of equality. My continual aim has been to show the eternal superiority of some men to others, sometimes even of one man to all others; and to show also the advisability of appointing such person, or persons, to guide, to lead, or even

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 36. † *Ibid.*, p. 34. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 173.
§ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 186. ‖ *Ibid.*, p. 192.

on occasion to compel or subdue their inferiors according to their own better knowledge and wiser will.*

And in speaking of Communists, amongst whom he includes himself, and setting forth their aims, he says :

Our chief concern is to find out any among us wiser and of better make than the rest, and to get them, if they will for any persuasion take the trouble, to rule over us, and teach us how to behave, and make the most of what little good is in us.†

And so we find him laying stress upon the duty of obedience and submission to those who have the right to rule, as in the following passages :

A nation which means to conduct itself wisely, must establish authority over itself, vested either in kings, councils, or laws, which it must resolve to obey, even at times when the law of authority appears irksome to the body of the people, or injurious to certain masses of it.‡

I believe that the masses have a right to claim education from their government, but only so far as they acknowledge the duty of yielding obedience to their government. I believe they have a right to claim employment from their governors; but only so far as they yield to the governors the direction and discipline of their labour.§

Learn to obey good laws ; and in a little while you will reach the better learning—how to obey good Men,who are living, breathing, unblinded Law ; . . . recognising in these the light of the Lord of Light and Peace, whose Dominion is an everlasting Dominion, and His Kingdom from generation to generation.‖

So in Ruskin's ideal state, there will be, to use his own words :

No liberty, but instant obedience to known law and appointed persons ; no equality, but recognition of every betterness and reprobation of every worseness ; and none idle but the dead.¶

Quoting once more from Mrs. Besant's article, we find the same ideas expressed there ; she says :

It is the condition of success in all compulsory or voluntary groupings of men for the attainment of an object, that the head of the association shall be superior in faculty, knowledge, and grip of the whole situation to those who compose the active constituents of the working body; if he cannot rule, and they cannot obey, disaster is certain. The head of a business, the

* *Unto this Last*, p. 102.
† *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 132.
‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 18.
§ *Ibid.*, p. 20.
‖ *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 143.
¶ *Ibid.*, p, 113.

captain of a ship, the general of an army, the principal of a college, the father of a family—each of these must be superior to his subordinates in the matter in hand, else chaos results. Only in a democratic state are the ruled supposed to elect the ruler, an equal to govern equals. . . . As we know by observation, men are not born equal, but very unequal; some with tendencies to virtue, others to vice; some with genius, others with narrowest intellect. Never can a stable society be built if we start by disregarding nature, and treat as having right to equal power the ignorant and the wise, the intellectual and the stupid, the criminal and the saintly; on that uneven ground no edifice that will endure can ever be based.*

MARYON JUDSON.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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# THE CINDERELLA-MYTH

THERE is a metaphor sometimes used by people in speaking of Theosophy which appeals to me as being more completely "on all fours" than metaphors usually are when they are applied at any length. The teachings gathered up and more or less loosely classed together under the title of Theosophy, have been spoken of as being to the dimness and obscurity of creeds in general what the great sweeping shaft of radiance, known as the Search Light, is to those lesser lights of gas or candles that often serve only to deepen the surrounding darkness. A Ray, broad, searching, radiant; piercing into the dark places, disclosing the secrets hidden in the once impenetrable darkness, revealing the truth about everything upon which it falls, from the wide sweep of wave-bound coast to the tiny pebble left on the sand by the backwash of the creamy foam! Such in very truth is the action of the Great Light that we call Theosophy; by its radiance we can if we will discern the inner being as well as the outer form of things great and small. History and fable; myth and legend;

* THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, June, 1898, pp. 297, 298, 299.

these may be brought under the searching of that Light and gain thereby new meaning and force. All round us we can see this being done; on every side science, religion, all the lore of the ages, are being tested and proved by the light of the occult teachings which men are beginning to accept in ever-increasing numbers up and down the length and breadth of the Western hemisphere. And while great minds are occupied with wide sweeps of vision, lesser ones such as my own may be pardoned for being on tiptoe for the chance of turning the mighty Search Light upon the pebbles on the shore.

Let me drop metaphor at this point, or it may be that I shall try the patience of those of my readers who could endure *one* fairy tale, yet feel hardly able to bear *two* with equanimity. To such then I put the question plainly whether it is not a wonderful and fascinating pursuit to look at the little trivial things of daily life (if anything can be called *trivial* in a world of sequence) by the light of the occult truth; to find that the great rays of that Light, such as the doctrines of reincarnation and karma, or the belief in the soul's evolution, or in the potential unity of diversity —that these may illumine the dusky byeways of life as well as the open road, so that nothing is hid from the light thereof. We are used to look for esotericism in such works as the *Epic of India*, or the *Book of Job*, but most of us would smile—unless we looked shocked, which occurs to me as an alternative—if asked to unveil the inwardness of a nursery fairy tale such as the old German one called *Aschenputtel* or *Cinderella*. Yet it is to the esoteric side of *Cinderella* that I am going to ask you to turn your attention for a few moments while I focus upon it the Search Light.

The outlines of the story are well known to everyone: the lovely and despised Cinderella; the two proud sisters; the fairy godmother; the ball; the prince who gives his heart to Cinderella, seen once for a moment in her father's house and in mean attire, and now gloriously robed by the skill of the magic wand; the fatal hour of twelve, the flight and loss of the little glass slipper, henceforth to be treasured by the prince as his dearest possession. Then the search, the jealousy of the two sisters, their anger when Cinderella is summoned and the shoe found to

be hers, the wedding and the "happy-ever-afterwards" ending, without which no story gained popularity in our nursery days.

"A simple and pretty story" I hear you say; and I fancy I hear you add that to try and find out or put into it a deep meaning, would be to spoil it. Be it so: I would not spoil it for anyone; let such as love it for its simplicity see *only* simplicity and look no further. But, if there be others of like mind with myself, they will see behind and beyond and within that simplicity a complexity from which issues another and different simplicity (which is, if one thinks of it, the cosmic order—but that is another story, and must not be touched upon here) of which last simplicity the first was but a reflection.

For the prince read the Ego or individual soul; for Cinderella the Gnosis, the Divine Wisdom, the true Self-Knowledge by which alone the individual becomes again the One, which is the All. Without union with Wisdom, the soul can never attain his destiny, and yet, because by her very nature she (the Divine Wisdom or Gnosis) is hidden from the glare of fame and the false glory of earth, the soul does not perceive her; nor when perceived, does she appear in his eyes desirable. And so for many lives (years in our fairy tale) the prince is in the palace and Wisdom does her work in the hidden places of the earth, and he dreams not of her.

Then comes the fairy godmother, in his case good karma, and in hers the Great Law standing sponsor and guardian, till her ultimate union with him be effected. The sober brown dress is touched by the magic wand that it may appear as glistening silk and pearls and precious stones; for the time has come when the soul, having caught a glimpse of Wisdom, has begun to feel his need of her, and has earned the right to perceive her as she is for a short space, that he may desire her and that she may seem unto him fairer than rubies.

And so comes the ball; it matters little for our purpose whether we take the ball to be one exceptionally advanced life in which the ego sees and desires union with the Self which is Perfection, or (as I almost prefer to do myself) whether we regard it as a heaven-period, when in the heaven-world the soul sees clearly and in her perfect beauty that Perfection which in

his preceding life has caught his attention, though but for a moment. In either case there is the period, represented by the ball, during which he has insight to see and longing to possess Divine Wisdom and Perfection. And when the kârmic hour strikes and the Vision leaves the soul, he finds himself alone with one relic of that radiant Presence to assure him that it was not only a dream.

Ah! that relic! in that lies the poignant meaning, the pathos of the whole story; from this point can we not each one of us follow out the meaning of the fairy tale for ourselves? Have we not all got it, this shining, fragile memory of *Something*, greatly known and greatly desired, yet lost to all but the consciousness that is still most of all a dream? Do we not go through life, most of us, fitting that instinctive knowledge and memory and yearning upon one after another of the things of earth? Some of us seek to force it upon the "feet of clay" of the images we raise to power or fame or great achieving, saying: "*This* is my counterpart and my fulfilling, here has my highest instinct touched its goal." Others of us turn to some man or woman, singled out from their fellows by our crying: "Come, let me slip this that I have brought from the Beyond-world upon *you*, so that I may have joy of you and be at rest, seeking no further." Yes, verily we are most of us where the prince was, as he tried vainly to fit the glass slipper on the feet of all the proudest and greatest of the land, and last of all on the two sisters who live while the world lasts, and whose names are Delusion and Desire. And it is not improbable that we shall fail where the prince did not, for he knew the Beloved again in the garb of a servant and among the lowly of the earth.

I leave the moral of my little parable for those who have followed me thus far to apply as they see fit, only ending with the words of the *Gîtâ* (vii. 3):

"Among thousands of men scarce one striveth for perfection; of the successful strivers scarce one knoweth Me in essence."

E. M. Green.

# ON THE EVOLUTION OF CONSCIOUSNESS

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 159)

## THE VEHICLE OF THOUGHT

THE characteristic of this vehicle is the formation of images or thoughts, and the ideas so formed are cognitions. This power is aroused by the presence of vibrations in the astral body, either coming from the physical world as sensations, or direct from the astral world as impressions. The massive sensations are recognised in consciousness as feelings, and the primary wants and instincts when active here cause the passions. These are chiefly impulsive, the corresponding ideas or mental images being very dim and "general," analogous indeed to massive sensations. Looking back on any personal passion we may have suffered, we shall see how little reason or idea there was at the back of it. We remember being very angry perhaps years ago; but the why, the reason of all that commotion, is often forgotten. The power of higher feeling begins to rise above physical states, but the impulse-side is there although the idea-side is uppermost in consciousness. The best word for this power in action seems to be emotion in its broadest significance; likes and dislikes for objects or sensations as well as for personalities belong to this step. The word does not much matter if the idea of the presence of both ideation and impulse in this phase of consciousness is remembered. Emotions are *personal*, and always have the personal impulse, desire, instinct, mixed up with the mental picture. But by analysis and rationalisation emotions become refined and freed from blind impulse to a large extent; at this stage we no longer love without a reason, and emotion rises to the level of acute perception. Then we cease to dote and begin to appreciate; we can give excellent reasons for our joys and sorrows; but the personal element, the impulse of attraction or repulsion,

is still present, however good our reasons may be. This is also the case with the power of acute perception, which corresponds to the power of acute sensation, and reports the vibrations by which we observe the lower worlds, and appreciate people and things, and sum up their beauty or ugliness. We may so give an appreciation of a picture, and say that the technique is perfect, the line admirable, the colour that of nature, the idea conveyed a lofty one, and so on; but the conclusion always is "for all these excellent reasons, *I like it.*" We are still dogged by the ever-present personal equation, due to habit, training, environment, idiosyncrasy, half-a-dozen things, all quite independent of reason. How often again is critical appreciation vitiated by personal animosity, self-interest, or studied log-rolling. This impulse, inherent in the personality, brings the element of illusion into all our perceptions, and it is this astral element which has to be balanced or "killed out" before we can see the things-that-are as they really are. We shrink from one set of facts, or rush to embrace another, because personal pain and pleasure are allowed to bias our judgment, which should review all facts impartially, for what are facts but details of the great manifestation of the Logos? It is perfectly futile to refuse to face an unpleasant fact; our ignoring or denying it will not prevent its working out in practice, and if we will not square our conduct with it, it will smash us in due course. We are told, however, that at the present stage of evolution human consciousness is astral, that is to say, has this deceptive astral element always present, consequently we continually deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us.

This emotional nature is the region of both the "combative intellect," which takes views and fights for causes, and the "cold intellect" which calculates; but it is certainly not the pure intellect, which simply seeks the truth at all costs.

The controversialist ignores half the facts which bear upon a question, and uses the other half as missiles to throw at his opponent; the thinker strives to clear his mind of cant, and get *all* the facts into his consciousness, in order to draw a just conclusion, no matter what it may turn out to be. It is only by renouncing all personal interest, or pleasure, or bias, and making

a ceaseless effort to be perfectly fair, that the clear vision, the lucid intellect, is attained.

But when the personal element is successfully eliminated, the consciousness can rise on to the purely mental level and gain the power of ideation, which actively forms cognitions, true images of all experiences. This sub-plane is the "bridge of manas" between the personality and the abstract ego; to get the consciousness working here is to transcend the personality and to reach the disinterested, dispassionate, impersonal point of view, whence all the details of the great worlds are observed and classified with impartiality. The One Life is seen to be working out its own salvation in every conceivable mode in all that lives; we do not wish it anywhere different, for we know that all stages of evolution are necessary to perfection. We are content patiently to observe the working of the Divine Energy everywhere, and to try to help it in its own way. We are in the position of the man of whom the Thrice-greatest Hermes says: "The contemplator of God's works did he become, he marvelled and did strive to know their Author" ("The Cup," THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, January, 1899). At this stage the consciousness, no longer shut in by the personality, becomes free of the mental plane; all the ideas in the world pour into it all day long. In addition to the personal observations, knowledge is gained through the observations of others, through books, papers, and conversation. All these facts are weighed, compared and sifted; so the internal chaos of the personality is at last reduced to cosmos, and the thought-sphere is made the faithful reflection of the manifested worlds.

The personality is used "as a mere subject for grave experiment and experience" (*Light on the Path*, p. 10), for at this stage the balance of the physical body is kept perfect, in order that the sense organs may respond with perfect accuracy to the outer world, and their vibrations be unblurred by the presence of jarring vibrations due to injury, malnutrition or disease. The astral body is balanced in order that the corresponding acute sensation may not be clouded by wants or appetites, or other causes of pain. The mental body is balanced so that acute perception is undimmed by feelings and emotions. So acute physical vibra-

tion causes acute sensation, and this again, acute perception; all the powers which severally lead up to these with their corresponding material bases, are conserved in their passive or balanced state, their active manifestations being restrained. The personality becomes a clear mirror in which the ego sees the manifested universe reflected in all its undistorted splendour.

At this stage the man becomes perfectly sympathetic to the joys and sorrows of others, for, having balanced his own personality, vibrations from other personalities flow into his vehicles and are presented in his consciousness unaltered. "He attaineth to peace, into whom all desires flow, as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved—not he who desireth desire" (*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 70). So, peaceful himself, he can feel the emotions of others, and at the same time see how best to help them. Just as a doctor helps a fainting man best if he does not faint away himself, so does the man of balance best help a broken heart by not bursting into tears; both are set down as brutally unsympathetic by the ignorant, because they have trained themselves to self-control, and thus enabled acute observation to be translated into expert assistance. Now all experiences come into consciousness uncoloured, and the thinker is thus able to draw correct conclusions from them, and to rise to the plane of abstraction. To take the most simple example, the abstract idea of roundness. This can only be gained by bringing a number of round objects before the mind's eye and comparing them; they will be of every conceivable size, colour, weight, surface and use, but the one quality common to all will be roundness; thus the abstract idea is arrived at. We could not conceive of roundness, had we never observed anything round. And we cannot project this abstract idea in front of our mental vision apart from some one of its concrete manifestations. Roundness exists only on the ideal plane, inside our mind, so to say, but we can understand it perfectly. Here the consciousness has risen into the "causal body," which Mrs. Besant has recently stated to be "composed of matter from the fifth and sixth sub-divisions of the mental plane" ("Thought Power," THEO. REVIEW, December, 1900, p. 346). She goes on to say

that it corresponds to the finer ethers of the physical plane, and is the organ of abstract thought. According to this then the causal body corresponds to the etheric physical double, which vibrates, as has been shown, harmonically with the astral body in the desire-nature, and brings sensation into existence. But the etheric double is not usable as a vehicle of consciousness by itself, but only when vibrating together with the astral body; so the suggestion is ventured that the causal body is similarly the overlapping between the mental and buddhic vehicles of consciousness; that essentially it is the buddhic vehicle in process of evolution, before it can serve as a vehicle of consciousness apart from manas. It was pointed out that physical matter does not serve as a vehicle for the life-ray before the lower four sub-planes of matter are gathered round the centre, so with the astral, so with the mental vehicles. The strong probability then is that the same rule applies on the buddhic plane, and that the special quality of abstract understanding is the dawning of that consciousness of essential principles which is perfected and vastly widened when initiation raises the consciousness on to the step of comprehension on the fourth sub-plane of the vehicle of understanding. Then the buddhic vehicle will be complete as a vehicle of consciousness apart from manas.

It is easy to understand why the causal body is said to consist only of the second and third mental ethers; looked at by clairvoyant vision, which has been defined as trying to see the things of the spirit with the eyes of the flesh, the buddhic part would naturally be invisible, since clairvoyance cannot objectivise the abstract. But when we come to consider the causal body from the point of view of the internal consciousness, as the organ of abstract understanding, it is evident that its essential element is buddhic. The vehicle of thought is not the Knower; in it are made the images of things and experiences which the Knower contemplates, and from which he abstracts the essential principles and understands them within himself. These principles are eternal, for however often an ego may reincarnate, however different the civilisations to which he returns may be, the essential principles of things will be the same. Evolution will still be going on, the conservation of energy will still continue,

justice, mercy and truth will be unchanged, beauty and perfection will still endure; these are of the spiritual world; they are arrived at by the ego through mental images certainly, but no mental image of them themselves can be made. Hence these conceptions are essentially buddhic and will remain in the ego after the disintegration of the mental body in devachan, to be the source of his abstract powers of understanding when a new personality has been developed.

Again, Mr. Leadbeater has told us that when the consciousness is drawn into the buddhic vehicle the causal body vanishes, but flashes back as soon as the attention is directed to the lower worlds. Clearly, if the consciousness were drawn on to the plane of comprehension the etheric mental matter would be let go, just as at physical death the physical etheric double is let go, only much more rapidly, since the mental matter is far more mobile than the physical. It then comes to this, that as the personality is compounded of the concrete experiences of one life, and is transcended when impersonal ideation is reached, so the ego is compounded of all the abstract experiences of all the lives, and is transcended when the buddhic consciousness is attained. Insight corresponds to the atomic mental matter, as acute perception corresponds to the atomic astral and acute sensation to the atomic physical. Mr. Leadbeater somewhere tells us that there is a particular form of clairvoyance which extends from one atomic plane to the next, this sequence of conscious states will, it is suggested, be its medium. It is also said that the egos of the Masters of Wisdom rest on the atomic plane of devachan, that is to say, on the step of insight; so they would remain in touch with the lower worlds.

Another reason for accepting this view of the ego is the saying: "Seek in the impersonal the Eternal Man, and when thou hast found him look inward, thou art Buddha (Enlightened)." That is to say, seek in the power of pure ideation the power of abstraction, so you lose your personality and find your individuality, having crossed in the process the "bridge of manas." It is evident that the conscious standpoint cannot be personal and impersonal at the same time, hence it is written: "The Self of Matter and the Self of Spirit can never

meet. One of the twain must disappear; there is no place for both" (*Voice of the Silence*).

Thus the vehicle of the Eternal Man is identical with abstract comprehension and is buddhic in essence. The diagram explains these considerations clearly. The matter of the mental plane is formed into the vehicle of thought; the next vehicle is that of understanding, when evolved the buddhic vehicle. While it is in process of evolution its lower two or three sub-planes vibrate along with the higher mental ethers and thus buddhi-manas, the ego, is formed, and named the causal body. It is plainly analogous to kâma-manas, which evolves through many personalities before the power of impersonal ideation is attained, and the ray functions in the developed mental vehicle apart from kâma. Similarly, in the course of the higher evolution, the ray at last functions in the buddhic vehicle apart from manas, then the causal body becomes the vehicle of understanding; and buddhi-manas becomes buddhi.

The ego or conscience begins evolving from the moment the first abstraction is made from experience, and that abstraction is the sense of I. *I* am, *I* think, *I* feel; and the growth of the ego may progress to a considerable extent before the bridge of manas is vitalised as pure ideation. This ideation implies the training of the acute perceptions to great perfection, for through these powers of observation the details of the lower worlds from which abstractions are drawn, alone come into consciousness.

### The Vehicle of Understanding

This is the most satisfactory word which can be suggested for the buddhic vehicle, the Eternal Man. The characteristic quality of this consciousness is wisdom, its nature is knowledge. In activity it is comprehension; wisdom is pure knowledge balanced by pure love, for between these two there is no difference, they are two sides of the same thing.

This is plain when we realise that pure love must see the One Self in all forms, and pure knowledge must see all forms in the One Self. During the evolution of the power of abstraction pure knowledge may predominate, but insight implies love; wisdom is the efflorescence of the two in the "perfect man."

So we see the buddhic vehicle stands "between Earth and Heaven"; the three lower vehicles are the reflections of the Divine Triad; the Eternal Man is the link between the two. Hence the words of the Thrice-greatest Hermes: "But they who have received God's gift (the mind), these, Tat, if we compare their deeds, have from death's bonds won their release; for they *embrace in their own mind* all things, things on the earth, things in the heaven, and things above the heaven, if there be aught. And having raised themselves so far, they sight The Good; and having sighted It, they look upon their sojourn here as a mischance, and in disdain of all, both things in body and the bodiless, they speed their way unto the One and Only One" ("The Cup," *loc. cit.*).

Could there be a better description of the initiate who has risen to the power of the beatific vision on the planes of âtma-buddhi? In this extraordinary treatise the distinctions between the stages of evolution are plainly drawn. Those who live in the personality possess the aid of reason merely and not mind—their whole make-up is in their feelings and their impulses. Those who *understand* the tidings become "partakers in the gnosis" (rise to the ego, the abstract consciousness). When they have "received the mind," they become perfect men (function in the vehicle of understanding). Then at last they sight the Good. (The consciousness begins to rise into the higher part of the vehicle—âtma-buddhi—and the new quality brought into consciousness is nirvâṇic.)

It is plain, the writer thinks, that in buddhi-manas, the ego, the characteristics of the vehicles of thought and understanding are combined. The three steps correspond to classes of the abstractions drawn from experience; they have the quality of idea or mental picture, inasmuch as they are like composite photographs of a group of objects which have a common characteristic; this common factor persists while all details are lost. They also have the quality of comprehension, since we understand abstractions.

Principles are abstractions from the observations of external Nature, the three greatest are the nebular hypothesis, the law of the conservation of energy, and the evolution theory.

Intuitions are abstractions from all our experiences of sensations and emotions, in activity these are our most profound convictions as to right and wrong in conduct. The power of insight includes the others, and adds the abstract knowledge of perfection—of essential beauty—in activity we call it inspiration. These three steps of the ideal concern the True, the Good and the Beautiful—the Muses, the Virtues, and the Graces. Collectively they are "the Way," for "to use the personality as the subject for grave experiment and experience—to know that for this the separated life exists—is to be upon the Way" (*Light on the Path*). To function in the buddhic vehicle is "the Truth"; to rise by its etheric overlapping into the âtmic vehicle, is "the Life." Thus the three divisions of the buddhic vehicle, buddhi-manas, buddhi, átma-buddhi, form collectively the Divine Man, one remove from the eternal One. The words placed on the four upper steps of this vehicle are the best analogy can suggest; these are the four steps on the Path of which the writer is unable to speak. Mrs. Besant's articles such as those on the Christ, and on Spiritual Darkness, as well as her description of the causal and buddhic vehicles in *The Ancient Wisdom*, will throw light on these mysteries, of which the diagram indicates, the writer thinks, the form-side. But space is more than filled. These indications are all that can now be given. Along this line of thought the writer has gained some understanding which he hopes is not entirely illusory; but he cannot put another mind through the reflections which alone make understanding possible. The way seems open, the analysis of consciousness seems complete, some say it is too simple, some too complex, does it hit the golden mean? Will it help a single soul to know itself? That is upon the knees of the Gods.

A. H. WARD.

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"THE world-builder (as Orpheus says) is the nursling of Adrasteia, but the husband of Necessity and the father of Fate."—PROCLUS, *in Tim.*, v. 323.

# THE OUTER EVIDENCE AS TO THE AUTHORSHIP AND AUTHORITY OF THE GOSPELS*

TURNING next to the external evidence with regard to the authorship and authority of our four Gospels, the subject may be most conveniently treated under the two headings of statements and quotations or alleged quotations.

Neither in the genuine Pauline Letters, our earliest historic documents, nor in any other Epistle of the N.T., nor in the earliest extra-canonical documents attributed to Clemens Romanus and Barnabas, nor in the *Didachê*, are written Gospels mentioned or implied. From the dedication of the Third Gospel, however, we learn, as we have already seen, that there were at that time "many" written Gospels current. Lk. further implies that their diversity "was calculated to obscure 'the certainty concerning the things wherein' the Christian catechumen was instructed"; he further implies that the apostles "delivered" these things, that is, presumably taught them orally, as distinguished from the "many" who wrote and were not apostles. That this was the actual state of affairs is strikingly confirmed by what we have said of the Marcionite movement, which arose about 140-150 A.D. There was at this time no historical certainty in the matter.

We now come to the statements of Papias, a bishop of Phrygian Hierapolis, in the first half of the second century, who wrote in Greek five books called "Exposition(s) of the Lord's Logia." As the statements of Papias are the earliest external evidence as to authorship, and as they are not by any means so confirmatory of later Church tradition as might be expected, they have been subjected to the most searching criticism; every

* See in the last number the article "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves."

single phrase has been microscopically dissected and the key-words interpreted in very various and contradictory fashions, according to the commentator's point of view.

With regard to the title of the treatise, "exegesis" may mean simply a "setting forth," though it may also include the idea of "interpretation." By "Logia" may be meant simply "Words of the Lord," or they may also include Acts of the Lord; and by "of the Lord," some contend, may be meant O.T. prophetical utterances only, and not the Words of Jesus.

With regard to these statements of Papias, it should be noted that they are quotations made by Eusebius (c. 325 A.D.), and that the acceptance of their accuracy depends upon our estimate of this Church Father's trustworthiness. This has been called into question on innumerable points by hosts of critics; Dr. Abbott, however, considers him "a most careful and conscientious writer." Papias's work itself has disappeared.

The passages which are supposed by Eusebius to refer to our Mk. and Mt. are as follows (in the translation of the Rev. V. H. Stanton, D.D., Ely Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, the writer of the article "Gospels" in the new *Dictionary of the Bible*, for Dr. Abbott only gives the Greek text, with some critical remarks on its interpretation):

"Mark having become the interpreter of Peter, wrote down accurately—not, however, in order—as many as he remembered of the things either spoken or done by Christ. For he neither heard the Lord nor attended on Him, but afterwards, as I said, (attended on) Peter, who used to give his instructions according to what was required, but not as giving an orderly exposition of the Lord's Words. So that Mark made no mistake in writing down some things as he recalled them. For he paid heed to one point, namely, not to leave out any of the things he had heard, or to say anything false in regard to them."

The statement as to Matthew which Eusebius says was made by Papias, runs:

"Matthew, however, wrote the Logia in the Hebrew tongue, and every man interpreted them as he was able."

In the former passage, the translation "Mark made no mistake" is rightly rejected by Dr. Abbott; it can only mean "com-

mitted no fault"—that is to say "Papias is defending Mark against the very natural objection that he did not do the apostle justice in writing down oral and casual teaching" in a permanent form.

Now as Eusebius promises to record *all* that ecclesiastical writers have said about the canonical Scriptures, Papias in all probability said nothing about Lk. and Jn. Did Papias, however, know of these Gospels? This must ever remain a mere question of opinion; and not only so, but the assumption by Eusebius that Papias refers to *our* Mk. and Mt. is equally a mere question of opinion, for it is denied by many, for many reasons, and especially on the ground that our Mk. does set things down "in order," though perhaps not in chronological order, and that Mt. is not a translation but a compilation and partly based on the "embedded" document in Mk.

Dr. Abbott, however, merely comes to the moderate conclusion that "Lk. and Jn. were not recognised by Papias as on a level with Mk. and Mt."

In any case the question of the date of Papias becomes one of prime importance. Now the only important evidence bearing on this subject is a quotation from Eusebius, who, in rejecting the opinion of Irenæus (at the end of the second century) that Papias was a "hearer of John" the apostle, quotes from the preface of Papias.

Dr. Abbott gives the text only, but Professor Schmiedel, in his article on "John," gives the following translation (omitting certain intercalated words of a debatable nature):

"But as many things also as I once well learned from the mouths of the elders, and well committed to memory, I shall not hesitate to set down [or commit to writing] for thee, together with the interpretations [appropriate to them], guaranteeing their truth. For I took pleasure not, as the many do, in those who speak much, but in those that teach the things that are true; nor in those who bring to remembrance the foreign commandments, but in those who bring to remembrance the commandments that were given by the Lord to faith, and have come to us from the truth itself. But if anywhere anyone also should come who had companied with the elders I ascertained the sayings

[or words] of the elders* [as to this]—what Andrew or what Peter had said, or what Philip or what Thomas or James or what John or Matthew or any other of the disciples of the Lord [had said], and what Aristion and John the elder, the disciples of the Lord, say. For I supposed that the things [to be derived] from books were not of such profit to me as the things [derived] from the living and abiding utterance."

According to his own account, Papias is not only not proved to have been a "hearer" of John the apostle, but not even of Aristion or John the elder. The greatest puzzle is that *contemporaries* of Papias, Aristion and John the elder, are called "disciples of the Lord." This, as Lightfoot says, "involves a chronological difficulty," a difficulty so great that the only solution Dr. Abbott can suggest is to expunge the words as an interpolation. This is indeed a cutting of the Gordian knot, and will certainly never be accepted by those who see in these words a precious scrap of evidence as to the extended meaning of the term "disciples of the Lord," a term applied not only to those who personally knew Jesus in the flesh, but also to those who stood in some special relation to the Master after his death. And if this was the historical fact, as we hold, it follows not only that Aristion and John the elder were not contemporaries of Jesus, but also that the other "disciples" were also not all necessarily contemporaries.

The curious selection of the names of the disciples by Papias is explained by Dr. Abbott on the hypothesis that there were already in existence writings attributed to these names, writings which Papias did not believe to be really theirs.

This quotation from Papias, however, gives us little evidence as to his date, unless we assume the generally received view as to the meaning of "disciples of the Lord." On the contrary, we are told by Eusebius that Papias flourished in the time of Polycarp (died about 165). The general consensus of opinion, then, given by Dr. Stanton, assigns the probable date of Papias's work to about A.D. 140; but Dr. Abbott would make it about 115-130 A.D., while Professor Harnack gives it as 145-160 A.D. It is, however, important to notice that the whole enquiry has

* That is what the elders said about what Peter and the rest had said.

so far been based on the assumption that "disciples of the Lord" must mean nothing else than those who had known Jesus in the flesh, whereas we find in the Gnostic so-called *Pistis Sophia* treatise the "disciples" speaking to Jesus of "Paul our brother," who avowedly only knew the Master after the death of His body.

We next come to the writings of Justin Martyr (*cir.* 145-149). Justin constantly appeals to certain documents which he calls "Memoirs of the Apostles." On the word Memoirs Dr. Abbott writes: "There is a considerable probability that the word was in regular use to denote the Memoirs or Anecdotes *about* the apostles; first 'repeated' by their immediate interpreters or pupils; then committed to writing by some of them in the form of gospels; and lastly accepted by Justin as Memoirs written *by* the apostles *about* Christ."

As we have a number of quotations cited by Justin from these Memoirs, there has been a fierce war of criticism on the subject, the one side trying to prove Justin's acquaintance with our Gospels, the other denying it. Here, however, we are concerned with statements about these Gospels rather than with quotations, and it must be confessed that in spite of all his industry Dr. Abbott can deduce no satisfactorily clear statement. As to the miraculous conception and other such matters, however, Justin's view is "that Christ after his resurrection '*appeared* to his apostles and disciples and taught them' everything relating to himself." This reminds us of the exceedingly important statement of Clemens Alexandrinus: "To James the Just and John and Peter was the *Gnosis* delivered by the Lord *after the Resurrection.* These delivered it to the rest of the apostles, and the rest to the Seventy"—thus preserving the tradition of the gradual development of the inner school from the original ordering into three, into one of twelve and subsequently into one of seventy, or, as we believe, by stages represented by 3, 7, 12 and 72.

We pass next to the famous Muratorian Fragment, a barbarous Latin translation of some earlier Greek text; its date is purely conjectural but it is generally assigned to about 170 A.D. This fragment presumably mentioned all four Gospels, for after a few concluding words relating to another book, it begins by

speaking of "the third book of the Gospel—(the book) according to Luke."

Luke is here called a physician, is supposed to have been a follower of Paul, and is said to have written in his own name, and according to his own private judgment (*ex opinione*). As criticism (we shall see further on) has to reject this ascription of our third Gospel to Luke, the subordinate question which here arises is whether or not this statement was not born of conflict with the Marcionite claims, for Marcion asserted that his Gospel was based on the Gospel of Paul, while later Church Fathers asserted that it was a "mutilation" of our Lk. Marcion's Gospel apparently treated of the ministry only, beginning: "He went down to Capernaum."

The Muratorian account of the genesis of the Fourth Gospel is, however, far more explicit. This is said to have been written down by a certain John, who was "of the disciples." His "fellow-disciples and his bishops" had apparently urged him to write a Gospel, but John hesitated to accept the responsibility, and proposed that they should all fast together for three days, and tell one another if anything were revealed to them. On the same night it is revealed to Andrew, who is "of the apostles," that while all revised John should write down all things in his own name.

But our Jn. does not write in his own name. Setting this point, however, aside we are introduced to a circle of people who seek authority in visions. We have disciples, bishops, and an apostle gathered in conclave; and we may even conclude that John, so far from being the highest in rank (or surely he would be also honoured with the title of apostle), is doubtful of his own powers or of his authority to attempt so important an undertaking, and can only be persuaded to do so when the apostle of the company receives a direct revelation on the matter. We shall see the importance of this tradition in the sequel.

Passing next to Irenæus (about 185 A.D.) we come to the first formulation of the generally received tradition as to the Four. Irenæus would have it that John was the personal disciple of Jesus, and wrote his Gospel at Ephesus. Matthew published his Gospel in Hebrew "while Peter and Paul in Rome were

preaching and founding the Church." Mark handed down in writing what Peter used to preach; Luke "set down in a book what Paul was in the habit of preaching." It is hardly necessary to add that it is just the statements of Irenæus which modern scientific research calls into question; with regard to Mt. and Mk. Irenæus evidently based himself on Papias.

There is little that will help us in Clement of Alexandria (*cir.* 195 A.D.) except the statement that the genealogies were written first, that is, before our Mt. and Lk.

He, however, hands on a version of the tradition as to John which removes the "stumbling-block" of the fuller and more naïve Muratorian account. For he says: "John, last of all, reflecting that the earthly aspect [lit., the bodily things] had been set forth in the Gospels, at the instigation of his pupils [or it may be his associates], by a special impulse of the spirit, composed a spiritual Gospel."

Clement carries on the Papias-tradition of the dependence of Mk. on the Petrine teaching, and so also does Origen.

And here our investigation of external statements as to origin can cease, for, as Dr. Abbott says: "Later writers have no further evidence, and can but exemplify the tendency of tradition, even among honest and able men, to exaggerate or to minimise, in the supposed interests of a good cause."

We next come to the important question of quotations which are supposed to prove the existence of our present four Gospels. First, with regard to quotations from books which were written prior to Justin (150 A.D.).

Paul in his Letters, the earliest historical documents of Christendom, quotes nothing that is found in our Gospels. One saying alone is found in Mt. and Lk., but this saying (as well as other sayings quoted by Paul but not found in our Gospels) is also found in an ancient document called the *Didachê*. This absolutely astonishing fact has never received any satisfactory explanation. The hypothesis that Paul and the *Didachê* probably used an antecedent tradition, does not help us to understand why the later Synoptists base themselves on a totally different collection or collections of the Logia.

Similarly, the Epistle of James, which is of an early,

though uncertain date, "though permeated with doctrine similar to the Sermon on the Mount," contains "more and closer parallels" to the *Didachê* and Barnabas. There is nothing to show any knowledge of our actual Gospels.

That, however, there may have been in circulation various collections of the public Sayings, differing considerably from one another, is quite credible. Dr. Abbott thinks the new-found Logia of Behnesa (Oxyrhynchus fragment) an example of such an early "manual"; after bringing forward some strong points in favour of their antiquity, he concludes that "these and many other considerations indicate that these Logia are genuine sayings of Jesus, ignored or suppressed because of the 'dangerous' tendency of some of them, and the obscurity of others."

Now, of the six decipherable Sayings which this scrap of the most ancient MS. of any Christian document known to us contains, only one is familiar to us from the Canonical Gospels, two contain new matter and important variants, and three are entirely new. The leaf we possess bears the number 18. So that if we reckon 8 Sayings to a leaf (two of the Sayings in our leaf being undecipherable), the collection must have contained *at least* 144 Sayings; and if the percentage of "new" Sayings to canonically known or partially known Sayings was as high as in the solitary leaf which has reached us, at least half of the Sayings-materials has been lost to us, and may have contained doctrines which would necessitate an entire revision of the general view of original Christian doctrine.

So again with regard to the Letter of Clement of Rome (about 95 A.D., though some place the date later, it being purely conjectural), the passage cited to prove acquaintance with our Mt. and Lk., when compared with Polycarp and Clement of Alexandria, "shows pretty conclusively that these writers had in mind some other tradition than that of the Synoptists."

The *Didachê*, or Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, is a composite document of widely disputed date. It is generally assumed, however, that 80-110 are the *termini*. It consists of two parts, the "Two Ways," in which precepts of the Lord are inculcated, but no appeal is made to any "Words" or "Gospel." This part is considered by many to be taken from the Jewish

teaching of the same name. The latter part appeals to both "Sayings" and a "Gospel." On this point Dr. Abbott flatly contradicts himself. First he says: "The 'Gospel' meant is probably Mt." But "so far as this little book is concerned, the 'Gospel' might consist of a version of the Sermon on the Mount and the Precepts to the Twelve. On the Second Advent, the writer mentions 'the Signs of Truth' with such apparent independence of Mt. as to make it doubtful whether, in the context, the resemblances to Mt. indicate quotations from Mt."

The Epistle of Barnabas, assigned by the very conservative Lightfoot to 70-79 A.D., but placed by others later, shows no acquaintance with the Canonical Gospels. The interesting point about this ancient Letter is that Barnabas, or whoever was the writer, "*anticipates*" Jn.

The fragment of *The Great Apophasis*, or Announcement, attributed to "Simon Magus," an early Gnostic document, and assigned by Lightfoot to the close of the first century, contains certain phrases which "make it probable that Jn. had Simon in view when he composed his Gospel." But this is the purest conjecture.

Ignatius, whose date is given as before 110 A.D., quotes a few short sentences found in our Mt. and once a phrase peculiar to Mk., but there is nothing to show that he quotes directly from our Mt. or Mk.; it is more probable that he is drawing from one or more of their "sources." Dr. Abbott, however, in this uncertainty, takes the conservative position.

The short Letter of Polycarp (which is given by Dr. Abbott the date 110 A.D., but which should certainly be dated far later) can hardly afford us any grounds of definite conjecture; but in so far as any conclusion can be drawn from it, Dr. Abbott is of opinion that Polycarp knew "the 'Gospel' of Mk. and Mt.," following the same tendency he has already manifested in the question of Ignatius.

With regard to the fragments of Papias the only quotation which can be adduced as bearing on the question, "leads to the inference that Papias is not quoting and misinterpreting Jn." as is claimed by conservative criticism, "but quoting and interpreting, in accordance with tradition, a Logion of which Jn. gives

*a different version*." The Logion was probably originally derived from the *Book of Enoch*.

The fragments of the Gnostic doctor, Basilides (117-138 A.D.) afford us no evidence of his recognition of our Gospels as authoritative.

Marcion, about 140, as we have seen, rejected all other Gospels and adopted a Gospel-account in many things resembling our Lk. Dr. Abbott, supporting the later Tertullian's charge that Marcion falsified Lk. in favour of his anti-Jewish views, points out, as it has often been pointed out before, "that the omissions and alterations which he (Marcion) would have had to make in Jn. are trifling as compared with those he was forced to introduce into Lk." From this hypothesis Dr. Abbott concludes that "in 125-135 A.D.," the date he assigns to Marcion's Gospel, though this seems to us somewhat too early, "Lk. had come into prominence as a recognised Gospel in Marcion's region, but that Jn. was not yet equally prominent." It is, however, very evident that we are here in the full ocean of hypothesis and conjecture, and can set our feet on no rock of proved historical fact.

From the few acknowledged fragments of Valentinus, the successor of Basilides, we have nothing to show that he recognised our Gospels. This brings us to the middle of the second century, and presumably all but the absolutely irreconcilables will acknowledge the existence of our Gospels after that date.

We have seen above the leanings of Dr. Abbott in one or two particulars to the conservative position; it is, therefore, somewhat surprising to find him summing up the quotation evidence before Justin in the following manner: "Thus up to the middle of the second century, though there are traces of Johannine thought and tradition, and immature approximations to the Johannine Logos-Doctrine, yet in some writers (*e.g.*, Barnabas and Simon), we find rather what Jn. develops, or what Jn. attacks, than anything which imitates Jn., and in others (*e.g.*, Polycarp, Ignatius, and Papias) mere war cries of the time, or phrases of a Logos-doctrine still in flux, or apocalyptic traditions of which Jn. gives a more spiritual and perhaps a truer version. There is nothing to prove, or even suggest, that Jn. was 'recognised as a gospel.

Many of these writers, however, are known to us by extracts so short and slight that inference from them is very unsafe."

But in all this summary no reference to Mk., Mt., or Lk.! Why this omission, when it is just the date of the Synoptic writings which are generally considered of the greater importance in this enquiry?

Passing to Justin Martyr; the evidence as to quotations found in his writings (145-149 A.D.) is especially valuable owing to its greater richness. Dr. Abbott concludes that Justin knew the Synoptic writings but not Jn. But the knowledge by Justin of the Synoptics has been hotly contested both because of the great freedom with which Justin treats the alleged quotations, and also because of several statements he makes on important points which prove conclusively that Justin used other accounts of the nativity and baptism than those in Mt. and Lk. The wide variation also of Justin's quotations from the present text of the Synoptics shows either quotations from memory, or that the original text of the first three Gospels differed very greatly from our present text.

It is, however, difficult to believe that Justin did not know our gospels, for his pupil Tatian (150-180 A.D.) not only knew all of them, but composed a Harmony of the Four, placing Jn. on the same level with the rest. It may be that Justin would have nothing to do with Jn. because of its mystical nature, for Justin was a great literalist.

Reviewing then the evidence adduced from quotations or alleged quotations, we may conclude with very great safety that all our four Gospels were in circulation after 150. Prior to that date, however, we find nothing to prove the acceptance of Jn., and with regard to the date of the Synoptists we see that the question is very debatable, and that up to at least 110 A.D., there is absolutely nothing to prove their existence. The apparently inferior authority of Lk. also rests on such slender evidence that to our mind it is not made out, and therefore its later date than our Mt. and Mk. not established.

The non-recognition of Jn., however, seems to be governed by doctrinal considerations rather than by lateness of composition. And the conflicting views of critics as to the dates of the

Synoptics based on the testimony of quotations are chiefly owing to the want of accurate distinction between what would prove the existence of our actual compilations, and what simply points to the existence of one or more of their "sources."

We will next review the present position of the Synoptical problem as set forth by Professor Schmiedel.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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# FROM THE LIFE OF THE BACILLI

## A RUSSIAN APOLOGUE

THE Professor took up a jar, half filled with calves'-blood serum —a yellowish jelly. Then he heated a platinum wire white-hot, and after letting it cool down, inserted it into a test-tube in which grew what looked like a clump of curious dark little fir-trees. He detached an almost invisible particle of the dark substance, and pricked with the wire the upper layer of trans-parent gelatine in his jar. This done, he carefully secured the jar with gutta-percha, and then placed it in a glass cupboard, equably heated by means of a gas-burner.

The Professor had discovered a new bacillus, which he called "variable" (*Bacillus mutabilis*), because investigation showed that it changed form with extraordinary rapidity. Now he wished to experiment as to the consecutive development of many generations of this bacillus; so he placed his jar in an apparatus, the even temperature of which was best suited to the life of these microbes. He intended to open that jar in a year's time, and study the new peculiarities acquired by the billionth generation of his strange bacilli.

"Just live one year," said the Professor with a kind fatherly smile. "You will have sufficient food for ever so long; multiply in peace, my little pets; if all goes well, we shall see each other again in twelve months' time."

Then, shutting the door of the little glass cupboard, he lit

the gas-burner, and withdrew to his other nurselings—the microbes of glanders, typhus, black pox, plague and other fascinating breeds, which were developing quietly in test-tubes, ranged in long wooden stands.

It was light and warm in the jar, filled half-way up with the thick jelly. The light passed through the glass door of the cupboard, which was placed opposite the large laboratory window. In the almost invisible prick, in the very centre of the gelatine surface, the bacilli, transplanted by the Professor, began their life's work.

They absorbed the gelatine with greed, digested it, exuded ptomaines and unceasingly multiplied. Each new generation, which only lived an hour, bored its way deeper and deeper down into the gelatine, in the form of a big ring, giving out fine shafts on every side. In a few days a little white fir-tree, with long needles, had formed in the clear gelatine, and soon this growth began to invade the whole jar.

After half a year of constant changes, revivals, refinings, after half a year of struggle and adaptation, the two hundred millionth generation attained to consciousness, and, later on, acquired the capacity of expressing thought, so that when the end of the year was approaching, the colony of bacilli had risen to a high level of mental development. The sciences and arts flourished in their midst. They were governed by a Council of Elders; and as there was enough food for all, and life was brief, the upholding of social order and the dispensation of justice were easy matters. The colony, however, had broken up into two hostile camps upon purely intellectual grounds. This was mainly the result of the new teaching of the astronomer Ji, who discarded the traditional astronomy of Fi, which had existed for more than two thousand bacilline years (in our reckoning about three days).

Fi had studied the glimmer of the gas-burner and the light of the moon in the night, and that of the sun in the day, and had started an astronomical theory, which was borne out every day by the phenomena, but savoured of spiritualism, like all the theories of young peoples. He taught that the earth, *i.e.*, the gelatine, was a cylinder, the dimensions of which could be calculated with accuracy. The earth rested firmly in an envelope of

transparent matter, above which was the sky, formed of air, and also covered over with a transparent substance. Behind the first sky was a second one in the far distance (the door of the cupboard), and a third firmament (the window of the laboratory). A splendid luminary (the gas-burner), the source of light and heat, was fixed immovably at one side of the earth. Two other luminaries were located outside the third sky, lighting it at given intervals of time.

These latter stars were insignificant in comparison with the sun (the gas-burner). It was true that they shed light-rays on the earth of the bacilli; but they did this inconstantly, and their heat-rays were insignificant in comparison with those of the gas-burner-luminary, which was the source of all life in the land of the bacilli.

Fi's ancestors bowed down to their sun as to a god, but in the days of Fi himself such adoration was already called idolatry. Fi also taught that the earth of the bacilli was the centre of the universe; and that for its sake the gas burnt, and these lesser luminaries rotated, appearing at intervals beyond the third sky.

As Fi had calculated what to us would be the lunar and solar periods, and had foretold which generations would see the sun again, and which would have to be satisfied with the gas-burner and moon (to put it in terms of our language), he was considered a great astronomer, and nobody dared doubt but that the bacilli were the most perfect beings in existence, and the most cherished creations of the Demiurgus. It must be confessed, moreover, that this proud theory was greatly to their profit, and stimulated them to mental advancement. They believed that they would be transformed in time into other, more perfect shapes, and pass beyond the third sky, into that world where the sun and moon move. Their highest aspiration was to become mobile, so as to travel from place to place; of which faculty they were deprived in their present state. Only their offspring could move forward; the adults died where they had been born.

By studying the ancient settlements the bacilli knew that the colonisation took place from above, where were the remains of ancient structures. But whence the first dwellers came,

they knew not. Fi taught that they had been created by the Demiurgus.

Two thousand years had elapsed since the time when the great Fi conceived his astronomical theory upon which the entire bacilline race founded its existence.

Upon this theory its morality, its social life, its poetry and art were based. All its manifestations of creative power sprang from this theory, which had become in the fullness of time an unquestioned axiom. It is true that many savants had made observations which could not be fully explained, or contradicted, by the bacillocentric school of thought of Fi. But these observations were either refuted or hushed up; or else somewhat strained explanations were invented for them, based, of course, upon the above theory.

Ji, who had dared to declare war upon the universally accepted belief, was an uncommon bacillus. Owing to unfortunate chances, his race, in the course of making a shaft in the nutritive jelly, found itself in a country intersected by old shafts, the inhabitants of which had spread abroad on all sides.

Owing to bad nutrition, the ancestors of Ji became irritable and exceedingly energetic. There was no fresh jelly for them; they had to redigest the remains of departed bacilli and the sharp ptomaines, which excited the nervous system, as all spicy substances do.

For several centuries already, the clan ot Ji had been considered bad, malicious, godless and dangerous. It received many advantageous offers to emigrate into untouched districts of jelly, but declined them all; averring that it would find means to revenge itself on fate. Ji's clan held poetry and art in contempt, devoting itself to the study of exact science, and more especially those facts which clashed most with the orthodox theory of Fi.

Ji taught that the earth of the bacilli was an insignificant atom, which, together with the outside world (that is, the laboratory), revolved round the outer sun, which was stationary; that the gas-burner was a permanently active volcano, which threw out a flame, caused by the combustion of gases in the bowels of the universe; that the outside world might be inhabited by bacilli of another order, or even great moving communities of the

same. After long study of the remains of ancient bacilli, he had arrived at the conclusion that they had come into existence by spontaneous generation from the nutritious matter. Their multiplication was, he thought, aimless; it was called forth by the propitious combination of cosmic conditions. All that existed, he resolved into two principles: ponderable matter and an imponderable æther, which fills the space between the earth and the heavens, and transmits light and warmth.

He taught that there was no principle of force; that the phenomena of gravitation, heat, light, electricity, molecular attraction, etc., were based upon the vibration of ether.

The universe, he taught, was but a great, eternally-going kind of clock, the workings of which excluded all free will. It contained nothing but ponderable and imponderable matter, mobile and immobile, *but matter only*.

Ji's disciples went even further than their master. They declined to follow the popular customs, were careless of infringing the rules of morality, and were distinguished by their profound pessimism. Many of them committed suicide, finding that life was not worth living. "Why drag out an aimless existence," they cried, "terminating in death, after which there is but decomposition? We cannot make our way to the third sky, therefore it is no good dreaming of that heaven. If we could only blast our earth into space—that would be the very best thing for all concerned." When they were told about the Demiurgus, who had created the universe for them, they laughed. "Show us this Demiurgus," they said. "The world is created for suffering; organised matter is accursed; the inorganic alone is blissful. The more developed a bacillus is, the more he suffers. Such is the law of the world. Your Demiurgus is cruel, because he foresaw what awaited us in the future. And as you say he is good, it is clear that he does not exist. There is no purpose in anything; there is but an eternal chain of senseless causes and inevitable effects."

Such preaching caused disturbances among the populace. Two parties, the Ji-ists and Fi-ists, fell upon each other with exasperation. Even the stupidest bacilli collected beneath the one or the other banner. Instead of the peaceful and idyllic

conditions of former times, an age of great commotion, civil wars and persecutions set in.

Everyone saw in his opponent a nest of vices, and in his fellow-believer a conglomeration of all the virtues. The Elders had lost their former authority and were powerless to restore order. They forbade the preaching of Ji's theories; but no one gave any heed. They began to persecute the Ji-ists, and to imprison them; but the number of freethinkers grew apace, as the preachers of the new doctrine appeared arrayed in the mantle of martyrdom. At last the oldest and wisest of the Elders, Fri, proposed that a great public meeting be held, to which should be summoned the aged heresiarch Ji and the most eminent of Fi's disciples, the philosopher Ri.

In the very bowels of the earth, at the base of the main shaft, beneath the canopy of the gutta-percha sky, amongst the tombs of the early bacilli, upon a daïs, sat the Elders. Before them stood Ji and Ri, surrounded by their adherents, and filling all the shafts, as far as the eye could see, were the countless clans of microbes, assembled to listen to the decisive disputation.

Almost three-fourths of the people were on Ji's side, confident of a brilliant victory for their idol. At all corners of the passages were placed portraits of Ji, thin, emaciated, and sinister, with five long spiral legs. Huge placards were displayed on every side with inscriptions such as "Death to the fanatics!" "Forward!" "Down with sentiment!" etc.

The most wise of Elders, Fri, who had but a few days more to live, made a fervent speech, in a tragic voice. He said that a doctrine which leads to immorality, to suicide, to dissension, to enmity, cannot be true. Only that can be true which does not clash with prosperity. The Demiurgus in his boundless love for his children had created the bacilli for a happy life; had he not laid up a gigantic store of nutritious matter which would last them for many millions of solar periods? Their forefathers, following the voice of conscience, were wise and happy; the sciences and arts flourished. The magnificent pictures of the old masters had not been surpassed. The majestic buildings of the past had none to equal them among modern erections.

Instead of denying the laws of life the populace ought to

exercise itself in creative work, so as at least to equal its ancestors, and not follow false teachers whose activity had already borne such evil fruit.

Then the Elder turned to Ji, and implored him to repent. "See what your teaching has brought about," he said; "look at the neglected temples, at the altars so long uncensed! Look at the mothers, sorrowing and insulted by their corrupt children; at fathers, uncomforted in their old age! Look at the universal variance and discord resulting from your doctrines! Our ancestors, guided by the teaching of Fi, lived happily—and were united. By the tombs of our common ancestors, I exhort you to mend your ways and to confess your error. Confess your fallacies and cease to deny the eternal law which has placed us in the centre of the universe for a blissful existence. Do not bring down upon us the anger of the Demiurgus. He is great and magnanimous, and it were in His power to annihilate our beautiful flowering earth! I again exhort you, repent and give us back peace, happiness and contentment!" And the venerable Fri, with tears, fell on his knees before Ji, and beat his head on the ground.

Ji, sombre, and with gleaming eyes, respectfully lifted the hoary Elder and addressed him thus: "O wise Fri, do not appeal to my heart, but to my reason! A philosopher must be honest above all things. If he is sure of the truth of his teaching, if no phenomena contradict him, he must not renounce the truth, and, after having betrayed its cause, return to mistaken and ignorant beliefs. I love you, but I love the truth still more. It pains me to see all this dissension, but it was not I who gave birth to it. These misunderstandings simply show that the old order of things cannot further satisfy a modern bacillus, who has mentally outgrown it. Also I am not answerable for the inferences drawn from my theory. Remember, every new thought enters into consciousness after a struggle. If I am wrong, prove to me that I am; but if not, how can I renounce the truth for anybody's or anything's sake?"

Fri, now assured of the impenitence and obduracy of Ji, said to him severely: "Your false doctrine will now be publicly exposed by the most wise Ri, the highest authority of our belief,

whose task it will be to make manifest to all the falseness of your teachings. Let the most wise Ri stand forth!"

Ri rose up, and all eyes turned to him. He was a good-humoured old bacillus, with a sly smile, and kind, twinkling eyes. The son of an Elder and himself a member of the Council, his life had been a happy one. He had loved all that was beautiful, especially beautiful women and beautiful pictures. His taste for the beautiful was his guide in philosophy. It kept him from extremes. Ri's literary productions were luminous, exquisitely finished, and suggestive of a well-balanced mind. He saw everything through the prism of beauty, and he guessed much that was not even dreamed of by the "savants." He was the first to introduce the principle: "To be wise you must be rich." Ji's party hated him. When he rose up to speak, he was met on all sides by the groans of his enemies. Only the Elders and a few old bacilli gave him a feeble welcome.

"I am entering the lists with an adversary more powerful than myself, with the luminary of our sciences. My only support in the coming controversy will be the shade of the great Fi, and the conformity of my opinions with those of the wisest and most powerful Elders upon our earth. (With a bow in the direction of the daïs.) In time past, storms and shadows have often fallen upon the second sky. Sometimes for a minute or so the flaming sun, which gives us heat, has gone out; but we always believed that it would warm us once more and so we lived hopefully through transient adversity. The great Fi gave us principles of happiness. These are denied in the name of science. Why should science be rated higher than happiness? I do not know! On the assumption that it were right to do so, let us see what the science of my renowned rival has actually brought about? Discontent with life, consciousness of our own insignificance, disregard and violation of the laws. Whereas laws are not arbitrary inventions of the mind, but are brought into existence by the united action of all the conditions of bacilline life. They are laws of society, not laws of nature. Why, therefore, for the sake of so-called natural law, destroy the principles of society? Nature has not changed since the great Fi's age. The sun still gives us warmth and light, as of old; on all sides

there is still a sufficient store of food. Why then should we conform our lives to mere abstractions?

"Even your invincible foundations, those theories with which you would replace the wisdom that has come down to us from our forefathers, even these do not stand criticism. I am told that you believe in the absence of a higher motive power; motionless matter being brought into movement by the mobile material ether. Thus you would explain the system of the universe. To explain your laws, we must assume a potential energy, which transforms itself into living force, but which we cannot determine. This potential energy, acting at a distance, assumes different forms; namely, those of the potentials of thought, of nervous and muscular action, etc. . . ."

But the last words of the venerable Ri were drowned by a thunder of groans and yells. The mob of Ji's partisans shouted "Shut up! Enough of that rubbish!" "The old fool does not know physics!" and so forth, until the clamour became perfectly deafening.

For a moment Ri looked at the crowd proudly, then, turning to the helpless Elders, he quietly remounted the daïs. He sat down in their midst, wrung his feelers in silent agony, and hid his face in his cloak.

Supported by his followers, and now complete master of the field, Ji boldly faced the Elders once more, and said in a loud voice:

"This is not the place to wrangle over the details of science, and you should not do so, because you confuse the temporary with the eternal, your own wishes with the mandates of nature. I know all about the potential hidden energy, which you invoke for my abasement. You mean that the universe has its potential, which was created by some one's energy, *viz.*, that of the Demiurgus. But such an explanation is only possible if we accept miracle. There is no such thing as miracle; show us even one in the history of our world, *one little authentic miracle* in the course of all the millions of years our race has existed on earth. All things take place in natural sequence. Formerly we were contented with the laws of our ancestors, because those laws answered to our requirements. *Now* they have ceased to do so, and we

would change them. The most important thing now is, that we should preserve a sound scientific spirit, and that the mind should be impregnated with the idea of the relativity and transitoriness of all things. Laws and institutions are as unstable as we are. Thought is as much an exudation of the brain, as perspiration is of the skin. Righteousness and sulphuric acid are, alike, the products of natural forces. Tell me, where does miracle come in?

"Miracle is impossible and will ever remain so!"

Ji threw his head back proudly, as if challenging the old god to single combat, and his gaze remained rivetted to the sky. His eyes dilated, he turned ashy pale and staggered. . . .

Those around him turned their eyes to the heavens in surprise, which rapidly gave place to mute horror.

A dreadful black shadow moved along the top of the dome; then part of it opened up, a wave of cold struck the microbes, and a fearsome dark pillar, like the gigantic pestle of an immense mortar, descended from the sky, sank into the earth, caught up Ji, his rival, and the seething populace, and lifted them bodily into another world, into other spheres, beyond the second sky.

* * * *

It was the savant, who, after the lapse of a year, had taken out some bacilli with his platinum rod, to investigate their new peculiarities.

G. SYROMIATNIKOFF ("SIGMA").

*(Translated by Permission from the Russian by* SIMEON LINDEN.)

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BUT first thou must tear off from thee the cloak which thou dost wear,—the web of ignorance, the ground of bad, corruption's chain, the carapace of darkness, the living death, sensation's corpse, the tomb thou carriest with thee, the robber in thy house, who through the things he loveth, hateth thee, and through the things he hateth, bears thee malice.—HERMES THE THRICE-GREATEST.

# THE LIFE OF MADAME SWETCHINE*

When the sun goes down—in our Alps—the first line of mountain grows dark, but the high summits of ice glow in glory. There exist dark souls and souls luminous. The soul of Mme. Swetchine brightly reflected the rays of the Eternal Truth, that is why the contemplation of that soul is salutary. The contact of such a soul brings Good.

(Ernest Naville, *Mme. Swetchine, Étude biographique.* Genève ; 1863.)

Such is the testimony of one of the noblest of Protestants to the life and work of a noble woman who, born a Greek Catholic, became one of the great converts of the century to Roman Catholicism, a woman who thus succeeded in uniting in a common sympathy and respect the three great divisions of the Christian creed. More restricted in her views and more dogmatic than her sometime rival in the attempt to breathe new life into Christian forms—Mme. de Krüdener—she yet influenced in her smaller way most of the better men and women of the Paris of her time, scattering in all the homes of its French and Cosmopolitan nobility the seeds of faith, seriousness, charity, purity, of self-restraint, study and work. Her intelligence was under the sway of dogma, but the insight of a soul more lofty than its limitations constantly allowed the rays of its spirit to flash through the obscuring veils of its form.

Mme. Swetchine, born Sophia Suymonoff, was a child of an ancient noble family of Moscow, the "Slav Jerusalem" as it has been called. Her grandfather, General Boltine, had been a translator of the French *Encyclopédie*, and wrote on the history of Russia ; her father was a private secretary to Catherine II.

Sophia (born November 22nd, 1782), was as distinguished by nature as by birth. Talented and modest, she was above all

* *Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine*, by Count de Falloux, of the French Academy, translated by H. W. Preston. Boston : Roberts Brothers ; 1868.

of a rare firmness of character, and from a little child she trained herself to renounce her wishes. Her greatest love was light, light bright as day, one of the reasons of her passion for the theatre and illuminations, her love of the latter being destined to last till her death.

At fourteen she spoke, besides her own language, English, Italian, French and German, and she also studied Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

At sixteen she was called to court as maid of honour to the angelic Empress Marie, wife of Paul I.; but with all her devotion to that sweet motherly woman, she gave the depth of her love to her father and to her young sister (later Princess Gregory Gagarine).

Not pretty, but very graceful, she was much admired, and, by her father's wish, married, at eighteen, General Swetchine, much older than herself, to whom she remained a faithful friend and wife all through their long wedded life.

Just before her marriage her father died. The daughter's grief was intense, and it was in that hour of trial and duty that she first turned to the inner Light; she had so far known only the prayer of the lips, but "when she could no longer say 'my father,' she cried 'my God'" (p. 22).

The wedding took place as her dead father had wished it. The young wife, placed in her youth in a high and responsible position, for some time led the worldly life of all those around her.

It was the epoch of the great French Revolution, and crowds of *émigrés* gathered under the shelter of the Imperial throne. Some of the older Royalists brought into the hospitality of Orthodox Russia a fervent zeal for Roman propaganda. Mme. Swetchine saw them everywhere in Court circles, received them in her own house, and, given to study, filled with the longing to do her whole duty in all emergencies, she willingly studied with these matured and refined minds the questions they held to be of the highest import.

In 1803 we see her charmed by Pascal and Massillon. Alexander I. succeeded Paul, and a lighter atmosphere seemed to flow in from all sides with the advent of that fair young prince, the dreamy idealist, the republican pupil of Laharpe.

Mme. Swetchine now devoted herself freely to philosophy, comparing Pascal, Descartes and Leibnitz with Kant, Fichte and Hegel, studying them under the guidance of Rampach, then a young professor. But she at the same time fulfilled all her duties in the world and at home, helping the two Empresses Marie and Elisabeth (Alexander's wife) in their charitable works, giving all care to the education of her sister and little Nadine Staeline, her adopted daughter.

> At the age of twenty-five she was invaluable to all her friends. . . . Grave and collected in her hours of meditation . . . she was sincerely condescending to shyness and humility, and tenderly affectionate with the poor, the afflicted and the penitent (p. 50.)

She was great friends with Tourgueneff, son of the famous Martinist, himself "with the material for ten good men" in head and heart (p. 55).

About the same time she made the acquaintance of Mdlle. de Stourdza, the friend of Alexander I., of Mme. de Krüdener, and of Count de Maistre, the famous French writer, who became one of the instrumental causes of her future devotion to the Roman Church.

She argued with him on religious subjects for hours, and wrote to Roxandra de Stourdza:

> My love of peace is such that I have always suspected that the soul of the Abbé de St. Pierre had passed into mine by means of metempsychosis (p. 62).

The "Patriotic War" of 1812 against Napoleon carried her activity of soul into another direction; she was chosen—at the age of thirty—President of the Empress Elisabeth's Society for the Relief of the Victims of the War. She, however, kept up her correspondence with Mlle. de Stourdza.

> It always seems to me [she wrote] as if souls sought one another in the chaos of the world like kindred elements which have a tendency to re-unite.

And with quite Russian *fugue* she adds:

> I should have taken one leap over the temperate zone, for there I have never been able to abide. . . . Absolute silence would cost me less than retracting twenty words each day.

And yet a few years later, following heroically what she thought the right, she bowed herself to the hardest task for a

Russian nature—perpetual exile and perpetual temperance of deed and word. In the same letter to her friend (pp. 83, 84) she says:

> I have felt and reflected much, and in the matter of human affection and passion have traversed an immense circle. It is in the precincts of my own heart that I have learned to comprehend the hearts of others; a knowledge of my single self has given me a key to those innumerable riddles—men. The idea that every individual is a miscrocosm has always approved itself to me. . . . You are right to desire nothing but what God wills. . . . I have seen so many more bitter tears shed over fulfilled, than over disappointed hopes. . . . These are old thoughts of mine, their germ was in me when the air was still fragrant.

And in another letter she writes:

> I woke early from a sleep worse than death. . . Five minutes of religious exaltation sufficed . . . and gave direction to the remainder of my life. Later, Providence took away my milk and leading-strings. . . How weak I felt when it became necessary for me to walk alone and to climb instead of leaping (p. 101).

It was to that unruly passion of her Slav nature that most probably M. de Maistre alluded when he wrote:

> To restrain the desire of a Russian is enough to make it explode.

Yet in the silent storm of her soul the insight remained like a spot of serene sky; to her Roxandra she quotes a fine saying (p. 114):

> The universe is but the symbol of a great thought. It seems to me impossible to doubt there exists a unity between the moral and the physical world, that the latter is but the manifestation of the former.

Still the stress now laid on her brave soul was a serious one, for de Maistre's keen intellect had roused her mind to full play, and his fervent conviction of the right of the Roman Church began to shake her confidence in the lawfulness of the Greek as a separate Church; she at once determined to study the arduous subject thoroughly, and to this effect she retired with all her books (and with her little adopted daughter) to a country house on the shores of the Finnish coast. De Maistre had catechised her evening by evening, and Princess Alexis Galitzine, herself already a Roman convert, composed an invocation to God for her "conversion," repeating it daily.

Mme. Swetchine had a power of seeing her own thought-

images; for instance, she used to read "Macbeth" in a dimly-lighted room and fix her mind on it till she actually saw the whole drama enacted round her, shuddering at the weird sight. In youth, when travelling, she often saw her absent friends, living or dead, coming to sit in the coach beside her, or following it.

Now quite alone, amidst the sad beauty of Finland's red rocks and pine-woods, with the cold waves of the Baltic roaring on the shore, she concentrated herself mind and soul on this great question, how to seek out Truth, to find salvation. Alas! she sought it in a *form*. Yet her bright intelligence still preserved its balance. In her "Notes" she wrote down some sentences which show how her inner nature tended to tolerance and the spirit of things. For instance, "Prejudice sees not clearly, but aversion sees not at all" (St. Isidore to St. Cyril). Again: "St. Clement says that it is weakness to fear Pagan philosophy"; and Waverley: "The Church must light its candle at the old lamp."

Yet "doubt" was to her "always ignorance," and so she studied all the subtle controversies of Rome; of her own Church she knew but the worldly, indolent priesthood, and the "indifferent" faith of the Court circles.

On the 20th of June, 1815, she took her last Greek communion "with the sole purpose of disposing of any remaining hesitation" (p. 142)—it brought no relief, and on the 27th of October, she abjured Orthodoxy for Rome. As a Roman Catholic, she took the name of Joan, for love of St. John the Evangelist. Later, when visiting a Roman convent, she wrote: "The more positive, exclusive, austere and exacting a rule is, the more attraction it has for us," and that was for so many Slavs the secret of Rome's charm, the strength of rule, which Greek laxity seldom gives. But she always had "an attitude of perfect impartiality toward all those who might conscientiously and sincerely represent a generous idea." So when the Jesuits began to be persecuted in Russia, her devotion to her guide, Father Rosaven, showed itself with greater intensity and she at once acknowledged herself a Roman Catholic. The Czar's esteem and friendship shielded her, but his position at Court was made untenable for General Swetchine, and, too proud to

defend himself, he took his wife abroad, to live and die in exile (except for one return by order, which in itself was a trial). The Czar kept up his correspondence with Mme. Swetchine till his own death.

In the winter of 1816-17 Mme. Swetchine, then thirty-four years of age, came to Paris, where for long years she was the star of spirituality on the grey sky of the French capital under the "Restauration." M. de Falloux called her what a great German called Princess Dachkoff, the first President of the Russian Academy of Sciences, "a man in intellect, always a woman at heart." The fairest feature of her nature was an impartiality that made "her Salon by degrees the neutral ground in the midst of Paris" (p. 230). It had grown up quite spontaneously, by the attraction of her virtue and sweetness. Her own life was simple and all work. She rose before day, heard mass and visited the poor; the hours from 8 to 3 were devoted to her home and to study, when at 3 her Salon doors were thrown open to any visitor. From 6 to 9 she retired again for home duties and work, and at 9 the work in the world began afresh, to last often late in the night.

Her husband assisted at her receptions, quietly smiling at all, but remained a staunch member of the Orthodox Church, though without interfering with Sophia's Catholicism.

The drawing-room was always brilliantly lit; Mme. Swetchine ever had it adorned with some rare plants in full flower, or some picture lent by some artist friend proud to exhibit it under that roof.

The conversation was always gently led to high subjects, and the chief charm, the light and flower of that house, was the quiet small woman in a simple brown dress, of whom it could be repeated what she said of a friend: "A mind perfectly high-toned, a crystal which is almost a diamond" (p. 259). Gracious and compassionate to all exiles, she, who was never to see her own country again, showed a respectful interest in the exiled princes in 1830.

The princes of the Roman Church, Lamennais, Lacordaire and Montalembert, were also her constant guests; high dignitaries of the Faith and women of the world, young girls who came at

night to show a pretty ball-dress, and returned in the morning with new confidence in the soul and trembling lips—to each and all she was the same true, firm, modest friend, the same gentle confessor and counsellor in trouble or joy, in home life and in public work.

As years rolled on she lost one friend after the other by death; her Nadine went, a young wife and mother, her old husband, Countess Stourdza, and many others. In her days of mourning she received from the Archbishop of Paris permission to erect a chapel in her own house, and adorn it with precious stones from the Russian mines; she even gave her diamonds to encrust in the side of a silver statue of the Virgin.

That beautiful, mystic chapel became a sort of refuge of beauty, like the catacombs of the Christian martyrs, to all her young and suffering friends; to it they retired in trouble to meditate. Thus she wrote:

> Concentration of thought upon Self, that other tabernacle of God, implies the weakening of all external influences, if not entire deliverance from them. . . . Meditation is at once the greatest aid to faithfulness and its greatest joy. . . . It renders all verities present at once, and all their consequences plain. Meditate, says the Master to the Christian disciple, and evil will seem less possible, and good more easy.
>
> Prayer is the Infinite. A single heart that lifts itself to Thee, O Lord, comprehends all hearts. Prayer is eternity, for it embraces all time; immensity, for it comprehends all space. All which is, O my God, and all which has been, all men of all climes and ages, their present and future state, their happiness, their love and virtue, all this affinity of hearts and souls is reflected in the humble, fervent prayer as the celestial vault is reflected in the unconscious wave. . . (p. 284).

During the latter years of her life she passed, each autumn, two months in a convent, and to her last breath she drew the strength to live from her meditations and the communions she made in her chapel, hours that bordered on ecstasy.

Before the end came she again had her "visions," her dead friends and some distant living ones also crowded her room. Her head was bowed from exhaustion and sickness, but the brave soul rose to meet the dark moment which she deemed the beginning of an eternity of paradise.

To a friend, who could not restrain his wonder at the inner

force with which she bore her physical martyrdom, she replied smilingly: "*Ce n'est pas bien malin; c'est que je suis contente.*" And full of that contentment and peace she passed away on the 10th September, 1857, aged seventy-five, dying wrapped in the same glow of ecstasy that had lit up her life.

It was only after she had left the body, that her nearest by kin and by sympathy were permitted to peruse and then to make public the work of her silent hours of study and meditation—the key to the sweet, soft radiance which penetrated her existence and her home, and made it a refuge for the hearts of all seekers and sufferers of the world-capital which now held her tomb, the key to the secret of that woman of the world who fulfilled a "mission of conscience," as spiritual guide to hundreds of worldly men and women, the soul-legacy she left for the generations to come and which it is best to give (in part) as she wrote it.

A RUSSIAN.

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# THE BLIND DANCER

THERE is in the land of France a town without which stands a little grey chapel. It is ruined now; but once it was a favourite spot whereat the pious prayed. There is a niche in the chapel wall, outside the door, in which was once the statue of a saint; a lady of extraordinary piety, who lived in the country many years ago, and was canonised for her good deeds, holy life, and marvellous visions.

In the town whereof I speak there lived a young and very beautiful dancer. She led, some said an evil, but at least a careless and outwardly frivolous life. She was very fair to look upon, and many courted her for that reason; moreover, her skill in dancing was great. The wisest and holiest in the city thought lightly of her as a woman frivolous, idle, and indiscreet, dazzled by the glitter of external things. Now this was true; the dancer was easily moved by the emotions of her youth. She loved life as she knew it; she loved the passionate pulsing of sensation, yet there was in her a fount of stronger life that would

not be satisfied. Again and again she fought, unknown to all, a battle with that outer self which seemed so much stronger than the inner cravings of her soul. At last one day she went to the chapel to pray. And she said very earnestly:

"That which I wish to be, I know. Clearly I know and see it. That which I do not wish to be I make myself hourly. Therefore, O Lord, do Thou by any means, if this seems good to Thee, so rule my life that if I may not be such as I desire, I may at least cease to be such as I loathe."

That night the dancing house caught fire, and many perished. The dancer was found in the ruins, so crushed and burned, it seemed as though she could live but a few hours. This was not so. She recovered, crippled and grievously disfigured. Moreover, she was hopelessly blind. Pitiful and pious persons who had turned from the world's follies, warned the young; they pointed to the dancer, and bade all giddy maidens and thoughtless boys perceive how heavy were the judgments of God; how He punished carelessness and levity, and dealt very sternly with those who displeased Him. For the dancer, they said, was manifestly punished for the levity of her life.

After many weeks the blind dancer rose from her bed, and begged a little child, the daughter of a neighbour, to lead her out to the chapel that she might give thanks to God. She went forth feebly, but gladly, for she said:

"My prayer has been answered. Now my eyes are closed to the things of earth; I shall see with my heart the things of heaven."

But as the days went on this was not so. She could no longer see and rejoice in all that she once loved; and those things after which she followed, she did not gain. So there was nothing left her but to sit still and wait in the darkness. After long waiting she said to herself:

"It is not for me to wait for these things which will never come to such as I. Therefore I will not sit as one who waits and expects; I will only be patient until the end."

So she sat in patience during thirty years. By reason of her blindness and weakness she could do no work in the world, she could only ask a little girl to lead her daily into the garden, where

she plucked a flower, and thence to the grey chapel. There, groping clumsily because of her blindness, she placed the flower before the saint's statue without the door; then she turned away, praying no longer before the altar, because it seemed to her that she had nothing for which to pray. Besides, she said:

"He Who disposed till now, will still dispose. He knows; and I am but a dancer; moreover I am blind, so that I cannot even dance."

One day as she came from the chapel the old priest met her, and greeted her. He spoke gently and pitifully because of her weakness, for she was growing very feeble. He felt tenderly towards this woman whose careless life had been so heavily punished. She answered him in a tone of gladness which was new in her, so that he wondered and asked whether she had had good news. She answered:

"Not so, father. Yet I am glad, because though I am still in darkness, I forget it by reason of the sound which I have heard since yesterday."

The priest asked her, smiling: "What sound is this, my daughter?"

She replied: "I do not know."

"Whence does it come?" he asked her.

She answered: "I think from within my heart."

Then he, questioning further, said: "When do you hear this, daughter? Is it when you are still and alone? Is it when you pray?"

The dancer answered him: "I do not pray, father. When first I heard it I was so much alone I did not dream that anyone lived in all the worlds save me only. But now I hear it always; through all sounds, through the turmoil of the city, through the laughing and crying and shouting, through the sound of the organ, through the singing of the birds by my cottage."

Then with a smile on her disfigured face she went on up the hill, the little child leading her.

A month passed by, and the weather grew cold and wintry. One night when the snow lay very thickly upon the ground the old priest sat alone, thinking, and sometimes praying. He heard a knock at his door, and opened it. Without he saw a tall lady,

her white robe glimmering in the darkness. In her hand and on her bosom she bore flowers, like those the blind dancer laid before the statue of the saint. And she said: "Father, I beg you to come with me to-night to visit a faithful servant, who has long been very sick."

The priest made ready quickly and went forth. To his surprise the lady had no carriage waiting for her; she walked swiftly over the snow; and though it was dark and the priest stumbled, she walked as though it was day; her white dress seemed to light the darkness round her. When the priest stumbled she slackened her pace, and walked more slowly.

So he, keeping pace with her, asked: "Has this sick woman served you long, Madame, that you are come forth yourself to summon me?"

"She is not my servant," said the lady. "She serves One greater than I. She has served long in the darkness; soon she will serve in the Light of His Face."

Even as she spoke, she stopped. The priest perceived that he stood before the house of the blind dancer. He opened the door, and saw, by the light of two candles that glimmered by the bed, the dancer lying dead, clad in the robes of the grave, her hands folded on her breast.

"She is dead," he cried. "Why call me when it is too late?"

"It is not too late," said his visitor, gently, "for you to learn, father. You thought this woman was punished for her careless life; you did not know her true life was so little careless that she was willing to be stripped of all, that she might live it truly. You did not know that this servant was willing to sit, year by year, empty-handed in the darkness, knowing not whether that darkness would ever lift, nor those empty hands be filled. *You* did not know. But He Whom she served knew."

MICHAEL WOOD.

# THE OPENING OF THE CENTURY

THERE is, perhaps, no more valuable gift that Theosophy bestows upon its students, in a greater or less degree according to the earnestness and insight of each, than a certain power to interpret the events of life, and so to build some kind of ordered structure out of seeming chaos and confusion. The value of this power, even in its smallest measure, is beyond our estimation; and it is probably impossible to realise how different a thing life is in consequence of the infinitely wider outlook which we have been granted, and with which we have become familiar. If by some miracle our horizon could be narrowed to its former limit, and we be plunged back into our earlier darkness, then, indeed, and in all likelihood not till then, we should appreciate with overwhelming force the change that a revelation of the deeper truths has wrought.

Nor should our interest be confined to the events of our own individual lives, or the lives most closely bound up with ours, much as these will teach, but should extend to the events always taking place in the great world outside ourselves. For there will be found lessons of even wider usefulness and profounder meaning, while such a study will have this additional advantage, that it will serve to prevent our dwelling too much upon the evolution of the "I." This is, perhaps, the most difficult task that has been given us—the only task, maybe, since it includes all others—to find a way to combine the study of ourselves with a continual effort towards self-forgetfulness.

It were nothing better than hypocrisy to pretend to think that the self we are trying to understand is anything but very small and feeble; but inasmuch as this little self is the germ of that which in some far-off day will grow like the Divine, it has to be understood, and it seems to be ordained that through self-knowledge we shall at last obtain some knowledge of the Self,

If, however, we at all understand the nature of the relation between the little self and the Great Self, we shall easily see that never by a study of ourselves alone will any knowledge of it be gained, but by turning our attention to the myriad forms around us through which that Great Self in varying degrees is working. In other words, we should, except with the definite object of training, cease to look in, learn to look out. And thus we shall, I think, avoid to a great extent that danger which faces nearly all who begin to take themselves in hand—the danger of morbid introspection.

In the earlier days of the present Theosophical movement, many of us did not perhaps pay sufficient attention to the life and thought of the world outside, but as the years have gone on they have brought more wisdom, and we are beginning to realise that in truth there is nothing that is really outside our movement, and that the hope of the Society, which is ourselves, lies in its being able to recognise this and to "fit in," as it were, the work and the interests of even the greatest of its seeming enemies.

There is a statement made in a shloka of one of the Upaniṣhads—the *Shvetâshvatara*—which, according to the translation most familiar to us here, runs thus: "All this that moves encircled is by them that serve Him as His limbs." The phrase made use of here, by way of an analogy, suggests a guidance by the great Ruler of the Universe, the most intimate that it is possible for us to imagine. And it has often seemed to me that if those who find the idea of the existence of "gods" so strange and incongruous—and there are very many who do so find it—could at all realise the meaning of that statement I have quoted, the strangeness of the idea would vanish, and would be followed by a feeling of peace and absolute security they had never felt before. For a real belief in such intimate guidance would give to its possessor a certainty in the divine ordering of all things which would enable him faintly to discern ultimate good in seeming evil, and the light of a mighty purpose glimmering through the darkness wrought by warring interests and clashing wills. And the product of such a certainty would be an optimism which would have nothing in common with the half-hypocritical optimism which so often irritates instead of giving help, which

arises either from ignorance of facts or want of feeling. The one, after the first touch of sorrow or the first awakening to the uglier side of life, lies in ruins; the other stands through darkness and storm and tempest, through hope deferred and hopes abandoned, proclaiming through all the certain dawning of a brighter day.

What is this new life for which both gods and men are waiting; till whose coming all nature travails together in pain?

That, indeed, is a question too high for us to answer, but perhaps without presumption, certainly without intentional presumption, one or two suggestions may be put forward.

If it be true that the special work of our great fifth race is the fuller development of the mind, and that now, at this stage of our evolution, we are more than half-way through the seven sub-races which complete a root-race; further, if it be true that one root-race may well over-lap another—then it would seem as though we might even now be looking for the approaching heralds of the next great race. What that race will be we cannot judge, but we may, at anyrate for the moment, assume that it in turn will have a special work, and that that work will be the fuller evolution of the quality which is above the mind—the quality which we speak of as buddhi; or, more correctly, the Self working through the infinitely finer and more plastic matter of the buddhic plane.

And here I shall doubtless be met with the objection, which is a most reasonable one, that we are hardly concerned as yet with speculations regarding the next root-race; that we know nothing about it, and have only gleaned the merest hints as to its characteristics. This is true, and were it not for the fact, as I believe, that we have recently received justification of those hints, there would be no reason or excuse for reference to the subject. But some observation and consideration of the "signs of the times" have led me to believe with firm conviction that at the beginning of this new century, here, in the midst of this busy, grimy city, a glimpse has been vouchsafed to us of the glory that is to come, a glory which, lighting up some far-off peak, has sent a faint reflection of its wonderful radiance to illumine and glorify even our restless workaday world,

If we can believe that the growing life, imprisoned in forms, and yet evolving through forms to its perfection, is met and quickened at every stage of its unfolding by a diviner life from on high, a life which is essentially itself, and yet infinitely greater in manifested power, it must be equally true in the life of a nation and of a race. At no point in its upward progress is humanity left alone; at no time does it depend only upon its own accumulated and common strength. And if we could turn our eyes away from the smaller issues which so easily absorb us, and try to grasp a wider horizon, we might be able now and again to recognise the harbingers of a life that is coming, far distant though its advent may at present be.

Within the last few months an event has taken place of the gravest import to the nation; an event so great that at the time of its occurrence, and beyond, it threw every other into the shade. The wave of spontaneous feeling which then swept over the world was marvellous in itself and in its results. There was an article in the *Spectator*, which appeared on Saturday, February 9th, entitled "The Fitness of the Funeral Pageant," in which occur these lines:

"The outward and visible signs were both stately and pathetic in the highest degree, and that not only in themselves, but because they represented and expressed, however distantly, vast realities of sacred human emotion, through which were certainly working, if ever, the forces of divine purpose for the good of mankind."

They seem to me to strike at the root of the matter. Human emotion, as we know too well, is very often anything but sacred, and when it is it partakes of some diviner quality than what is usually called emotion. At the time to which I have referred, if ever, it surely deserved to be called "sacred," for then it flowed out, with unstinted force, with no thought of return in any form, to a great sovereign, to those most deeply affected by her loss, and even more, perhaps, though the people knew it not, to an ideal. And the return of this abandonment of feeling—this free, unconscious out-flowing—was beyond what anyone could measure or anticipate. The people, the nation, the race, gave part of itself, but received back infinitely more than it gave. Not only

did this great wave of unselfish sympathy bring so close together us who felt it and those for whom it was felt, that, though divided on this physical plane by impassable barriers, we seemed to stand in imagination and in feeling at the side of those to whom our sympathy went out, and all men for a brief time seemed to be as brothers, by reason of their common feeling, and strangers hurrying by in the streets looked into each other's faces and found there understanding instead of suspicion and distrust.

Can we not imagine that this, which was felt to a certain extent by all, though its significance passed them by, great and wonderful as it seems to us who look with blinded eyes, must have been far more wonderful in the worlds whither our sight cannot reach? Is it too much to conclude that the "forces of divine purpose" found here at once their result and their opportunity? And is it too much presumption to believe, as I do believe, that at this time, the like of which may not occur again for countless years, He who is the "Great Combiner" was at work, and, given the opportunity in the one-ness of feeling, in the harmonious vibrations which must have been produced by this feeling together of a whole nation, and far more than a nation, a great flood of stimulating, strengthening force was poured out, binding humanity together, even as we are taught that the atoms were bound together and combined by an impulse from the same great Source in ages long gone by?

What though, even as I write, I am only too keenly aware that the colour of this glorious dawn—the promise of the life that shall be ours—has long since faded out of the sky, and all the world is dull and grey once more? We may still remember that it once was different, and that what humanity has done, responding then unconsciously to an influence infinitely divine, humanity can and will do in the future as a conscious instrument of the Great Life of which it will recognise itself a part. The living memory and inspiration of this revelation have gone, yet its true results, unseen and ungauged by us, live on, and will be watched and tended by Those its sleepless Guardians, who are leading the race towards a mighty end.

And if as a sequel to all this there come wars and rumours of wars, upheavals and chaos, as sometimes seems not impossible,

what then ? Even then we may be filled with an everlasting and unchanging hope, never losing for a moment our faith in the reality of what has been.

Among the latest recorded words of the great Christian Master were some especially designed to warn and cheer those who were closest to Him as His departure from among them drew very near. He told them of some of the difficulties that would beset them, and encouraged them to go on steadfastly in His strength, even while expecting no fuller understanding than He Himself received; with these words He finished: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." I have thought that these words might apply equally to us now; and that whatever the future difficulties that may face us, we may remember, and in that memory find peace.

S. MAUD SHARPE.

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# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## A PROBABLE SOURCE OF SOME OF THE GOSPEL STORIES

Stories of the High Priest of Memphis: The Sethon of Herodotus and the Demotic Tales of Khamuas. By F. Ll. Griffith, M.A. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press; 1900. Price 47*s.* 6*d.*)

THERE is more than a suspicion that the Gospel stories are in many instances drawn from prior sources. The high probability of such a presumption has been shown by many writers, but only in the last few months has material been forthcoming by means of which we are advanced a stage nearer to positive proof. We are now in possession of a translation of the very valuable Demotic papyrus purchased at Aswân in 1895, by the Trustees of the British Museum. It is to be dated, in every probability, somewhere about 75 A.D., and is a copy from an older MS.

This papyrus contains a strange story, some of the details of which are paralleled by incidents in the Gospel narratives. Our story

belongs to the tales of the Khamuas-cycle; the first of which was made known to us by the labours of Brugsch in 1865-7. Khamuas was in every probability the most notable of the sons of Rameses II.; he was high-priest of Ptah at Memphis, and head of the hierarchy of the time (about 1250 B.C.). But above all he was famed for his wisdom and mighty powers of magic, and became the hero of innumerable folk-tales.

The main interest of Mr. Griffith in transliterating and translating these tales, and in his introduction, commentary and notes, seems to be historical, critical and philological; above all things he desires to advance the knowledge of Demotic, which lags so much behind the allied studies of the hieroglyphic Egyptian and Coptic lauguages. Demotic has hitherto been sadly neglected, though it fills the intervening gap and, as the vernacular language of the time, contains specimens of literature of a far livelier character than either the classical and sacred Hieroglyphic or the later ecclesiastical Coptic. The interest of our readers, however, will be in the contents of the new papyrus. We, therefore, first of all expressing our deep gratitude to Mr. Griffiths for his scholarly labours, without which we should know nothing of these contents, proceed to devote the space at our disposal to a consideration of the story itself.

The story opens with the miraculous birth of the son of Setme Khamuas and his wife. Before his conception the mother is told in a dream to eat of the seeds of a certain plant, and at the same time it is revealed to Setme that "the child that shall be born shall be named Si-Osiri [Son of Osiris]; many are the marvels which he shall do in the land of Egypt."

And the child grew marvellously in stature. "It came to pass that when the child Si-Osiri was in his first year, one would have said 'he is two years old,' and when he was in his second year one would said, 'he is three years old.'" And his parents loved him exceedingly.

"The child grew big, he grew strong, he was sent to the school. . . . He rivalled the scribe that had been appointed to teach him. The child began to speak . . . with the Scribes of the House of Life in the temple of Ptah; all who heard him were lost in wonder at him."

Now on a certain day Setme looked out from his house and saw the corpse of a rich man being carried out for burial in great pomp; he also saw the body of a poor man carried to the cemetery wrapped in a mat. And he was thinking how much better it would be in the

other world for one who was honoured with so much mourning than for the poor man who had none to bewail him. And Si-Osiri said to him: "There shall be done unto thee in Amenti like that which shall be done unto this poor man."

Hereupon he took his father with him to Amenti (the invisible world), and showed him its seven halls and what was done there to men after death, and said to him: "My father Setme, dost thou not see this great man clothed in raiment of royal linen, standing near to the place in which Osiris is? He is that poor man whom thou sawest being carried out from Memphis, with no man following him, and wrapped in a mat. He was brought to the Tê and his evil deeds were weighed against his good deeds that he did upon earth: and it was found that his good deeds were more numerous than his evil deeds, considering the life destiny which Thoth had written for him . . . considering his magnanimity upon earth. And it was commanded before Osiris that the burial outfit of that rich man, whom thou sawest carried forth from Memphis with great laudation, should be given to this same poor man, and that he should be taken among the noble spirits as a man of God that follows Sokaris Osiris, his place being near to the person of Osiris. But the great man whom thou didst see, he was taken to the Tê, his evil deeds were weighed against his good deeds, and his evil deeds were found more numerous than his good deeds that he did upon the earth. It was commanded that he should be requited in Amenti, and he is that man whom thou didst see . . . and whose mouth was open in great lamentation."

After this incident we are again told: "Now when the boy Si-Osiri had attained twelve years it came to pass that there was no good scribe or learned man that rivalled him in Memphis in reading writing that compels." And thereupon follows a long recital of a curious battle in magic between Si-Osiri and a wizard of Ethiopia.

In the above passages it is hardly necessary to draw the attention of the reader to the striking parallels between the incidents here related and those in the Gospel stories. As the reviewer in *The Times* (Jan. 8) says: "The birth of the child, the revelation of his name and future greatness to the father in a dream (Mt. i. 20, 21), his rapid growth in wisdom and stature (Lk. ii. 40), and his questioning the doctors in the temple (Lk. ii. 46, 47) are all in correspondence." The far more striking parallel, however, is between the narrative of the rich and poor man and the Gospel story of Dives and Lazarus (Lk. xvi. 19-31). The going to school and rivalling the scribe

appointed to teach him is also paralleled in the Gospel of the Infancy.

Now the Mt. and Lk. documents were composed, in the highest probability, somewhere in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.), and the parallels are found in those parts of these documents in which they are independent of the common material used by them and the writer of Mk.

Our papyrus is to be dated in all probability about 75 A.D.; moreover, it is the copy of an older document. Its form then may be dated still earlier, while as for its contents they may mount to a high antiquity for anything we know to the contrary. These contents are part and parcel of the most favourite cycle of folk-tales in Egypt, and were presumably in everyone's mouth. It is not likely that new tales of so famous a personage as Setme Khamuas could be easily circulated without comment. Again, if we take the story of the rich man and poor man in Amenti, it has all the appearance of being original. It is far more detailed than the Dives and Lazarus incident in Lk., and contains a far more ample description of the other world.

Of course, every effort will be made by the apologists of the orthodox tradition to break down the weight of this new evidence, and already we find writers whom we should never have dreamed of classing among conservatives, speaking of the presumed date of the MS. as A.D. 77—being "just ten years after the traditional preaching of St. Mark in Egypt in the reign of Nero" (Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen, in *The Globe*, Dec. 12, 1900). We should have thought that the tradition of the "first Christian Church of Alexandria" and its founder Mark had little left to recommend it since Conybeare proved the genuineness of Philo's *De Vita Contemplativa*, and with it shattered the pretensions of Eusebius to claim the Therapeuts of Alexandria as the first Christian Church founded by Mark. However that may be, the margin is very narrow, even if we were to admit the historicity of the tradition as to Mark. We cannot but think that as the matter stands at present the probabilities are all in favour of the priority of the Setme Khamuas account. The writers of Mt. and Lk. then presumably adapted the material to their own purposes; and if this be so, we further see a strengthening of the probability that these two documents were composed in Egypt.

From the rest of the tale of Si-Osiri we take a few points which may interest our readers. The tale relates how Si-Osiri is the reincarnation of a famous Egyptian master of white magic ("Hor son

of Pa-neshe"), who fifteen hundred years before the time of Khamuas defended Egypt from the machinations of evil Ethiopian magicians. Their leader is a certain "Hor son of the Negress," or Ethiopian, and it is interesting to remark that in the extracts from the Books of the Saviour appended to the Coptic Gnostic treatise known as the Pistis Sophia, one of the five malignant rulers of the dark side is called by the same name—the Æthiopian; she is moreover figured as a woman. It is this Negress who aids the black Hor against the white Hor, who is protected by Thoth, "the eight times great."

The title "eight times great" sets at rest a highly disputed point. It was previously contended that the honorific designation of Hermes, or Thoth, as the "thrice greatest" was a purely Greek invention and an impossible title in Egyptian. This was one of the strongest points urged for assigning a late date to the Greek Trismegistic literature. The common title of Thoth in late hieroglyphic and on the Rosetta stone is "great great," this intensified form representing the idea of "greatest." The new found and still more intensified form is apparently formed on a mathematical basis. If $a$ = "great," then $2a$ = "greatest," and $2^3a$ or $8a$ = "thrice greatest."

Finally we notice that the magic contest is carried on by the sending forth of "aerial cars," which is in Demotic the same word as that used for the "barks" or "boats" of the sun, etc. These "boats" are prepared by magical incantations on both sides, whether they were the "aerial cars of the men of Egypt," or those of the men of Nehes or Ethiopia.

The making of one of them is described as follows: "Hor son of Pa-neshe caused to be brought unto him much wax and pure, he made a litter for four bearers, he pronounced writing upon them, he gave them breath of respiration, he made them live."

It is, of course, not to be understood that the wax model travelled through space; it was probably only used to help the image-making power of the magician, who operated on the plane of subtle matter.

We may here remind our readers of the graphic and poetical description of the great battle between the Black and White Magicians, which resulted in the destruction of Atlantis, as given in *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 445, 446). There we are told that the "Lords of the Dazzling Face," had to seize the "Vimânas" of the "Lords of the Dark Face," before they could overcome them. These Vimânas

are described as "air vehicles," and it is very evident from the context that they are not to be taken in a physical sense.

On the whole the contents of the new Demotic papyrus are exceedingly interesting, and we, therefore, regret the prohibitive price of the work under notice. The translation could have easily been sold separately without the atlas containing the facsimile of the papyrus, which can only be of service to the very few readers of Demotic.

G. R. S. M.

## The Hypnotic Panacæa

Inferences from Haunted Houses and Haunted Men. By the Hon. John Harris. (London: Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; 1901.)

The value of this little work does not precisely lie in the conclusions at which the author arrives. His main study is the well-known *Alleged Haunting of B—— House*, by Miss Goodrich Freer, and his "inference" is that the whole is the work of an unscrupulous "gang of hypnotisers." The book is written with that airy disregard of minute accuracy and of probability with which an amateur usually treats this kind of subject. He tells us that Laurence Oliphant became a Shaker (that is rather rough on poor Lake Harris, isn't it?) and that the curious verses he wrote were "thought out in some vulgar Shaker's mind and transferred to Oliphant." Hypnotism and thought transference are treated as all-powerful; you may be hypnotised in a railway carriage to see ghosts at night; and if there is no "rascally hypnotiser" at hand, "automatic visualisation" steps in to do his work. That last is seriously offered as the explanation of apparitions of beneficent spirits, and an example is given which (as so often happens) is itself a sufficient refutation. He says: "Thus the children mentioned in Mr. Spurgeon's *Life*, who went down an underground passage and saw a vision of their dead mother, who stopped them from falling into a well, felt as other children would feel, that they must think of the one person who is always ready to preserve her little children from terror and pain; and, thinking of her, they visualised her." But he forgets that the whole point of the story is that the children were *not* in terror or pain, but running down the passage quite unsuspecting; and, moreover, neither children nor grown-up persons *do* "visualise" the friends they would like to see. His explanations (like most of the kind) are gratuitous inventions, and no more.

We leave Dr. Hodgson to settle with our author the question whether he and his friends have been hypnotised by Mrs. Piper's "gang" or no; the very suggestion is a curious illustration of how "the whirligig of time brings its revenges." The interest of the book to us is that we have here an intelligent amateur, who perceives clearly what the professional enquirers miss—that no explanation confined to the state of mind of the perceiver alone can ever completely account for the actual events which take place. We must, as he rightly infers, have an external, more or less intelligent force, or sometimes more than one, to cause the impressions made on the mind of the seer. That "gangs of rascally hypnotisers" exist about the world and amuse themselves by haunting, not the houses, but the people who go to them in the hope of seeing ghosts, is a proposition on which differences of opinion may be permitted; for ourselves we prefer the older view that in the majority of such cases (we do not say *all*) the external agent concerned is some influence, human or otherwise, not limited by living flesh and blood. When it is once realised that such beings exist in great numbers, many of them at that low stage of intelligence which would enjoy playing such pranks, there is no longer any occasion so outrageously to exaggerate the powers of "black magicians" in the flesh. At the same time, we must fully agree with our author that in not a few cases we are brought into the presence of a malignant desire to do harm which seems more naturally to suggest an evil human influence, living or dead—alas, that we should have to say so!

A. A. W.

### Julian the Philosopher: a Caricature

La Mort des Dieux: Le Roman de Julien l'Apostat. Par Dmitry de Mérejkowsky. Traduit du russe par Jacques Sorrèze. (Paris: Calmann Lévy; 1900. Price 3.50 *frs.*)

We cannot imagine why anyone should have considered it worth his while to translate this book from Russian into French. It is not only a scandalous caricature of the character of Julian but often a gross misrepresentation of history. M. de Mérejkowsky is at best but superficially acquainted with the official and public acts of the life of Julian, while the private incidents which he has so freely invented betray not only unpardonable ignorance of the aims and writings of the Emperor, but depict Julian himself as a loathsome hypocrite, an unmentionable creature in some things, in general a superstitious fanatic, and finally a madman.

What can we think, for instance, of the historical accuracy of a writer who devotes a chapter to a personal interview between the young Julian of eighteen and the aged Iamblichus, when the death of Iamblichus and the birth of Julian were almost coincident?

Nor do the Christians fare any better than the philosophers at the hands of this *romancier*. M. de Mérejkowsky digs out every bizarre belief and every recital of foulness he can find in the fanatical heresy hunter Epiphanius, and in total contempt of chronology lumps sects and schools of various centuries and the most distant lands together, and indiscriminately daubs the whole of the contemporary non-orthodox sects with these lurid colours.

Finally, we have never seen a book with so many misspellings o. proper names, and this not once for one name only, but the same name repeatedly misspelled. On the whole it is an unfortunate performance, and we cannot understand why Messrs. Calmann Lévy have published the volume.

G. R. S. M.

## Harnack's Idea of Christianity

What is Christianity? Sixteen Lectures delivered in the University of Berlin during the Winter Term, 1899-1900. By Adolf Harnack. Translated into English by Thomas Bailey Saunders. (London: Williams and Norgate; 1901. Price 10s. 6*d*.)

Professor Harnack's lectures on *Das Wesen des Christhentums* were followed with immense interest by 600 students of the various faculties at Berlin. An enthusiastic listener took them down in short-hand, and Mr. Bailey Saunders, to whom we already owe several translations of Harnack's more general writings, with all speed put them into English dress. We naturally took up the book with great expectations, for Professor Harnack's deservedly high reputation as a historian of Church history, literature and dogma, especially in their beginnings, was a guarantee of his thoroughness and competency in all questions of historical research. It must, however, be confessed that the book is disappointing; naturally there is always something to learn from one so versed in the history of his subject, even when he is dealing with it in a very general fashion, but when we come to the *Wesen* of Christianity, when the Professor analyses out what he considers to be its fundamental characteristics, we find

ourselves face to face with what in our last analysis we feel to be a but slightly modified Lutheran Predikant. Even when Professor Harnack pleads, and successfully pleads, for the reality of experience as the fundamental of Christianity, we find that his ideal of this experience is an evangelicalism which is fundamentally Jewish, so void is it of æsthetic beauty in any fashion. Greece has no footing here.

Of one thing we are very certain—that the teaching of the Christ, and therefore the earliest Christianity, was not uninteresting; whereas this is just the impression which Professor Harnack's view of them has produced upon us. It is not that the Professor is orthodoxly orthodox, for by many he will be considered anything but this, though he seems of late to have considerably modified some of his positions. But in reading his answer to the question: What is Christianity?—another question was always rising in our mind: Must it not have been something more than this? We think real Christianity was and is something vastly more than evangelicalism; something vastly greater than any Church or School or even general view. We cannot agree that Christianity has nothing to do with science; we believe that there was and is a Gnosis and that until this Gnosis is recognised in present experience, the question: What is Christianity?—will receive no really satisfactory answer.

G. R. S. M.

## The Lower New Testament Criticism

Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the Greek New Testament. By Eberhard Nestle, Ph. and Th. D. Translated from the Second Edition by William Edie, B.D. (London: Williams and Norgate; 1901. Price 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Most of our readers are by this time acquainted with the general tendencies of the Higher Criticism, but presumably few have read anything on the subject of the Lower or Textual Criticism. It is, however, absolutely necessary that anyone who desires to have more than a merely superficial acquaintance with Biblical Research, and especially with New Testament criticism, should know something of the history of the transmission of the text and the problems connected with it. When we recollect that there are at least 150,000 various readings in the New Testament alone, we can at once see the enormous importance of having some acquaintance with the subject; and even though the vast majority of us may not be able to understand the technical details, we can all gain some understanding of the nature

of the problems involved, and so be able to take a more intelligent view of transmission of Scripture, and assure ourselves of the absolute impossibility of the retention of verbal accuracy.

It is very true that textual criticism is of little interest to any but the enthusiastic philologist, but the problems of New Testament palæography and the history of the text are not only of general interest, but a knowledge of them gives the student a totally new point of view and added keenness of discrimination in dealing with these important documents.

Unfortunately there is at present no "popular" work on the subject; though why one should not be attempted is difficult to see. Meantime, we can strongly recommend the present translation of Professor Nestle's admirable and painstaking work, which is intended for more general perusal than such severely technical works as Zahn's *Einleitung* or the more recent work of Gaspar René Gregory (*Textkritik des Neuen Testamentes*, Leipzig, 1900).

It is exceedingly interesting to see how Nestle works back towards a time which may be considered closely proximate to the period of the autographs of the four canonical Gospels, and how there disengages itself from this research a strong presumption that many of the Sayings originally existed in a far more vivid and striking form. It is also encouraging to find him bringing Marcion into court as a witness for early readings, many of the Marcionite readings being confirmed by the so-called "Western" text, so little in favour with Westcott and Hort, but now being rapidly admitted to be one of the earliest forms, found both in the earliest Syriac versions and also in the earliest so-called Italic. But we must refer those of our readers who do not know of Codex D. and its importance to Nestle's work as the most easily accessible source of information.

G. R. S. M.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

Colonel Olcott concludes the account of his visit to the Colonies in the March number of *The Theosophist*. He expresses his indignation at the treatment of the aborigines by the Queensland colonists. The treatment of the blacks of Australia, by the presumably civilised whites; is only too notorious, and the cruelties practised are every whit as bad as those inflicted upon Christians in the recent Chinese massacres, with which the Colonel compares them. Turning to a more

agreeable subject, the customs, religious and "superstitious," of the aborigines are referred to, and some curious analogies with those of far distant races noted. Divining the state of the soul of a departed tribesman by bird or animal tracks in ashes or mould scattered around the corpse is found both in Australia and among the Indians of Peru. Peculiar methods of wearing talismans are also shown to be widely distributed. Colonel Olcott on his return from Australia immediately proceeded to London in time for the Convention of the new European Section, the first general meeting after the death of Mme. Blavatsky. The second of Miss Edger's lectures, "Obstacles to Spiritual Progress," delivered at Adyar in December, is well worked out; it deals with the moral failings which stand in the way of the upward path of ordinary mortals. A very curious set of speculations is contained in Mr. Tepper's paper, most lengthily entitled "A Tentative Conception of the Mode of Motion and Transference of Energy through Space, more especially of Light and Heat." The paper shows a great deal of careful and original thought and much ingenuity, but the average physicist is not likely to be converted to the author's views. It is difficult to understand why magnetism should be given the dignity of an existence apart from ordinary matter, while electricity is said to require the intervention of such matter in order to exist. In the summary of these speculations we find that ether, as the most tenuous medium, can only transmit the most rapid vibrations; heat cannot be transmitted by the ether, but is the result of slower vibrations of matter set up by the rapid etheric ones; the atom acts as a spherical spiral spring; the limits of the terrestrial atmosphere are formed by solid, frozen particles, and not by attenuated air. All of which lacks convincing power, in spite of elaborate arguments. A lecture, "Into a Larger Room," delivered in Harrogate, follows Mr. Tepper's paper, and S. Stuart contributes a useful article on "Ancient Theories as to the Origin of the World."

*The Central Hindu College Magazine*, for March, contains the first instalment of a series of papers in defence of the Hindu faith, by Mrs. Besant. The opening paper deals with Idolatry, and after showing that the use of images for purposes of worship is almost universal, Mrs. Besant defends the idol as a thing of practical utility. A little story for the benefit of intolerants is worth quoting. "A yogî sat in the temple worshipping; a missionary put in his head and said, 'What are you doing?' 'I worship God,' was the gentle

answer. 'You should worship *my* God,' said the missionary. 'Are there then two Gods?' said the yogî. And the missionary went away abashed." The little journal contains three short but instructive scientific papers, on the locus of a moving point, radium—one of the newly discovered elements—and the nature and manufacture of a lead pencil. A Sanskrit requiem, with translation, sung by the boys of the College for the late Queen, is also given.

The February *Dawn* opens with the first part of an excellent historical sketch of "The Middle Ages of India," by Râmaprâsad Chandra. The paper deals with the social and political condition of the people and only incidentally with the military and dynastic history. This is followed by an educational paper on the reform of the classification of boys in Indian schools, and other papers are on Indian logic and reminiscences of England by an Indian, making up a very good number.

*The Theosophic Gleaner* (March) has a paper by G. E. Sutcliffe, on modern speculations as to the nature of matter. It appears to be a continuation of his paper entitled "Two Undiscovered Planets," as it bears the same title, which is, however, quite inappropriate to the present contribution. A report of a number of questions with answers by Mrs. Besant is so incoherent in parts that it is impossible to perceive the meaning, and with respect to this report Mrs. Besant writes to us emphatically repudiating the extraordinary statements put into her mouth. In "Coming Events" some striking predictions are quoted from various sources, by far the most interesting being those of the Paris seer, Mme. Mongruel, who gives a very black picture of the immediate future.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt from India of *Siddhanta Deepika*, *The Awakener of India*, *Sanmârga Bodhinî*, and *The Indian Review*.

The April *Vâhan* notifies the chartering of a Branch at Exeter, and publishes letters of greeting from the French and New Zealand Sections. The prolific question of food and stimulants provokes so many answers in addition to (and in criticism of) A. P. S.'s reply in the March number that the editor, after expressing his own feelings, is obliged to decline to continue the discussion. The question remains *in statu quo*—where it has been for many a long day. A. P. S. deals with a question on Nirvâṇa as taught in ordinary Buddhist doctrine, and forcibly expresses the view that Buddhist sacred literature is just as corrupt and unreliable as that of other religions. The other ques-

tions—which afford somewhat unusual variety—are on the wrongs done to uncivilised peoples, freewill, brotherhood, work on the astral plane, apparitions of children, and a passage in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*.

*La Revue Théosophique Française* (March) begins with a translation of Colonel Olcott's Presidential Address at the last General Meeting of the Society. The remaining matter of this number consists of translations, with the exception of the continuation of Dr. Pascal's Geneva lectures and Mons. Courmes' account of the current work of the Society.

The March *Teosofia* has no fresh contributions, but concludes Signora Calvari's "Earth and Humanity," and continues the translations from Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater, and Dr. Pascal.

*Sophia* for March gives its readers another of Mrs. Besant's articles, this time "The Power of Thought." Following this, under the title of "Gnosticism," is a vigorous criticism of *La Historia de los Hetevodoxos Españoles*, a work dealing with the early history of the Christian Church in Spain. José Melián concludes his essay on Free-will, and Florencio Pol contributes a short ethical paper. Dr. Diaz-Pérez gives a most interesting sketch of the proceedings of the Inquisition in Valencia against heretics during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

*Dev Vâhan* for April opens with a criticism of an article on Theosophy in *Die Zukunft*, entitled "Feminine Philosophy," treating it, as the title will indicate, in a somewhat unfriendly spirit. Following this is the usual lengthy notice of this REVIEW and translations from the English *Vâhan*. The German versions of Colonel Olcott's "Old Diary Leaves," and *H. P. B.* are continued.

*Theosophia* (March) begins with a translation from an old paper by Mme. Blavatsky published in *The Theosophist* in 1881, and entitled "The Great Inquisitor." A lecture by Mr. Leadbeater, "What is Magic?" delivered in Haarlem last year, is fully reported, and a lecture by Mr. A. J. Rottevell on the Mithriac mysteries is also given.

*Teosofisk Tidskrift* (March) contains but three contributions, all of considerable length. Two of these are translations, one from Mrs. Besant, and the other a tale by Michael Wood, from THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, "The Saint and the Outlaw." The third is a lecture by Pekka Ervast.

*Bulletin Théosophique* for April records the visit of Mlle. Aimée Blech to the new centre in Geneva, which appears to be greatly flourishing. The main part of the little journal is devoted to a dis-

course on the methods of work and the objects of Branches of the Society.

*Théosophie* is a new magazine of modest pretensions, started by the Antwerp Branch of the Society. It consists at present of but four pages, and purposes to assist in the spreading of Theosophical ideas in Belgium. We sincerely trust that it will find a good field, but it is not an easy matter to make a small magazine of this kind a practical success, as its circulation is necessarily local, at least for some time. Most of the articles in the first issue are original, and deal with "Universal Brotherhood," "Man and his Bodies," "Reincarnation" and "The Law of Cause and Effect."

We do not remember to have seen a copy of *Theosophisches Leben* before, but as the number sent us begins the fourth year of its existence we presume it has been appearing regularly for some time. There is little to notice in it as it consists practically entirely of translations from books and articles of several years ago, although the more recent books of Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Sinnett are advertised.

*The Theosophic Messenger* (March) opens with a National Committee letter on the condition of the religious world in America, and the lecturing work now going on in the American Section. The reports from the various centres appear to be quite satisfactory. A considerable space deals with the visit of Colonel Olcott, who is now engaged on an extensive tour in the Section. Mr. Leadbeater's progress is also, of course, noted. The latter part of the journal contains an elaborate index of Mrs. Besant's *Karma*, and it is intended to publish a similar index for all the manuals.

In *Theosophy in Australasia* Mr. Studd brings to a conclusion his review of the ideas as to "chance" in relation to Karma, which are found in the more prominent Theosophical writings. The writer leans towards the view that all things, great and small, are regulated by governing intelligences. Mr. W. G. John touches on political affairs in his article on "Imperialism," in which he approves of the predominant tendency in present-day politics, but endeavours to look upon matters from the standpoint of the permanent benefit of the whole race. Dr. Marques summarises some of the most interesting of recent discoveries in the records of past civilisations, and a correspondent enters a vigorous protest against the adoption of the "fourth dimension" as an explanation of other-world conditions. This should give rise to further discussion.

We have also to acknowledge with thanks: *Mind*, with articles on the training of thought, mental influences and so on; *Humanity*, as militant as ever; *Notes and Queries*, full of strange and curious information, ancient and modern, perhaps the most interesting contribution being the quotation of "Forty-five Paradoxes" of a geographical nature from an early eighteenth century book—an excellent picture of primitive science; *Light; The Metaphysical Magazine; Monthly Record; Roman du Merveilleux; Drames et Mystères de l'Occultisme*, a story of Egyptian mysteries typically French in substance and illustration; *Il Nuovo Risorgimento*.

Of pamphlets we have to acknowledge: *On Vegetarianism*, by Elisée Reclus, published by the Humanitarian League; *The Art Work of the Fire*, from America, with the modest announcement on its cover: "What is here written might be in volumes as many as were in the Library of Alexandria. The writings of Commentators on it will grow into more than were there gathered." May it not be in our time! *The Colour Cure; What the New Thought stands for.*

G.

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## The Orphic Trinity

He [Orpheus] said that the Light piercing through the æther lit up the whole creation, and by that Light he meant [not the light of day but] the Light that pierced the æther, the highest element of all. And the name of the Light Orpheus heard [within] and with prophetic power told forth: Metis, Phanes, Ericepæus,—which mean Wisdom, Light, Life-giver; saying that the divine powers signified by these three names were but the single power and might of the one God whom no man sees. 'Tis from His power that all things are—both the great lives which have no frames and [those that have such as] the sun and moon and all the stars.—Malela, iv. 31 (Cedrenus, i. 57 and 84).

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# THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

SINCE H. P. B. spoke of the Âdi and Anupâdâka Tattvas (see *Secret Doctrine*, iii. 498), students have searched for some mention of these in extant Saṁskṛit works. The Âdi Tattva is rather vaguely mentioned in the *Devî Bhâgavata* and its commentary (Bk. vii., ch. 32), but the Anupâdâka has so far defied research. The following statement, which we owe to our esteemed contributor, Bâbu Bhagavân Dâs, is made up of extracts taken from a work not generally available, dictated recently from memory by a blind Paṇḍit—Paṇḍit Dhanrâj—some account of whom was printed in the *Prashnottara* of 1897, and quoted therefrom in this REVIEW. The Paṇḍit says that he studied the work under a Paṇḍit living in the Terai, on the boundary between Nepâl and British India, who has the MSS. of this work and of a large number of other ancient and valuable Saṁskṛit works on philosophy, science, and the scriptures.

Anupâdâka

The Saṁskṛit of the work dictated by Paṇḍit Dhanrâj is archaic and difficult to follow, but it is less so than that of many extant Upaniṣhads, or even of parts of Manu. The public may

ere long hear more of the work from which this statement has been compiled.

* * *

"FIVE sense-organs are now known. Two others are yet unknown. The reason is this: As said before seven Manvantaras make a Mahâmanvantara; while two Manus make a Manvantara. Ṣhṛishti (the world) develops gradually through these cycles. Corresponding to these cycles is the evolution of successive sense-organs. In our particular Brahmâṇḍa (world-egg) the current Manvantara is the fourth and the reigning Manu is the seventh, as common Itihâsa (history) tells us. And with each Manvantara there takes place the development of one element and its corresponding sense-organ."

The Testimony of an Unpublished Treatise

Then follows a reference to an infinity of other worlds, where the order of development of the elements and senses is different, where senses and elements themselves are different, etc. Returning, the work proceeds:

"By the end of the fourth Manvantara, five senses and corresponding elements and attributes have appeared. The other two elements, Mahat and Buddhi, are latent; their time has not come yet. Before the end of the Manvantara, however, the attributes (qualities, Guṇas) of these two will have become (more or less manifest). . . . An element becomes manifest and known only when it developes its proper attribute and there is also developed a proper sense-organ to sense that attribute. The absence of the proper sense-organs is the cause why Mahat and Buddhi are not known. This is why the Buddhi Tattva is also called the *Âdi Tattva*. It is the foremost. When it is complete all is complete. The Mahat Tattva is similarly called, also the *Anupâdâka*, because it has no 'Upâdâna,' which means the act of taking,' 'receiving,' 'sensing,' and no 'Upâdâka,' which means 'receiver,' 'receptacle,' 'holder,' 'sense.' . . . In the sixth Manvantara the Anupâdâka Tattva comes into full play; it developes its attribute fully, and a sixth sense-organ is also born there. So in the last Manvantara, the Âdi Tattva manifests fully; and all the seven attributes and seven senses are perfected."

The writer goes on to quote an unknown Veda text which declare that the names of the sensations corresponding to Anupâdâka and Âdi Tattvas respectively are "Pravṛita" and "Samvṛita," as "smell" of the earth, "taste" of water, etc. The "sense-organ" corresponding to the Anupâdâka Tattva is the "Hṛid" (the heart); to the Âdi Tattva, "Bṛihan-mânasa"; when the Bṛihan-manas is developed, the worlds of Kâmaloka and others come within experience in the same way as the known worlds of the now current-senses; on the birth of the Hṛid-sense there results knowledge of the Liṅga-sharîra, etc. On the further perfecting of these knowledge of the Kâraṇa-sharîra, etc., is gained . . . . The development of these in oneself by practice directed by knowledge is Yoga.

Thereafter comes a statement that these common or uncommon senses *all* belong to the world of "Illusion," and do not constitute the Eternal; and then there is a brief discussion as to what is the difference between the experiences of the common and the uncommon senses, since in dream and Suṣhupti we appear to have already got some experience of the latter.

Further we learn: "Because of the intimate relation between Gñâna (cognition) and Karma (action) to each organ of sensation there corresponds an organ of action. Hence to correspond with the seven senses there are seven organs of action. . . . . But when these last two senses are yet so rare it is not useful to speak of the last two organs of action."

* * *

Babylon the Great

YEAR by year we are recovering long-buried relics of history, and any day may bring us the news not only of the entirely unexpected but even of the totally unsuspected, or even absolutely denied. And now we have got at the true Babylon at last, if we are to believe the Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Mail* (May 3rd):

Reports have just reached here of the extraordinarily successful results of the German exploration party on the site of ancient Babylon.

Dr. Koldewey, the leader of the expedition, declares that the description of the city by Herodotus is right in the main facts, but quite wrong as to its extent.

According to Herodotus, Babylon was as large as Paris, London, and Berlin combined. As a matter of fact, its real dimensions were equal to about one-fifth of the superficial area of London.

The walls of Babylon, Herodotus says, were of enormous size and thickness. This is not so, as the German archæologists have proved.

The principal town was on the left bank of the Euphrates. It was built in the form of a triangle, the sides of which measured $4\frac{1}{2}$, $3\frac{1}{2}$, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ kilometres. It was surrounded by still traceable walls. The diameter of the city was about 15 kilometres.

Much excavation has been accomplished with the happiest result. Several buildings have been unearthed which are easily located in the Bible. One of these is the Kasr, or palace of Nebuchadnezzar. This is identical with the Schuana of ancient Scriptures. The New Year's Day procession for the Temple of Marduk started from this point, and the King was obliged to accompany it on pain of the forfeiture of his throne.

The principal Babylonian temple, Amran, identical with the Egasila of the Scriptures, has also been discovered; also the road between Egasila and the citadel or palace of Schuana, called Ai-Bur-Shabou.

Imgur Bel and Nimiti Bel, the great Durani of Babylon, are not walls, as had been thought, but bastions,

The Babylon of the Bible is distinctly not the city, but the fortified palace or citadel of Nebuchadnezzar.

The hill Babil is probably the ruins of the celebrated hanging gardens of Semiramis. The Tower of Babylon probably stood near the Temple of Marduk, on the spot now known as the hill Sikkurat.

Many extremely interesting finds have been made, proving the extraordinary richness, elaboration and plenitude of detail of the decoration of the palace.

Certain reconstruction and restoration will be reverently carried out under the direction of Dr. Koldewey, who expects to be many years at work.

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Tolstoi's Reply

SOME months ago we printed the sentence of excommunication fulminated against Count Leo Tolstoi by the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Catholic Church. Then, if ever, was he smitten, and smitten cruelly in every limb. To this smiting he now replies, and replies vigorously. What then becomes of his doctrine of non-resistance? In this, as in much else, he is entirely inconsistent. For instance, it is well known that his followers refuse to submit to military service; whereas the great authority on whom he bases himself, has declared: "If any man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." We should, therefore, imagine that, to be consistent, he would not only urge his disciples to submit to the laws of their country, but would even urge them to show themselves more willing and better soldiers than the rest. In his reply, Tolstoi not only resists, but resists with blows which are as severe as those with which he himself has been smitten. The following is the summary of his answer by the Paris correspondent of *The Times* (May 1st):

Count Tolstoi's reply to the Holy Synod's decree of excommunication is a long document filling two columns of to-night's [April 30th] *Temps*. This decree, he says, is illegal or intentionally ambiguous; it is arbitrary, unjustifiable, and mendacious. Moreover, it contains a calumny and constitutes an incitement to wicked sentiments and acts. Count Tolstoi takes up all these points, justifying them one by one. He says finally: "I have not repudiated the Church because I had revolted against the Lord. I repudiated it, on the contrary, because I wanted to serve God with all the force of my soul." He goes on to say that for more than a year after having studied the dogmas of the Church he submitted its prescriptions to a sort of experimental test by the constant practice of the orthodox form of worship, with the result that

he discovered that "the teaching of the Church is theoretically a cunning and injurious lie, and practically a compound of coarse superstitions and sorcery, under which the sense of Christian doctrines disappears utterly." He repudiates the charges of promoting a propaganda of his own views.

He admits that he denies the whole creed of Christianity considered as theology—the incarnation of Jesus Christ, the Trinity, the Immaculate Conception, etc., but he does not deny "God the spirit, a unique God of love, the principle of all things." He believes not in the Christian Heaven and Hell, but in the immortality of the soul and man's moral responsibility. He repudiates the Sacraments, and gives in detail his reason for so doing. He replies to those who accuse him of sacrilege for his description of the ceremony of the Lord's Supper, and, expressing himself with passion, he says: "If the Christ who drove the money-changers from the Temple were to return to-day and to see what is done in His name, he would certainly, with far greater and more legitimate wrath, fling far the banners, crosses, cups, tapers, and icons—all the instruments of their sorcery, all that helps them to direct men away from God and His teaching." He ends with a long and eloquent description of the God of love, Whose will is that we should all live according to the law of love as the condition of bringing real fraternity into a planet torn by dissensions. The final passage is really beautifully expressed:

"It may be that my beliefs offend, afflict, or scandalise some persons it may be that they disturb or displease; but it is not in my power to change these beliefs any more than it is possible for me to change my body. I must live and shall be obliged to die—and before long—yet all this interests only myself. I cannot believe otherwise than I do believe at the moment when I am preparing to return to this God from whom I came. I do not say that my faith has been the only incontestably true faith for all times, but I do not see any other simpler or clearer, none which responds better to the requirements of my mind and heart. If suddenly there should be revealed another faith, better capable of satisfying me, I would adopt it at once, for truth is the only thing that is of importance to God. As for returning to the doctrines, from which I emancipated myself at the price of so much suffering I cannot do so. The bird that has taken its flight can never return to the shell out of which it came."

* * *

The "Heathen"

THE inane and complacent orthodoxy of missionary fanaticism, that the "heathen" of all sorts and kinds, wherever and whenever found, "in his blindness bows down to wood and stone," is slowly but surely being undermined even in the hot-beds of the mission cult. That such utter ignorance of religion could have persisted for so long is almost incredible, and even yet it is but the thin

end of the wedge which dire necessity is driving into the thick heads of fanatical self-complacency. The "thin edge," however, is beginning "to bite" and even bishops are helping to swing the hammer. Thus at the recent anniversary meeting of the Church Missionary Society, the Bishop of Ripon, in seconding the adoption of the report, said (*The Times*, May 1st) :

> A hundred years ago the missionary problem seemed much simpler than it was now seen to be, people lumping all "heathen" religions together and painting them all black, without inquiring whether there were any degrees of blackness. The Christian world had now discovered the enormous difference between, for instance, the belief of a cultured Hindu and the crude fetishism of an African tribe. The study of facts had given rise to greater intelligence in missionary work. One of the great ghosts that haunted our grandparents had now been laid by the same spirit of determination to get at the facts—he referred to the idea that there was something discoverable called "natural religion," getting rid of the necessity for "revealed religion." Christianity had shown its vitality by surviving in all its simplicity and potency, reappearing age after age as clear as ever, in spite of men's efforts to confine it within Jewish or mediæval robes. He wished a concordat could be arrived at enabling all Christ-loving men to work together, realising which points were fundamental and allowing others to drop into a secondary position.

Even so it is only a question of "degrees of *blackness*" as it would seem! There is also still the suggested claim of monopoly in "revealed religion" and the further presumption that the form of faith of the speaker and hearers is the "simplicity" of Christianity. Dr. Boyd Carpenter is one of our most broad-minded clerics, but perhaps his audience somewhat hampered him.

* * *

The "Double"

STORIES of ghosts and accounts of psychic experiences are becoming such good "copy" that hardly a day passes without some reference to the matter in the daily press. In a long article on the subject by Mr. Andrew Lang in *The Morning Post* (May 4th), science is twitted with her nervousness on the subject in the writer's most entertaining style. The article contains some good stories of the "double," or instances of "false appearances of living people," as Mr. Lang phrases it.

> Of these I give instances, on first hand information from witnesses known

to me and of good character. The first is the case of a clergyman, son of a gentleman who, *de son vivant*, was Provost of Edinburgh. The son happened to fall asleep in a room of his club in Princes Street. He dreamed that he was late for dinner, that he walked rapidly home (about three-quarters of a mile), let himself in with his latchkey, ran upstairs, and looking down from the landing, saw his father looking up at him. He then awoke in his club glanced at the clock, and saw that it was nearly midnight. He therefore walked home, saw light in the house, tried his latchkey, but found the door locked. His father let him in, and said, not without severity, "What is the meaning of this? You let yourself in a quarter of an hour ago. I heard you go upstairs, I went into the hall, you looked down at me from the landing, and then, what became of you? I locked the house door." His son told his dream—and there was the puzzle! He was good enough to write out the story for me, attested by his mother, Lady ——, the father being dead. There is a parallel and well-known story, recorded by the dreamer, in the end of the Eighteenth Century. He dreamed, at Gloucester, that he visited his distant home, had some difficulty in getting in, went into his parents' bedroom, found his mother awake, his father asleep, and told his mother that he was going on a long journey, which he was not. Presently he received a letter from his father full of anxiety. His mother had seen and heard him, as in his dream. But it may be argued that the mother and son only dreamed the same dream by chance—which does not apply to the Provost of Edinburgh. He was awake and annoyed.

The other case is that of a lady very well known to me, who, being ill at a distance from her home and in great pain, seemed to herself to be walking down a corridor of her own house, past the door of a room used by her daughters and the servants' room. She was delighted at being free of her pain and with her own people, but woke to the unpleasant reality. The hour was just before eleven at night. At the same time her two daughters and three maidservants, who were sitting up, heard the lady's well-known footstep and the rustle of her dress pass their doors. They all searched the whole house, vainly, of course; the servants fearing that their mistress was dead (they were unaware of her illness, which was sudden), while the ladies suspected the entrance of a female tramp. All five witnesses signed a careful account of the incident.

Now here are cases of what people call "hauntings," a visual appearance, and the usual sound of footsteps and rustling of drapery. Friends of the respectable old theory will say that by accident the moment for Mrs. L—— and Mr. B—— to have a vivid dream happened to be the moment for Sir A——, B——, two Miss L——'s, and three maidservants to have corresponding hallucinations, though they never had any others. That seems "jolly thin," as the man says in "The Liars."

* * *

THE latest marvel of telephony is Herr Poulsen's "telegraphone." It is an instrument for recording telephone messages,

The "Telegraphone"

music, etc., for reproduction. It differs from the phonograph, however, in that the vibrations of sound, instead of being imprinted on some soft substance, such as wax, "induce variations of magnetism in a steel wire." *The Globe* (April 26th), in its "Echoes of Science," informs us that:

> This is done by connecting a microphone, or telephone transmitter, in circuit with a battery and a tiny electro-magnet of peculiar shape, having a steel wire travelling past its pole. On speaking to the microphone, the sound is translated into electrical vibrations in the circuit, and these induce corresponding variations of magnetism in the wire. By a reversal of the process, the magnetism of the wire can induce corresponding electrical waves in the circuit, and these in a telephone reproduce the original speech. We spoke a part of the soliloquy, "To be or not to be," into the telegraphone, and found it reproduced with marvellous perfection. The telegraphone has a great advantage over the phonograph in making the record by magnetic induction, which does not impede the action of the recording parts. There is a disposition among practical men to continue in the way of routine, and regard such a novelty with disfavour, calling it a "toy" as long as they conveniently can. Bell's telephone was a mere toy to such-like wiseacres, who cannot, or will not, see the man in the child. It appears to us that the telegraphone is a practical instrument, not a plaything, and that sooner or later it will come into use. Probably the Americans will not be the slowest to adopt it.

* * *

The Mukden Library

We have on several occasions referred to the treasures of the Mukden Library which the fortunes of war have now made accessible to western scholarship. The following paragraph from the St. Petersburg correspondent of *The Globe* (May 16), will therefore be of interest to our readers.

> The Russian Imperial Academy of Science has requested the Berlin Academy to recommend a savant of acknowledged ability to undertake the leadership of the expedition which Russia is about to send to Mukden for the purpose of arranging and classifying the many treasures contained in the famous Mukden Library. It appears that after having already conveyed several cases of these manuscripts to St. Petersburg, the Russian Government has given up the idea of annexing the whole of the Library, and intends to take possession only of the most valuable manuscripts and works, which will duly be presented to the Library of the Imperial Academy of Science.

# PLOTINUS ON LOVE

## Introduction

The treatise on Love, which is now offered to the reader, I believe for the first time, in an English dress, is the fifth book of the third Ennead of Plotinus. It is largely a development of the views upon this subject expressed by Socrates in *The Banquet* of Plato, and includes a profound and beautiful interpretation of the myth respecting the birth and parentage of Love, which is there placed in the mouth of the prophetess Diotima. I quote from Sydenham's translation of *The Banquet*.

"At the birth of Venus, the Gods, to celebrate that event, made a feast; at which was present, amongst the rest, Plenty, the son of Counsel. After they had supped, Poverty came a-begging, an abundance of dainties being there, and loitered about the door. Just then Plenty, intoxicated with nectar (for as yet wine was not), went out into the garden of Jupiter, and oppressed with the load of liquor that he had drunk, fell asleep. Poverty, therefore, desiring through her indigence to have a child from Plenty, artfully lay down by him, and became with child of Love. Hence it is that Love is the constant follower and attendant of Venus, as having been begotten on the birthday of that Goddess; being also, by his natural disposition, fond of all beauty, he is the more attached to Venus herself on account of her being beautiful."

With the Platonic Diotima, love is not a God, but "a great dæmon." Plotinus, in the following treatise, regards love under the three aspects of God, dæmon, and passion. It will become evident, however, as we proceed, that the apparent diversity of these views implies no real antagonism. Even as beauty, which is the object of love, is essentially one and the same in all things, changing only in appearance with the changing conditions

of its manifestation; so, beneath its multiform aspects, love subsists identically, owing its apparent inconsistencies to the varying nature of its objects and the degree of purity with which it is exhibited. However diverse its manifestations, they may always be referred to one or other of the three general aspects enumerated by Plotinus: love is either divine, or dæmonic, or passionate. As a God, it subsists causally; as a dæmon, characteristically. As a passion love may be said to subsist rather in seeming than in truth, being, as it were, but an image of the true love, applied to objects which are, themselves, but images of true beings. Whatever of pure and unselfish is mingled with this passion, belongs to a higher order, is true, and consequently immortal. But the passion itself is mortal, like the objects which excite it; it belongs not to the pure soul, but to the animal nature, which is inseparable from body.

These three aspects of love correspond, therefore, with the three constituent parts (if we may so term them), of the human soul.* The divine love corresponds with divine intellect, which, in its particular manifestations, becomes, as it were, the summit of the individual soul, although, universally, it is an essence higher than soul, being the source of its existence, and the medium which unites it with the supreme Good. Plotinus, therefore, says of intellect that it is both a part of ourselves, and something to which we ascend (Ennead i. 1, § 13). The dæmonic love corresponds with the rational soul, which is characteristically the man, endowed with free will, and capable of identifying himself either with the intellectual summit of the soul, or with the lower animal nature. The passion which is called love answers to the irrational soul, or animal nature, which acts by means of the organic body, and is consequently mortal, although it may be said to subsist potentially in its immortal source, the rational soul. Thus in every stage the soul is accompanied by love, which shares its limitations whilst aiding it to overcome them. For it is the peculiar office of love to

* The human soul, however, is *one* and not three, since these three parts or faculties are not separate principles, but emanate one from another. The rational part, which is characteristically the man, by looking upward identifies itself with intellect, by looking downward, with sense. It proceeds from intellect, of which it is a discursive and particular development, and produces sense, by which it is correlated with the sensible world.

exalt its servants. If we follow it in truth, we must needs rise from the passionate to the dæmonic love, from things of sense to things of the soul. Yet even here the goal is not attained. "The Dæmons are self-seeking,"* and desire particular goods. It is only when we have surpassed even the dæmonic stage, it is only when our dæmon is a God, that we reach the universal Love, which unites us no longer with this or that particular good, but with the Good itself. In his essay upon Love, Emerson beautifully describes it as "a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames."

But as the rational soul is characteristically the man, so is the dæmonic essence the characteristic essence of love; and hence it is that Plato calls love "a great dæmon." It will therefore be necessary for us to inquire somewhat particularly what is meant by dæmon and the dæmonic nature.

All grades of existence, from pure Being downward to matter, which may be said to exist only by the participation of another nature, are connected by an indissoluble bond. Every degree, between the First Cause of all and the material subject of all manifestation, has as its principle the degree immediately prior to it. Thus, nature is derived from soul, and soul from intellect, which is the next hypostasis (or substance) after the First Cause, and one with Being itself. Throughout the worlds, intelligible and sensible, no break is possible in the continuity; for since the One which we denominate First Cause is indeed the cause and sustainer of all things, any break in the gradual succession would imply the severance of an effect, or of a series of effects, from the cause by which and in which alone it has its being—in one word, its annihilation. Therefore, between any two grades which are not directly conjoined, there must needs be an intermediate grade assimilated by its summit to the higher, by its extremity to the lower, and thus allied to and connective of both. This mediation, or connection, is the peculiar office of the dæmon, and in

* Emerson, *Initial, Dæmonic, and Celestial Love.* The reader will find in this magnificent ode much help towards the understanding of Plotinus.

it consists the very essence of love, which is the strongest of all bonds. Love, therefore, is the prototype of the whole dæmonic nature.

The highest, or celestial, love connects the intellectual nature with the Good itself, or God. This love is not properly a dæmon, nor is it such love as exists on a lower and less universal plane—love which implies a want not wholly satisfied, nor ever, on that plane, wholly to be satisfied. For the celestial love is eternally united with its object; it is universal and not particular, and we, whenever we are able to rise to it, transcend our particular limits, and become universal also. It is this highest love which Plotinus indicates by the expression "Dæmon itself" (*αὐτοδαίμων*), signifying that it is not *a* dæmon, but a God, the source and principle of all dæmonic essence.

In his notes to *The Banquet*, Thomas Taylor gives an interesting extract, on the subject of love, from the Commentary of Proclus on Plato's *First Alcibiades*. A few sentences from this extract may here be fittingly introduced:

"There are different properties of different Gods: for some are artificers of wholes, of the form of beings, and of their essential ornament: but others are the suppliers of life, and are the sources of its various genera: but others preserve the unchangeable order, and guard the indissoluble connection of things: and others, lastly, who are allotted a different power, preserve all things by their beneficent energies. In like manner every amatory order is the cause to all things of conversion to divine beauty, leading back, conjoining, and establishing all secondary natures in the beautiful; replenishing them from thence, and irradiating all things with the gifts of its light. On this account it is asserted in *The Banquet* that Love is a great dæmon, because Love first demonstrates in itself a power of this kind, and is the medium between the object of desire and the desiring nature, and is the cause of the conversion of subsequent to prior natures. The whole amatory series, therefore, being established in the vestibule of the cause of beauty, calls upwards all things to this cause, and forms a middle progression between the object of love, and the natures which are recalled by love. *Hence it pre-establishes in itself the exemplar of the whole dæmoniacal order,*

*obtaining the same middle situation among the Gods as dæmons between divine and mortal natures.*"

In some sense, every intermediary between a lower and a higher nature may be said to fulfil the office of a dæmon relatively to the natures which it connects. More strictly regarded, however, the dæmons are, as Proclus says, the link which connects the mortal nature with the divine. Their office is "to interpret and transmit to Gods the things which come from men, and to men the things which come from Gods; of men the prayers and offerings, of Gods the commands and returns for the offerings. Being intermediary between both, the dæmonic nature fills up the gap, so that the universe itself is bound together by it. . . . God is not mixed with man, but by means of this dæmonic nature all intercourse and converse between Gods and men take place, both in waking and in sleeping."*

The dæmon, therefore, is said to partake of matter, inasmuch as it is not, like a God, an essence self-sufficient and filled with divine perfection, but represents the desire, and consequently the want, of something beyond itself. For we must remember that matter does not necessarily imply body. Matter is potential existence, which becomes actual existence only by the accession of form; and this form may be either sensible or intelligible. All things possess something in common, as well as something which is peculiar to each and distinguishes each from the others. That which is peculiar to each is its form, whether it be a form purely intelligible, as that of goodness, virtue, soul; or a form in the more usual sense of the word, *i.e.*, a corporeal image of intelligible form. But wherever form is, there also is that which receives form, the matter which is common to all things.† The block of stone, quarried from the mountain-side, is potentially the statue: it is matter relatively to the statue, but not matter simply or absolutely, since it possesses already the form of stone. Absolute matter is the absolutely formless; it has no definite being apart from the form which defines it; yet it is not form, but indispensable to the manifestation of form, as darkness is indispensable to the manifestation of

* Plato, *The Banquet*, § 28.

† See Plotinus, Ennead ii. 4, § 4.

light. Thus matter, regarded simply, is merely a potentiality and a deficiency, and thus the dæmonic nature, inasmuch as it implies both the potentiality and the want of something beyond itself, is said to partake of matter.

I know not where we shall find a more scientific exposition of the nature of the dæmon, or "guardian angel," which accompanies each one of us during this mortal life, than in the book which Plotinus has devoted to this subject (Ennead iii. 4). One might suppose that the dæmon which presides over our life is that part or faculty of the soul which is especially active within us. But it is not so. It is we ourselves who act; in other words, we identify ourselves with whatsoever part of us is for the time in activity. Our dæmon is that part or faculty of the soul which is next above the active part, and from which the latter immediately derives its life and energy. The dæmon is rational, where the life is sensuous; intellectual, where the life is rational. In short, whatever rung of the ladder we may have reached, our dæmon is still a step higher. Were it otherwise, it could no longer be the connecting link between ourselves and the divine nature, which, as we have said, it is the very essence of the dæmon to be; since, in such case, it must be either too far above to influence, or too low to elevate us.

These dæmons, therefore, are "many and of all kinds,"* and each man chooses his own according to the life he leads. It is evident, also, that he changes his dæmon as his life ascends to a higher or sinks to a lower level. The dæmon presides without acting. Its presence is felt in that inward monitor which we term our conscience, but the dæmon is more than conscience. It is both within us and above us; an ideal which we have not yet the power to realise. As we rise to the realisation, our ideal rises with us; that which was our dæmon becomes ourself, *i.e.*, the active part of our soul; and a higher dæmon now presides over us.

It follows that, as Plato says of love, our dæmons are neither mortal nor immortal, considered simply. They are immortal in relation to the universe, mortal (as dæmons) in relation to the individual soul. For the soul, ascending higher and

* Plato, *The Banquet*, § 28.

higher, rises from dæmon to dæmon, becoming ever more universal in its scope, until it has passed beyond "the flickering dæmon film," into the region of eternal being, where it lives as the Gods, "who have Truth for their mother, and nurse, and essence, and nourishment."* Then its dæmon—if we may still so call the power which unites it with the Good—is no longer strictly a dæmon, but a very God, celestial Love itself. This is, perhaps, the meaning of Iamblichus, when he declares that the soul, although possessing in a less degree than dæmons the eternal nature of an equable life and energy, is yet, by the good will of the Gods and by the light which it receives from them, enabled to advance beyond the dæmons, into a higher order, which Iamblichus denominates the angelic.†

That the soul changes its presiding dæmon as it advances from stage to stage in its ascent to the intelligible world, is evident. The question remains, whether it be possible for such a change to take place during the course of a single life on earth. Plato seems to have held that during the whole of one life the dæmon remains unchanged. Plotinus, though he nowhere expresses himself quite definitely on the subject, was perhaps of the same opinion. Proclus asserts positively that to one life one dæmon is assigned; but he disputes the doctrine of Plotinus that our presiding dæmon is that part of the soul which is immediately superior to the active part, and declares that from such a doctrine it must needs follow that the same person may have many dæmons in a single life; "which," says he, "is of all things the most impossible." We must leave the question unanswered. If we allow that the doctrine of Plotinus does indeed point to the conclusion expressed by Proclus, we may still hesitate to assume that this conclusion involves an impossibility. Yet we must remember that a change in our presiding dæmon would imply a corresponding change in the activity of the soul transcending any ordinary measure of progression or of retrogression. It is to be effected, not by a nearer approach to our ideal, but by a total change of ideal.

The dæmon, it was said, is within and above us. It is indeed within and above the whole of nature. Wheresoever a

* Plotinus, Ennead v. 8, § 4. † *De Mysteriis*, ii. 2,

mortal nature exists, there too is the dæmon which renders its existence possible by connecting it with its divine source. When, therefore, Socrates speaks of dæmons as the sons of Gods,* his meaning is easily to be apprehended. And the dæmon to whose admonitions in his own case he so often alludes, what is it but the intellectual summit of the soul, presiding over the active rational part, and keeping it, so long as it heeds the warning, constant in the path which leads to divinity? When, also, it is asserted that the souls of the good who have departed this life, become dæmons, although this may not be simply true, it is true nevertheless, as probably most of us can testify, in relation to those whom they have left on earth, and whose lives they continue to influence for good.†

Moreover, though dæmons are indeed, as Plato affirms, of many kinds, and therefore are not in all cases "loves," yet it is certain that they are all akin to love, and to be referred to love as their prototype; since the connection which they establish implies not merely the dependence of the lower nature upon the higher, but its affinity thereto as to the cause of its existence, and the desire for that which is above, which, whether conscious or unconscious, is the inevitable consequence of such affinity. And lastly, inasmuch as every intermediary from one point of view necessarily holds apart what from another point of view it conjoins, we find that the word "dæmon" is derived from the verb δαίω, I divide. This etymology naturally suggests those influences to which the appellation of evil dæmons has been given, and of which, in fact, the operation seems rather to divide from the good than to connect with it. But since that which we call evil has not a universal and essential, but only a relative, subsistence, the evil dæmon, as such, cannot be said to exist substantially, after the manner of the good. Neither is the evil

* Plato, *Apology*, § 15.

† So Hesiod sings of those who lived in the Golden Age:

> "And, when the Earth had hid them, Jove's will was,
> The good should into heavenly natures pass;
> Yet still held state on earth, and guardians were
> Of all best mortals still surviving there,
> Observ'd works just and unjust, clad in air,
> And, gliding undiscover'd everywhere,
> Gavè riches where they pleased; and so were reft
> Nothing of all the royal rule they left."
>
> *Works and Days* (Chapman's translation).

dæmon external to ourselves, being, indeed, but a perversion of the good dæmon, as lust is a perversion of love. Yet the etymology has a wider significance than may be at once apparent. The same influence that tends to exalt a soul in a certain stage of its development, may, in a higher stage, become an obstacle to its advance. For example, the love of sensible beauty, though surely in its place an elevating influence or good dæmon, may become an evil dæmon to him who will not look beyond the sensible manifestation, but is content to accept it as an end in itself, instead of using it as a means to the attainment of the beauty which is divine and eternal. In truth, however willing we may be to halt, it is impossible for us to do so. If we do not endeavour to rise above our level of to-day, we shall find presently that we have sunk to a lower level. Nay, the highest dæmon must become at length a cause of division between us and the Good, if, having reached its height, we fail to pass beyond it into the pure realm where

> Every fair and every good,
> Known in part or known impure
> To men below,
> In their archetypes endure.*

As a supplement to the treatise on Love, I add the following extract from Plotinus's book *On the Good or the One* (Ennead v. 9).

"That our good is there [in the world above] is shown clearly by the love which is cognate with the soul, in accordance with which love is [represented as] married to souls in pictures and in myths. For since the soul is other than God, but comes from God, it loves Him of necessity; and when it is there its love is celestial, but here [in this world] it becomes common (*πάνδημος*). For there indeed is Aphrodite celestial, but here she becomes common, being as it were prostituted. And every soul is an Aphrodite; and this is intimated by the story of the birth of Aphrodite, and of Love born together with her. The soul, then, in its natural condition loves God, and wishes to be united with him, as a maiden of noble birth with a noble love. But when, having fallen into generation, it has been, as it were,

* Emerson.

deceived in its wooing, having taken in exchange another and a mortal love, it runs riot in its absence from its Father. And again, loathing the excesses into which it has fallen, it purifies itself from worldly desires, and returning towards its Father, is well affected. And those to whom this affection is unknown, may judge of it from earthly loves, [if they consider] what it is to obtain those things that one loves the most, and that these beloved objects are mortal and injurious, and that the love of them is a love of appearances and subject to change, since its object is not that which is in truth beloved by us, neither is it our good, nor what we are seeking. But there [above] is the true object of our love, with which it is possible to be indeed united, participating in it and so possessing it; since this is not [like the objects of earthly love] enveloped externally with flesh. And whoso hath seen it, knoweth what I say,—that the soul hath then another life, in which it continues to progress, having already advanced towards [the true object of its love] and taken part therein, so that, being thus disposed, it knows that the Choir-master of true life is present with it, and it has need of nothing more. On the contrary, all else must be put away, and in this alone must it stand, and become this alone, cutting off all the other things that lie about it; that we may haste to go forth from hence, and be grieved when we are bound to the things of this world, in order that with the whole of ourselves we may embrace Him, and have no part in us with which we do not lay hold of God. There, then, the soul may see both Him and itself, as far as it is permitted to see; may see itself glorified and full of intelligible light, or rather itself a light, pure, unburdened, free from heaviness, having become, or rather being, a God. Then indeed, its light is enkindled, but if again it gravitate downwards, it is as if quenched."

WM. C. WARD.

# FROM THE WRITINGS OF MADAME SWETCHINE*

## Airelles

Let our lives be pure as snow-fields where our footsteps leave a mark but not a stain.

The mind wears the colours of the soul as a valet those of his master.

There are souls which, like the pontiffs of the ancient law, live only on the sacrifice they offer.

What is resignation? It is putting God between one's self and one's grief.

Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages —they have learned to understand and to be understood by all.

That mysterious stone on which Jacob reposed was faith. Let us, too, sleep on its breast and our future greatness will be revealed to us.

There are words which are worth as much as the best of actions, for they contain the germ of them all.

The injustice of men subserves the justice of God and often His mercy.

Goodness consists in a knowledge of all the needs of others and all the means of supplying them which exist within ourselves.

It is by doing right that we arrive at just principles of action.

Let us . . . . strive unceasingly to ascend from the effect to the cause within. Let us deny the involuntary theory, reject that of accident and accuse none but ourselves.

By becoming more unhappy we sometimes learn to be less so.

We expect everything and are prepared for nothing.

Silence is like nightfall. Objects are lost in it insensibly.

We are rich only through what we give, and poor only through what we refuse.

No two persons ever read the same book or saw the same picture.

## Thoughts

The fact that God has prohibited despair gives misfortune the right to hope all things, and leaves hope free to dare all things.

Our relations with God are such that our obstacles are all means.

The events of life are a sacred text on which the mind may ponder and comment. How can we fail to follow with attention and respect—yea, often

* See "The Life of Madame Swetchine," in the last number.

with gratitude and rapture—the chain of circumstances which has accomplished a *thought* of God.

There can be no little things in the world, seeing that God mingles in all.

Prayer . . . . . is an hour of outpourings, which words cannot express, of that interior speech which we do not articulate, even when we employ it.

Prayer is the inner man. It is the Ecce Homo, uttered to God.

Salvation is a dual work; as in the incarnation there is implied a God and a man—divine grace and human effort.

There is by God's grace an immeasurable distance between late and too late.

Each one of us has a formidable personal foe.

The root of sanctity is sanity. A man must he healthy before he can be holy. We bathe first and then perfume.

God has entrusted man with the raw material. He creates the world and gives it to man to finish.

When two conflicting truths are brought face to face, we must accept neither. We must tell ourselves that there is a third withheld among the secrets of God which, when revealed, will reconcile them.

There are souls of every age and every clime which are contemporaries and compatriots.

Immortality! if a man had it not, his soul would miss not merely the future, but the past, for these two are correlative.

Let my terrace face the East! There is a mysterious affinity between this fancy of mine and my decided taste for the dawn of excellent things.

Providence has hidden a charm in difficult undertakings which is appreciated only by those who dare to grapple with them.

Misfortune has few riddles for him who believes that the sole design of Providence is the perfecting of mankind.

The hidden good in the soul of a sinner would reconcile me to the guiltiest.

If we would be equal to difficult undertakings we must prepare for them long beforehand.

Often we may say: I have deserved to err. I have deserved to be ignorant.

Let us shun everything which might tend to efface the primitive lineaments of our individuality. Let us reflect that each one of us is a thought of God.

Everyone must find out for himself the key to the riddle of life. It is of no use to have it told. Some do not hear; others misunderstand it.

We must do everything for others, if only to divert our minds from what they fail to do for us.

By entering into the thought of another we reconcile him to our own,

The ideal of friendship is to feel as one while remaining two.

Years do not make sages, they only make old men.

We are all more or less like spiders—stretching out a web made out of our own substance.

If you speak truth with moderation, separating its substance from all alloy of human passion, you are not to blame for the opposition it may encounter. But if you strain it, if you wrest it from its sacred impassibility—you are responsible for the revolt which it excites and the consequences which may ensue.

I can understand contempt for action. Contempt for men I do not allow myself to feel, and I find no trace of it in Holy Writ. Who is the man whom we despise to-day? One whom we may be forced to admire to-morrow. By God's grace the most abject of His creatures may rise to the rank of a celestial force. In the depth of every human soul there is a power of reaction, reparation and rehabilitation which transcends the utmost limits of evil.

Time is the shower of Danaë. Each drop is golden. Youth is a sort of temporary divinity.

Only that which is to be used is purified, only the iron which is to be wrought is beaten, only the wound which we would heal is probed.

Age—when all around is lost in shadow, that peak visited by the sunbeams shines with the gathered brightness of a long life and shows from afar like a watch-tower.

Death, the veil of immortality on this side the solemn passage, tinged by the fires that are to come.

If death were only the blossoming of life . . . . the sublime flower of that plant whose spreading roots underlie the earth, old age would be the apogee of life. . . . for, as saith the Apostle, death merely clothes us with immortality. . . . . Our last twilights are nearer than any others to eternal light.

The perfection of a soul grows ever more radiant as the spiritual principle absorbs all others.

To wait for God on the strength of His word, to taste at once the charm of mystery and the great joy of certainty; to discern across a golden twilight the brightness of the uncreated light! . . . I collect myself, O my God, at the close of life as at the close of the day. The last thoughts of a heart that loves Thee are like those last, deepest, ruddiest rays of the setting sun. Make me to grow and keep my green, and climb like the plant which lifts its head to Thee for the last time before it drops its seed and dies.

### On Resignation

Truth, alas! can never disavow sorrow—she who came to sound its depths and show its purpose, and who also knows so well the dignity to which it lifts the soul of man, and the fruit it should bear therein.

All verities . . . Religion prèsents them to us in the light of sisters, who have an equal right to the paternal inheritance, who are destined always to support, and never to injure one another.

Yes; she is proud and worthy this resignation of the bowed head and bended knee.

There is no more sovereign act than that whereby we resign our freedom.

If . . . the heart, while yet wrapped in its thick veil of flesh, begins to catch glimpses, under the gross exterior of things, of the mind which created them . . . if it perceives the ruling Power . . . if . . the evil days whereof man's earthly pilgrimage is composed, begin to seem like a prelude to an unending life—what consequences ensue, what teachings flow from these primary truths? . . . Things begin to share . . . . the intelligence of persons.

The pyramid whose broad base is the precept, but which rises and contracts by degrees into a mere point, is an image of the perfection and consummation of counsel.

The Master is benevolent and mighty, . . . the creature capable of education. . . . . This world assumes the aspect of a vast school.

God considers this transitory being, man, only in his relations with immortality; and if he arms him as a warrior for a time, it is only to enable him to conquer that kingdom of heaven that "suffereth violence."

Virtue, like knowledge, may be acquired only by a sequence of experiences and by lessons, the first condition of whose utility is their repetition . . . . the mysterious paths whereby a good Providence has led him to himself.

Slowly . . . is regeneration accomplished in the human soul. It is this very grief of yours which, freeing you from the bonds of self, will become the soul of your devotion—which is already bearing you to the realms of peace and freedom.

A great physician (Stahl) has said: "The soul makes her own body." We may say with equal truth: "The soul makes her own sorrow."

Far more than we are disposed to believe, we feel as we think, and it would be hard to estimate how much we increase the power and intensity of our own troubles by interesting ourselves in them, insisting that we do well to bewail them, feeding them by the imagination and indulging them through the refinement and susceptibility of our hearts.

From the rank of masters our enemies have descended to that of instruments.

Plato cried: "Oh my friends, there are no friends." I say: "Oh, you who suppose yourselves my enemies—you are not my enemies." Human levity, far more than human malignity, is the cause of all those sinister effects which we think to explain by hatred only.

We explain all things by malevolence, but to measure this malevolence

by the magnitude of the evil we endure, is another of the illusions caused by our preoccupation of self. . . . How would it surprise us to find that the *arrows which pierce us were shot at random*, and *that not merely no remorse, but almost no thought* has been given to the moment which has caused us to undergo a thousand torments. Ah, how much light is spared to the evil-doers, that they may not be as culpable as they are senseless.

Of all the mysteries of this life the deepest is the entanglement of destinies.

The possible range, the immediate effect, the remote consequences and the reaction of our faults—of all these we are profoundly ignorant.

We represent here the problem of living in one world, with the instincts of another; and the question is—how the child of eternity shall find the way to his royal home. All else is secondary.

Thus man—starting from a point, firm and indisputable, because it is within him and is reproduced without exception in all his kind—misses his way . . . . because he neglects the star which might have guided him safely.

That which constitutes spiritual age has naught to do with the number of the years.

Yield up that secret, smarting grief which the instinct of a passionate bitterness would fain make the heart's lost idol.

For him who loves and follows thee, O my God, grief, a phantom of man's raising, does not exist. . . . There is naught but love, hope, joy, submission and sacrifice. Grief is vanquished as well as death.

Nothing is too little or too abject for God to raise and purify. In His severities it is not *vengeance*, which is expressed here below.

If the lyre within accords ever so imperfectly with the divine diapason, what delicious calm . . . in harmonious equilibrium between all powers of our being! What freedom, how rich and beautiful the world—to our serene and unembarrassed gaze!

It is hardly to be supposed that we imagine something which neither has been nor ever shall be. It would be creation outside nature. "The angels," says St. Gregory the Great, "carry their paradise with them wherever they are sent by God, because they never cease to be united to him." This is the secret of lasting joy.

In that spiritual realm, that domain which none but yourself can penetrate, you have only yourself to conquer.

Prayer, which is both spiritual and emotional, is the manifestation of the two men, whom the best of us bear within. The one represents too often the unweakened opposition of nature, the other springs to the eternal spaces.

Almsgiving is prayer, penitence, sacrifice, endurance, submission—all alike pray. Every conscientious meditation on our faults, every effort at amendment, every conquest over self, is prayer.

Oh why is not love more beloved!

The will of my God be mine and continue till my latest breath to initiate me into the secret of Thy growing delights.

MEDITATIONS*

Man must have his destination, his end—this end cannot be of an inferior nature to Man himself, for every end necessarily excels the means which are subordinate to it.

A RUSSIAN.

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# A VISION OF THE PAST

IT was the evening hour, just after sundown. The warm colours in the sky had almost vanished, leaving a cold grey tint o'er land and sea, though still bright and silvery near the horizon.

The scene before me is the shore of a mediæval town, on an island in a Northern sea. A ruined wall surrounds the town, and ancient gateways give entrance to it. On the side nearest the sea the wall is very massive; its straight outline is broken here and there by small square towers. Outside the wall, for some distance along the shore, it is almost like a garden; trees and shrubs flourish, the grass grows quite close to the rocky beach, and in convenient nooks and sheltered spots benches are placed.

On this evening of early autumn two friends, both women, were strolling slowly along the path which runs close under the ancient wall; they were in deep and earnest conversation, the shorter of the two leaning upon the arm of her companion. They walked thus for some distance, far out along the shore; then, turning, they seated themselves on a bench where they had an uninterrupted view of the silver-grey sea, which tossed and broke in impatient wavelets not far from their feet. Close behind them, in the background, stood a quaint and curious little tower built into the wall, and ever and anon the rising wind seemed to

* Selected and translated by L. T. B., by permission of the Comte de Falloux. London: Nayes et Cie.

fill the air round it with murmuring voices, as it pierced its way through the broken apertures, almost giving an impression of moans of anguish or distress.

The friends were silent for some moments. At last Doris, the elder of the two, a lady with large expressive eyes filled with a melancholy tenderness, turning to her companion said softly: "Darling! our wish has been fulfilled, so often have we longed to be here together; this, our last evening, has been to me so full of meaning, though maybe the saddest. Oh! what a joy our meeting has been, what a week of union of heart and interchange of thought. Shall we ever forget it? To part so soon, perhaps never again . . . . . But this is foolish, and I am ungrateful. Maia, dear one, promise me one thing ere we part and thousands of miles divide us! If from this earthly life you should be called away to enter on a life beyond, promise that you will come to me. Let me feel, let me know that our souls are capable of holding that communion which belongs to the love that endures beyond the grave. It is ours for ever, beloved, and I, in my turn, I will promise you the same."

Maia looked into the sweet, earnest face of the speaker, and reading there the intensity of her affection, gave the required promise. Then, continuing, she said:

"But, Doris, surely you could never doubt that we must find one another again; for in the past our destinies, our lives have been united. Many, many times have we met. Love and soul-sympathy such as ours—those tokens whereby we recognised each other instantly in this life—what were they, if not the memory of our souls? I know you feel this, too, and believe it; and I—Oh, Doris, at this moment, now that clear, bright light is fading, and the evening gloom is stealing up, I am conscious of a strange and overwhelming sense of familiarity with this scene. Near to this hour, some time, we were here together, long ago. Listen, Doris! to that *dreary chant*, that *sad, sad voice!*"

And the fitful gusts once more swept round the little tower, rising higher, louder, until the air was filled with one long moaning note, rising and falling, telling of grief and lamentation, of an anguish indescribable.

A silence fell upon the friends; a mist seemed to surround them, and then . . . . .

The scene seemed to change; yet it was the same spot. The shore was rough and uneven; the town-wall compact and unbroken save where the stone-masons were still at work upon the little tower just freshly built; a narrow flight of steps leading up into the one small cell, which had no opening other than the door-way.

Two maidens were standing on the path a few yards from the tower, watching the workmen. One was tall and fair, with hair of a golden colour falling in two long plaits far below her waist, her head covered by a tightly-fitting coif of dark blue velvet bordered with silver, from under which some short curls strayed negligently on to her pale brow, almost veiling the large serious grey eyes. Her companion was somewhat shorter, with dark brown hair, and eyes like a summer sky; she was robed in white, with a cap of white velvet embroidered with gold.

The girls stood with their arms supporting one another, crouching close together, their young faces filled with despair, almost terror. They appeared to be listening as if in expectation, their beautiful sad eyes turning ever in the direction of the western gate. A sound of voices in the distance . . . singing, a wailing, dirge-like melody! Clang! The boom of a great bell, as if tolling a funeral knell.

The maidens shuddered, clung closer to one another, and sobbed wildly. "Freya!" moaned the white-robed girl. "They come, they are bringing her. O God! 'tis horrible!! Is there no help; no mercy? Can we do nothing? Our darling friend, our playmate, our Elsa, so sweet, so good, to die like this! They cannot! No! they cannot carry out their awful purpose. Oh! Freya, Freya, have men no hearts, no compassion, that they can bear to look upon a scene like this?"

And in her agony of grief the frantic girl shrieked aloud. But Freya, with streaming eyes and trembling limbs, whispered hoarsely: "Hush! Mãrta, hush, my dear one, we must pray, pray God that death will come quickly."

The two girls fell on their knees, and with clasped hands and lips moving in earnest supplication, they awaited the ap-

proach of their unhappy sister. The strains of a solemn chant were heard. Nearer and nearer, moving slowly along under the wall, the awful procession came in sight. It was headed by a band of monks, shrouded and cowled in black, chanting dismally as they went, carrying a large white cross. After these came the Burgomaster in his robes of office, preceded by a herald. And then the town councillors, walking two and two. In their midst they partly supported the wretched Elsa, condemned to this terrible fate because through her love for King Waldemar—who came to her father's house disguised as a merchant—she had been led to reveal the secrets of the wealth and strongholds of her island home. The town had been sacked and plundered. The Danish king had sailed away with the treasure; but faithless he had proved to Unghanse's daughter, whom he had promised to carry with him. The town folk, wild with rage at the loss of so much wealth, suspected some one had betrayed them. And then it was remembered that during the three days of pillage and ransacking, a little white kerchief had been seen fluttering over the portal to Unghanse's court yard, and that his house had remained untouched, escaping the general devastation. Thus, upon enquiry, all was discovered. The unhappy maiden —heart-broken at Waldemar's desertion—confessed what she had done. She was dragged before the Council, of which her father was a member, and by one and all she was condemned to be immured alive in the old town wall.

And now the tower is reached; the fragile figure, robed in black, with long fair hair flowing unbound over the shoulders, slowly and unsteadily mounts the rough stairway. On the last step she turns, and with pallid face and streaming eyes takes her last look out over the sea where the sun is slowly sinking, bathing the ghastly scene in a wondrous crimson glow, out over the rocky shore where in childhood she loved to ramble, and then down on the kneeling crowd at her feet—monks, councillors, ay, even on the stern and rigid face of her own father.

The silence is broken only by the sobs of the women and the low boom of the billows on the shore. At last, stretching out her clasped hands in supplication, she fixes her eyes with a mournful, beseeching tenderness on the uplifted agonised faces

of the two friends Mãrta and Freya, and in broken accents speaks her last request. "Give me your prayers, my sisters; pray Heaven to be merciful, to shorten my suffering."

Then, turning quickly, the wretched girl was seen to fall senseless on the floor of her dark and narrow tomb. At the same moment the maidens Freya and Mãrta sank down unconscious in the awestruck crowd.

* * * * *

The mists had cleared; the scene was solitary save for the presence of the two friends still seated on the bench. A chastened sadness filled their faces as they gazed wonderingly at one another in the twilight. Each knew that it was recognition—that sorrowful record, now so deeply graven on the memory of their souls. The spell of the solemn scene was around them still—too deep for words; so in silence the friends arose and wandered back to the town.

The wind had almost sunk to rest, but now and again on its wandering breath a faint low wailing note was wafted from the vicinity of the "Jungfru-tornet"—the "Maiden's Tower."

FREYA.

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THE stupid man by studying the phenomena and laws of heaven and earth becomes sage; I by studying their times and productions become intelligent. He in his stupidity is perplexed about sageness; I in my freedom from stupidity am the same. He considers his sageness as being an extraordinary attainment; I do not consider mine so.—From the Tâoist classic, *The Harmony of the Seen and Unseen.*

# THEOSOPHICAL TEACHINGS IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN RUSKIN

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 224)

(3) THIS idea is further dwelt upon in connection with the last point we shall notice—the question of Education: what its aim should be, the means by which this aim may be furthered, and the evils of the present system. Take the following passages, as showing what Ruskin considers should be the aim of education, and how the education of the present day fails to carry it out:

> Education does not mean teaching people to know what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. . . . It is not teaching the youth of England the shapes of letters and the tricks of numbers; and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It is, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work: to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept and by praise—but, above all, by example. . . . For the continual education of the whole people, and for their future happiness, they must have such consistent employment as shall develope all the powers of the fingers, of the limbs, and the brain.*

> There are three immaterial things, not only useful, but essential to life. No one knows how to live till he has got them. They are Admiration, Hope, and Love. Admiration—the power of discerning and taking delight in what is beautiful in visible form, and lovely in human character; and necessarily striving to produce what is beautiful in form, and to become what is lovely in character. Hope—the recognition by true foresight, of better things to be reached hereafter, whether by ourselves or others; necessarily issuing in the straightforward and undisappointable effort to advance, according to our proper power, the gaining of them. Love—both of family and neighbour, faithful and satisfied.†

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 185 and p. 195. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 96

But he also impresses upon his readers that right action is not a sufficient aim for true education, unless it is accompanied by right thought; it is not enough to teach men to control their actions—they must also be taught to control their thoughts; for thought is a power in the world, the influence of which is not always recognised as it should be. So he says:

> The entire object of true education is to make people not merely *do* the the right things, but *enjoy* the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.*

> All enmity, jealousy, opposition, and secrecy, are wholly and in all circumstances destructive in their nature, not productive; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation—not destructive; and the evil principles of opposition and exclusiveness are not rendered less fatal, but more fatal, by their acceptance among large masses of men; more fatal, I say, exactly in proportion as their influence is more secret.†

> The utmost point and acme of honour is not merely in doing no evil, but in thinking none; and teaching that the first, as indeed the last, nobility of education is in the rule over our thoughts.‡

This importance of right thinking, and the power of thought generally, is a principle recognised by all Theosophists. Mrs. Besant, in her lecture on Thought-control, speaks as follows:

> It is by no means necessary for the affecting of the minds of others, that a man should put his thoughts into words. Nor is it necessary that his thought should show itself in action, so that his example may become potent for good or for evil . . . although he does not come into contact with people personally, although he does not reach them by written or spoken words, he has a power which transcends either the force of example or the forces of speech or of tongue, and sitting alone and isolated from men, so far as the physical world is concerned, he may be exercising a force potent for good or for evil—may be purifying or fouling the minds of his generation—may be contributing to, helping, or hindering the progress of the world—may be raising his race a little higher, or depressing it a little lower.§

Ruskin further points out the mistake which, in his opinion, is made in the education of the present day, by encouraging competition amongst the pupils, and especially by the practice of competitive examinations. He says:

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 76.
† *A Joy for Ever*, p. 136.
‡ *Fors Clavigera*, vol ii., p. 15.
§ *In the Outer Court*, pp. 45 and 46.

All that you can depend on in a boy, as significant of true power, likely to issue in good fruit, is his will to work for the work's sake, not his desire to surpass his schoolfellows; and the aim of the teaching you give him ought to be, to prove to him and strengthen in him his own separate gift, not to puff him into swollen rivalry with those who are everlastingly greater than he; still less ought you to hang favours and ribands about the neck of the creature who is the greatest, to make the rest envy him. Try to make them love and follow him, not struggle with him.*

How many actual deaths are now annually caused by the strain and anxiety of competitive examinations, it would startle us all if we could know: but the mischief done to the best faculties of the brain in all cases, and the miserable confusion and absurdity involved in the system itself, which offers every place, not to the man who is indeed fitted for it, but to the one who, on a given day, chances to have bodily strength enough to stand the cruellest strain, are evils infinite in their consequences, and more lamentable than many deaths.†

"Invidia," jealousy of your neighbour's good, has been, since dust was first made flesh, the curse of man; and "Charitas," the desire to do your neighbour grace, the one source of all human power, glory and material blessing.‡

All this is thoroughly in harmony with Theosophical principles, and with the ideas put forward by Theosophical writers. Madame Blavatsky, in *The Key to Theosophy*, points out in very plain language the two great evils of modern education, namely, the encouragement of competition rather than mutual help, and the training of memory rather than that of the power of thought; and she brings forward as the object of *real* education, the cultivation and development of the mind, self-reliance and independence of thought, together with unselfishness and altruism. Miss Edger also, in her lecture on "The Theosophic Life," draws a similar distinction between the mere training of the memory, and real education, the training of the intellect; she says:

Mere information lasts but for one incarnation; the only thing that can be built into the causal body, which alone persists from life to life, is the result of experience in the form of faculties, knowledge of right and wrong, and tendencies of character. Thus true education consists in the using of the information gained, for the development of the reasoning power; the

* *A Joy for Ever*, p. 178. † *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 168.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 140.

building of mental faculty by constant systematising and correlating of facts, and deductions therefrom of general principles.*

And, to quote Mrs. Besant once more, in her "Bases of Education" she says:

The teacher's aim must be not to make a successfully-crammed candidate for examination, but to help the individual life to unfold symmetrically, developing its powers harmoniously and with balance, cultivating the reason in preference to the memory, training the powers of observation, comparison and judgment, more than that of memorising and reproducing statements of facts.

And again:

We should gradually purge education from its competitive element, eliminating this especially in the older classes. The cleverer pupils should be taught to aim at raising the average of their class, at helping on the weaker and less capable boys, at carrying them on with themselves rather than triumphing over them. They should be trained in mutual helpfulness, in regarding their class, their school, their college, as a large self of which they are part, the honour and welfare of which are dear to them. To raise its credit in the eyes of the world should be their stimulus to well-doing rather than the gain that well-doing brings to them personally.†

Ruskin brings forward as one of the chief means by which the objects of real education are to be attained, the recognition of the greatness and the virtues of those superior to ourselves, and the taking of the best and greatest whom we know, as ideals.

The only constant and infallible test of progress is that you wonder more at the work of great men, and that you care more for natural objects. You have often been told by your teachers to expect this last result, but I fear that the tendency of modern thought is to reject the idea of that essential difference in rank between one intellect and another, of which increasing reverence is the wise acknowledgment. You may, at least in early years, test accurately your power of doing anything in the least rightly, by your increasing conviction that you never will be able to do it as well as it has been done by others. . . . To be greater than the greatest that *have* been, is permitted perhaps to one man in Europe in the course of two or three centuries.‡

Exactly in the degree in which you can find creatures greater than yourself to look up to, in that degree you are ennobled yourself, and in

* *Indian Tour Lectures*, p. 67.

† THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, September, 1899, pp 65, 70.

‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 230.

that degree happy. . . . All real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain.*

A man's happiness consists infinitely more in admiration of the faculties of others, than in confidence of his own. That reverent admiration is the perfect human gift in him; all lower animals are happy and noble in the degree they can share it.†

Referring to the decoration of schoolrooms, which Ruskin suggests should consist of the portraits of great men, and the representation of their deeds, he says:

How can we sufficiently estimate the effect on the mind of a noble youth, at the time when the world opens to him, of having faithful and touching representations put before him of the acts and presences of great men—how many a resolution, which would alter and exalt the whole course of his after life, might be formed, when in some dreamy twilight he met, through his own tears, the fixed eyes of those shadows of the great dead, unescapable and calm, piercing to his soul; or fancied that their lips moved in dread reproof or soundless exhortation?‡

And he tells us also that the increasing loftiness of our ideals is the mark of our progress:

I believe the advance from the days of Edward I. to our own, great as it is confessedly, consists *not so much in what we have actually accomplished, as in what we are now enabled to conceive.*§

All students of the ethical works of Theosophical writers will at once recognise the thought of the transforming and ennobling power of an ideal, as one that is constantly dwelt upon, and urged upon the aspirant as one of the chief aids towards the realisation of his aspirations. Mrs. Besant has worked it out beautifully in her lecture on "The Building of Character," where she quotes from the Upaniṣhads:

Man is a creature of reflection; what he reflects upon that he becomes.

Again from St. Paul:

We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory.

To which we may add Patañjali's maxim:

The mind . . . is changed into the likeness of that which is pondered on, and enters into full comprehension of the being thereof.

* *Crown of Wild Olive*, p. 177.
† *Fors Clavigera*, vol. i., p. 169.
‡ *A Joy for Ever*, p. 130.
§ *Ibid.*, p. xii.

Mrs. Besant concludes with the words:

> The aspirant will contemplate day by day the ideal that he has builded. He will fix his mind upon it, and constantly reflect it in his consciousness. Day by day he will go over its outline, day by day he will dwell upon it in thought, and as he contemplates, inevitably will rise up within him that reverence and that awe which are worship, the great transforming power by which the man becomes that which he adores, and this contemplation wil essentially be the contemplation of reverence and of aspiration. And as he contemplates, the rays of the Divine Ideal will shine down upon him, and the aspiration upwards will open the windows of the soul to receive them; so that they shall illuminate him from within, and then cast a light without, the ideal shining ever above and within him, and marking out the path along which his feet must tread.*

Enough has, I think, been brought forward to show how largely Ruskin's belief and thought are permeated with those teachings specially recognised and brought forward by Theosophists. The consideration of Ruskin as a man forms no part of the intention of this paper; yet perhaps a few words upon this aspect may not be out of place; for a man's ideas cannot be entirely separated from his life, and the question might naturally be asked—Has he in his own life carried out the principles so strongly insisted on in his writings?

Nothing is easier than to bring charges of fanaticism and inconsistency against a man who tries to raise the ideal of humanity, and both have been brought against Ruskin. With regard to the first, a certain amount of fanaticism must almost inevitably enter into any attempt to bring into prominence principles diametrically opposed to those generally recognised in social life; every reformer has been in some sense a fanatic; he has at least appeared such to those who have not shared or even understood his aims and aspirations. But the charge of inconsistency is one which we would not wish to rest upon any whom we admire. That there may have been some inconsistencies in Ruskin's life is quite conceivable, since we are dealing with a human being; but looking at some of the best known facts of his life, we cannot fail to see an attempt to carry out the teachings he so earnestly impressed upon others.

This is shown by the fact of his withdrawing from circulation

* *In the Outer Court*, p. 85.

*Modern Painters*, and others of his artistic works, because he found the public more engrossed by his beautiful language than by the principles enunciated, and by his resolution "to write no more beautiful paragraphs," but to put simple truth plainly before his readers.

The same sincerity and earnestness are evinced in his throwing aside the narrow, evangelical religion inculcated in his childhood, and held sacred in early manhood, because he found it utterly inadequate to explain the state of the world around him, and altogether irreconcilable with it.

There are also facts to show that he endeavoured to put into practice the socialistic principles he advocated; for we find that he devoted the greater part of the wealth inherited from his father to the benefit of his poorer relatives, and to the carrying out of various philanthropic schemes; he also tried to bring himself into touch with those looked upon as lower in the scale of society, by working beside them, gaining practical experience of the difficulties and hardships of manual labour, and inducing those who were his pupils and looked to him for guidance, to do the same.

These things show him to have been sincere and earnest in his convictions, whether or not his attempts may commend themselves to the judgment of others; and after all, it is not so much what a man has accomplished that determines his worth of character, as the ideal he has kept before him and the efforts he has made to reach it. Ruskin's ideal, as set forth in his writings, was nothing less than the establishment on earth of a kingdom of righteousness, wherein shall prevail laws of justice, love, and altruism, and where the service of humanity shall be recognised as the service of God. No one can study these writings without being the better for it, and feeling in himself some desire to help in the establishment of such a kingdom; and we may well fix our mind upon the light and truth which the writer has endeavoured to shed upon life and human nature, content to overlook anything in his life that may seem to us to fall short of the standard he has set up.

That life is now over, the noble spirit has passed to its rest, and the tongue that spoke so eloquently of the dignity, the

duties, and the responsibilities of human life, is now silent in the grave. Yet the influence of that life will still be felt, and the words that fell from those lips will still bring to the hearts of many the earnest desire to live more worthily, and the courage to fight against the evils we see around us. Thus "he being dead yet speaketh." Let us listen to his words, try to recognise the good he has accomplished, to accept thankfully the truth he has placed before us, and in the words of Mrs. Besant, let us be hero-worshippers

not as seeing no fault in those we admire, but as seeing most the good in them, and loving that; letting the recognition of the good overbear the criticism of the fault; loving and serving them for what they are to men, and throwing the mantle of charity over the faults which they may commit in their service.

MARYON JUDSON.

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# THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE SYNOPTICAL PROBLEM*

THE question of "tendency" in the Synoptic writers is of first importance, for, as Professor Schmiedel says, "tendencies of one kind or another" are acknowledged by even the most conservative critics. Especially to be noticed is Mt.'s repeated appeals to Jews to prove from the O.T. the Messiahship of the Christ, prefaced by the words "in order that it might be fulfilled as it is written." Equally remarkable is the polemic carried on in Mt. against the Scribes and Pharisees; while in Lk., in striking contrast to Mt., many of these speeches are addressed to the people in general. This and numerous other points show that Lk. had Gentile interests in view. But what is the special tendency of Mk.? From the small number of discourses of Jesus incorporated by Mk., it is concluded that he attaches less im-

* See the articles, "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves" and "The Outer Evidence as to the Authorship and Authority of the Gospels," in the last two numbers.

portance to the teaching than to the person of Jesus. We would rather say that the peculiarity of Mk. (or rather of the "embedded" document in Mk.) is the story of a *designed* life.

Further, "each evangelist in his own way is influenced by, and seeks by his narrative to serve, the apologetic interest"; already much was disputed. Another strong tendency, manifested by all three writers, is the political—" the desire to make the Roman authority as little responsible as possible for the death of Jesus."

Now, as we have seen in our last paper, the traditional view regards Lk. as being of a specifically Pauline character, but this "widely accepted view" can be maintained "only in a very limited sense."

It is true that in Lk. we find the rejection of the Jewish nation, but beyond this general position, no distinctly Pauline doctrine; on the other hand Lk. preserves and favours a distinctly Ebionitic tradition. The poor are blessed simply because of their poverty, the rich condemned simply because of their riches; other sayings and parables also breathe the same atmosphere. Now the Ebionim (or Poor Men) were the most ignorant of the earliest followers of the public teaching, who, it would seem, saw in the Master a sort of socialist leader; for we cannot really believe that He taught so crude and immoral a doctrine as here represented. The Ebionim formed one wing of the Judaising party with whom Paul contended. It is, therefore, exceedingly difficult to understand why if Lk. were a follower of Paul, he should have selected part of the most pronounced tradition of the opposing party to incorporate in his Gospel.

But more important than any special tendencies which may be detected in the individual writers, there is to be noticed a common tendency to set forth a document that should serve the interest of a nascent catholicity, that is to say, a view that might be accepted generally.

Passing next to a review of the principal hypotheses which have been put forward as tentative solutions of the synoptical problem, Professor Schmiedel characterises the very simple hypothesis of "a primitive gospel handed down solely by *oral tradition*"—so that eventually there came to be formed a "fixed

type of narrative" in Aramaic, the vernacular tongue of the contemporaries of Jesus—as an "*asylum ignorantiae*," contradicting all the facts of criticism, if it be held to account for *all* the facts. Nevertheless the hypothesis of oral tradition, or rather oral traditions, as *one* of the factors to be taken into account, must be held to contain "an essential element of truth."

The next most simple hypothesis is that of *borrowing*, where we have to "put aside all idea of any other written sources than the canonical, and must keep out of account as far as possible the idea of any oral sources." Of the six imaginable orders only three continue to be seriously argued for: Mt., Mk., Lk.; Mk., Mt., Lk.; Mk., Lk., Mt. It is, however, to be remarked "that every assertion, no matter how evident, as to the priority of one evangelist and the posteriority of another in any given passage will be found to have been turned the other way round by quite a number of scholars of repute."

Summing up the evidence, Professor Schmiedel concludes that "the borrowing hypothesis, unless with the assistance of other assumptions, is unworkable." The result of this investigation into the labours of criticism seems to us to indicate that the three Synoptic writers were contemporaries and familiar with one another's design, but did not borrow one from another, the "borrowing" was from other written sources of which they made use.

We next come to the hypothesis of a single original *written* gospel; this is open to the same objection as a single original oral tradition, only that "it explains the agreements in our gospels better, their divergences in the same proportion worse."

The next hypothesis to be considered is that Mt. and Lk. use an *original* Mk., that is to say a Mk. in one and the same form, but different from the one we now possess.

It is very evident that Mt. and Lk. do not use our Mk., though they use much material contained in our Mk.; but we could never understand why this phenomenon could be explained by postulating an original *Mk*. There is certainly in Mk. an "embedded" document; but the embedded document, so far from being an original Mk., is used freely in common by Mt. and Mk. and Lk., and may, therefore, be said to be equally em-

bedded in all three. Whether this embedded document can be the Mark-gospel of Papias is impossible to determine, but our Mk. is in all probability not Papias's Mk., though the misunderstood statement of Papias probably brought about its christening.

We pass next to the theory of the *Logia* (spoken of by Papias) as a probable source for Mt. and Lk., that is to say of the common material (discourses and parables) used by Mt. and Lk., but not found in Mk., for in this they cannot be said to borrow from each other, seeing that in addition to general agreement "the passages exhibit quite characteristic divergences."

Now it is first of all quite conjectural whether by Logia Papias meant simply Sayings or Sayings mixed with Acts-narrative. In the second place, although Professor Schmiedel thinks that Papias was acquainted with our canonical Mt., there is absolutely no proof of this, and, on the contrary, Papias's statement as to *his* Matthew makes it as certain as anything can be in this vexed question that it was *not* our Mt., for the Logia-collection of *his* Matthew was a single document and written in Hebrew. It is absolutely certain that our Mt. as it stands was not written in Hebrew, though some of its sources may possibly have been *originally* written in the classical language of the Jews (Hebrew), or in the vernacular (Aramaic). But upon this point there is a great divergence of critical opinion.

Indeed in this connection nothing can be proved as to Papias's Matthew-Logia; all that is stated at present is that demonstrably there was another source common to Mt. and Lk. besides the source common to all three Synoptists. This so-called theory of two sources, we are told, "ranks among those results of Gospel criticism which have met with most general acceptance."

But the more advanced critics are not satisfied with the assumption of only one source for the matter common to Mt. and Lk. but absent in Mk., for the divergences between them are so great, that if there were only one source, then one or other of these evangelists, or both, must have treated the source with "drastic freedom." This is especially evidenced by the Ebionitic tinge of the Logia in Lk. A close consideration of this phe-

nomenon leads to the conclusion that other sources, at any rate as far as Lk. is concerned, have to be postulated.

Moreover the "original Mk." or the "embedded document" theory no longer stands in its original simplicity; for sources are being searched for in this and not without success, and the belief is fast gaining ground that in Mt. 24, Mk. 13, and Lk. 21, for instance, there are the remains of an ancient fragment of an apocalyptic character. The passage is quite alien from Jesus' teaching as recorded elsewhere, but closely related to other apocalypses of the time. "It will, accordingly, not be unsafe to assume that an apocalypse which originally had a separate existence has here been put into the mouth of Jesus." This fragment is known to criticism as the "Little Apocalypse."

Other minor sources, also, have been conjectured, of which we may specially mention Scholten's so-called anonymous Gospel found in certain passages of Mt. and Lk., and the book which is held to be cited by Lk. under the title of "Wisdom."

The parallels also adduced by Seydel from the life of the Buddha "are in many places very striking, at least so far as the story of the childhood of Jesus is concerned, and his proof that the Buddhistic sources are older than the Christian must be regarded as irrefragable."

We do not, however, believe that in this matter there was any outward borrowing or use of any written or oral sources, but that the outer similarities were produced from *inner* causes.

But "the synoptical problem is so complicated, that but few students, if any, will now be found who believe a solution possible by means of any one of the hypotheses described above, without other aids. The need for *combining* several of them is felt more and more." Professor Schmiedel then proceeds to give some interesting "graphic representations," or diagrams, of some of these combinations, which are not too complicated, as put forward by some of the best known critics, and then proceeds to test their sufficiency to explain the problem, finding that they all break down on some points.

He then proceeds to an investigation of the very complicated subject of "sources of sources." This investigation points to so many new phenomena to be taken into consideration, that

it practically puts out of court most of the hypotheses hitherto put forward as to origin, and leads to far-reaching consequences. We cannot, therefore, do better than append some of the most striking inferences which Professor Schmiedel draws from the present position of advanced gospel criticism :

"The first impression one derives from the new situation created is, that by it the solution of the synoptical problem, which appeared after so much toil to have been brought so near, seems suddenly removed to an immeasurable distance. For science, however, it is not altogether amiss, if from time to time it is compelled to dispense with the lights it had previously considered clear enough, and to accustom itself to a new investigation of its objects in the dark. Possibly it may then find that it has got rid of certain false appearances under which things had formerly been viewed. In this particular instance, it finds itself no longer under compulsion to assign a given passage to no other source than either the logia, or to original Mk., or to some other of the few sources with which it had hitherto been accustomed to deal. The great danger of any hypothesis lies in this, that it sets up a number of quite general propositions on the basis of a limited number of observations, and then has to find these propositions justified, come what may.

"On the other hand, signs have for some considerable time not been wanting that scholars were on the way to recognition of the new situation just described"—as, for instance, the hypothesis of a Proto-, Deutero-, Trito-Mk., and the like. And even those critics who are satisfied with the simpler hypotheses have to reckon with the probability "that writings like original Mk., or the logia, whether in the course of transcription, or at the hands of individual owners, may have received additions or alterations whenever any one believed himself to be acquainted with a better tradition upon any point. The possibility is taken into account, in like manner, that canonical Mk. in particular does not lie before us in the form in which it lay before those who came immediately after him; possible corruptions of the text, glosses and the like, have to be considered. Another element in the reckoning is that already our oldest MSS. of the gospels have latent in them many examples of transference from

the text of one gospel into that of another, examples similar to those which we can quite distinctly observe in many instances when the T.R. [our present received text] is confronted with these same witnesses. . .

"Lastly, scholars are beginning to remember that the evangelists did not need to draw their material from books alone." There was a large mass of oral tradition and legend floating about which they could each utilise according to their pleasure. From this most interesting and instructive sketch of the present position of the synoptical problem we pass to the consideration of the credibility of the Synoptics.

At the outset Professor Schmiedel laments the unscientific way in which this question is for the most part handled. "Thus, many still think themselves entitled to accept as historically true everything written in the gospels which cannot be shown by explicit testimony to be false. Others pay deference at least to the opinion that a narrative gains in credibility if found in all three gospels (as if in such a case all were not drawing from one source); and with very few exceptions all critics fall into the very grave error of immediately accepting a thing as true as soon as they have found themselves able to trace it to a 'source.'"

From such fallacies we have to free ourselves in the outset of any independent historical investigation. Two opposite points of view should guide us in treating the leading points in the synoptic gospels. "On the one hand, we must set on one side everything which for any reason, arising either from the substance or from literary criticism, has to be regarded as doubtful or wrong; on the other hand, one must make search for all such data as, from the nature of their contents, cannot possibly on any account be regarded as inventions."

According to this canon of judgment the two great facts that we are bound to recognise are that Jesus had compassion on the multitude and taught with authority.

On the other hand, the chronological frame-work "must be classed among the most untrustworthy elements in the gospels"; nor is the case any better with the order of the narratives.

Again "the alleged situations in which the recorded utter-

ances of Jesus were spoken can by no means be implicitly accepted."

As to places, "in the case of an eye-witness the recollection of an event associates itself readily with that of a definite place"; this is not borne out by our gospels. As for persons, "neither the names of the women at the cross, nor the names of the twelve disciples, are given in two places alike."

Again, "several of the reported sayings of Jesus clearly bear the impress of a time he did not live to see."

As to the important question of miracles, even the stoutest believer in miracle must have some doubt as to the accuracy of the accounts. After adducing the evidence, as he does in every case for every one of his assertions, Professor Schmiedel writes: "Taken as a whole the facts brought forward in the immediately preceding paragraphs show only too clearly with what lack of concern for historical precision the evangelists write. The conclusion is inevitable that even the one evangelist whose story in any particular case involves less of the supernatural than that of the others, is still very far from being entitled on that account to claim implicit acceptance of his narrative. Just in the same degree in which those who came after him have gone beyond him, it is easily conceivable that he himself may have gone beyond those who went before him."

As to the very contradictory accounts of the resurrection, the controlling view of the whole matter is the fact "that in no description of any appearances of the risen Lord did Paul perceive anything by which they were distinguished from his own, received at Damascus." As to the conclusion of Mk. 16, 9-20, it is admittedly not genuine, and should it be found that, according to the lately discovered Armenian superscription to this appendix, it was written by Aristion, "a very unfavourable light would be thrown on this 'disciple of the Lord,'" as Papias calls him.

We come next to what Professor Schmiedel considers absolutely credible passages as to Jesus.

There are five passages about Jesus in general, and four on the miracles of Jesus, which the Professor takes as the "foundation pillars for a truly scientific life." The first five are as follows: "Why callest thou me good? none is good save God only";

that blasphemy against the "son of man" can be forgiven; that his relatives held him to be beside himself; "Of that day and of that hour knoweth no one, not even the angels in heaven, neither the Son but the Father"; and "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Professor Schmiedel thinks that these passages prove "not only that in the person of Jesus we have to do with a completely human being, and that the divine is to be sought in him only in the form in which it is capable of being found in man; they also prove that he really did exist, and that the gospels contain some absolutely trustworthy facts concerning him."

The four selected passages from the miracles are as follows: Jesus emphatically refused to work a "sign" before the eyes of his contemporaries; Jesus was able to do no mighty work (save healing a few sick folk) in Nazareth and marvelled at the unbelief of the people; the feeding of the 4,000 and 5,000 is to be interpreted spiritually, for Jesus refers to this in a rebuke to the disciples concerning their little understanding ("How is it that ye do not perceive that I spake not to you concerning *bread?*"); so also in the answer to the Baptist that "the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, and the *poor have the gospel preached to them*," the same spiritual sense is implied.

On these selected passages Professor Schmiedel bases his view of Jesus; but if we are not content with so limited a view of miracle-possibility, and would accept miracles of healing as well, then "it is permissable for us to regard as historical only those of the class which even at the present day physicians are able to effect by psychical methods—as, more especially, cures of mental maladies."

But even if we grant (as we are quite willing to do) that the origin of some miraculous narratives is to be traced to figurative speech and of others to the influence of O.T. prophetical passages, we are no more prepared to seek their whole origin in misunderstood metaphor or interpretations of prophecy than to call mythology merely a disease of language. Nor are we prepared to admit Professor Schmiedel's selection of test-passages as the "foundation-pillars of a truly *scientific* life" of Jesus,

unless by "scientific" we are to understand solely the present limited field of scientific research, which notoriously has nothing to tell us of the soul and its possibilities. But it is just the facts of the soul (its nature and powers) which constitute the facts of religion, and which alone can throw any real light on the inner side of the origins, or explain the standpoint of the writers of the Gospels. It is here, then, that the "higher criticism" breaks down; it is invaluable in its own domain, but it is as yet utterly incapable of explaining the inner side—the most important side—of the evolution of Christianity.

Professor Schmiedel applies his view of Jesus also as a test of the Sayings, and after pointing out the historical and critical difficulties which surround every other class of sayings, continues: "It is when the purely religious-ethical utterances of Jesus come under consideration that we are most advantageously placed. Here especially applies the maxim that we may accept as credible everything that harmonises with the idea of Jesus which has been derived from what we have called the 'foundation pillars' and is not otherwise open to fatal objection."

It must be confessed that this is a poor result of all our investigations, to reduce the grandiose conception of the Master to such *bourgeois* proportions. It is almost as paltry as the "*cher maître*" of Renan. Still this is the general tone of mind of the present advanced critic, and so long as he will look at the "facts about religion" solely through the eyes of modern scientific limitations so long will he exclude many of the most important "facts of religion."

But to return to the safer ground of a further consideration of the authors and dates of the Synoptic writings and their most important sources. Professor Schmiedel is of the opinion that it was not till the middle of the second century that the word "gospel" came to mean a book. Linguistically considered, the traditional titles "Gospel according to Matthew," etc., so far from meaning "the written Gospel of Matthew" (or still less the "written Gospel based on communications by Matthew"), mean simply "Gospel history in the form in which Matthew put it into writing," etc. The original writings bore no superscription at all,

Reviewing the evidence as to the attribution of the substance of the Lk. document to Paul, Professor Schmiedel comes to the conclusion that "it is only an expedient which the church fathers adopted to enable them to assign a quasi-apostolic origin to the work of one who was not himself an apostle."

Equally so suspicion attaches to the statement that the gospel of Mk. rested on communications of Peter. "In short, all that can be said to be certain is this, that it is in vain to look to the church fathers for trustworthy information on the subject of the origin of the gospels."

Moreover, as to whether the Mark of Papias was the author of "original Mk.," this is a pure matter of opinion, for we do not possess original Mk. "Should original Mk. have been written in Aramaic, then the author cannot be held to be the author of canonical Mk." But we may suggest that there is a high probability that the original common document in Mt., Mk. and Lk. may have been written in Hebrew, and not Aramaic, and this irrespective of the question of *its* sources.

As to the First Gospel, the authorship of the apostle Matthew "must be given up" for many weighty reasons. "All the more strenuously is the effort made to preserve for Matthew" the authorship of the Logia. But even here there are many difficulties to contend with, as we have seen before.

As to dates. Certain passages strongly tend to establish an early date for the Logia as found in Mt. By early date is meant prior to A.D. 70 (the destruction of Jerusalem), the only means we have at all of establishing a criterion. But even this claim for the early date of certain Logia preserved by Mt. cannot be definitely established.

With regard to the story of the Magi, a Syriac writing ascribed to Eusebius of Cæsarea "makes the statement, which can hardly have been invented, that this narrative, committed to writing in the interior of Persia, was in 119 A.D., during the episcopate of Xystus of Rome, made search for, discovered and written in the language of those who were interested in it (that is to say in Greek)." Those who would assign an earlier date to Mt. than 119 A.D. accordingly suppose the late addition of an "appendix" referring to the Magi. But the simplest hypothesis

we should think, and the most natural one, is to make A.D. 119 the *terminus a quo* of canonical Mt.

With regard to canonical Mk. we have no data whatever for fixing its date, except the deduction from the contradictory results of critical research on the borrowing-hypothesis, which to our mind clearly indicate that the Synoptic writers were contemporaries.

As it is "quite certain" that the author of Lk. was also the author of Acts, and as the author of Acts "cannot have been Luke, the companion of Paul," Luke cannot have been the author of the Third Gospel.

Now, the author of Lk. is definitely proved to have been acquainted with the writings of Josephus, and this would assign the superior limit, *terminus a quo*, or earliest possible date of Lk., to 100 A.D. There is, however, nothing certain in all this, and nothing to prevent a far later date. In brief, in our opinion, the statement that all three Synoptics were written somewhere in the reign of Hadrian (117-138 A.D.), seems to be the safest conclusion.

Now, it is generally assumed that the credibility of the gospels would be increased if they could be shown to have been written at an earlier date, but this is a mistake. "Uncertainty on the chronological question by no means carries with it any uncertainty in the judgment we are to form of the gospels themselves. . . . Indeed, even if our gospels could be shown to have been written from 50 A.D. onwards, or even earlier, we should not be under any necessity to withdraw our conclusions as to their contents; we should, on the contrary, only have to say that the indubitable transformation in the original traditions had taken place much more rapidly than we might have been ready to suppose."

Thus does Professor Schmiedel shatter the false hopes of those who imagined that because Professor Harnack had recently modified his opinion on some points of hypothetical document chronology, all the old positions were restored to them intact!

Our next paper will be devoted to the Fourth Gospel.

G. R. S. MEAD.

# THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONTINUED FROM p. 206)

## CHAPTER V.

### THE STRENGTHENING OF THOUGHT-POWER

WE may now proceed to turn our study of Thought-Power to practical account, for study that does not lead to practice is barren. The old declaration still holds good: "The end of philosophy is to put an end to pain." We are to learn to develope and then to use our developed thought-power to help those around us, the living and the so-called dead, to quicken human evolution, and to hasten also our own progress.

Thought-power can only be increased by steady and persistent exercise; as literally and as truly as muscular development depends on the exercise of the muscles we already possess, so does mental development depend on the exercise of the mind already ours.

It is a law of life that growth results from exercise. The life, our Self, is ever seeking increased expression outwardly by means of the form in which it is contained. As it is called out by exercise, its pressure on the form causes the form to expand, and fresh matter is laid down in the form, and part of the expansion is thus rendered permanent. When the muscle is stretched by exercise more life flows into it, the cells multiply, and the muscle thus grows. When the mental body vibrates under the action of thought, fresh matter is drawn in from the mental atmosphere, and is built into the body, which thus increases in size as well as in complexity of structure. A mental body con-

tinually exercised grows, whether the thought carried on it be good or evil. The amount of the thought determines the growth of the body, the quality of the thought determines the kind of matter employed in that growth.

Now the cells of the grey matter of the physical brain multiply as the brain is exercised in thinking. *Post-mortem* examinations have shown that the brain of the thinker is not only larger and heavier than the brain of the ploughman, but also that it has a very much larger number of convolutions. These afford a much increased surface for the grey nervous matter, which is the immediate physical instrument of thought.

Thus both the mental body and the physical brain grow by exercise, and those who would improve and enlarge them must have recourse to regular daily thinking, with the deliberately chosen object of improving their mental capacities. Needless to add that the inherent powers of the Knower are also evolved more rapidly by this exercise, and ever play upon the vehicles with increasing force.

In order that it may have its full effect this practice should be methodical. Let a man choose an able book on some subject which is attractive to him, a book written by a competent author, containing fresh strong thought. A sentence, or a few sentences, should be read slowly, and then the reader should think closely and intently over what he has read. It is a good rule to think twice as long as one reads, for the object of the reading is not simply to acquire new ideas, but to strengthen the thinking faculties. Half an hour should be given to this practice if possible, but the student may begin with a quarter of an hour, as he will find the close attention a little exhausting at first.

Any person who takes up this practice and follows it regularly for a few months will at the end of that time be conscious of a distinct growth of mental strength, and he will find himself able to deal with the ordinary problems of life far more effectively than heretofore. Nature is a just pay-mistress, giving to each exactly the wages he has earned, but not an unearned farthing. Those who would have the wages of increased faculty must earn them by hard thinking.

The work is twofold, as has been already pointed out. On

the one side the powers of consciousness are drawn out; on the other the forms through which it is expressed are developed; and the first of these must never be forgotten. Many people recognise the value of definite thinking as affecting the brain, but forget that the source of all thought is the unborn, undying Self, and that they are only drawing out what they already possess. Within them is all power, and they have only to utilise it, for the Divine Self is the root of the life of each, and the aspect of the Self which is knowledge lives in everyone, and is ever seeking opportunity for his own fuller expression. The power is within each, uncreate, eternal; the form is moulded and changed, but the life is the man's Self, illimitable in his powers. That power within each is the same power as shaped the universe; it is divine, not human, a portion of the life of the Logos, and inseparate from Him.

If this were realised, and if the student remembered that it is not the scantiness of the power but the inadequacy of the instrument that makes the difficulty, he would often work with more courage and hope, and therefore with more efficiency. Let him feel that his essential nature is knowledge, and that it lies with him how far that essential nature shall find expression in this incarnation. Expression is, indeed, limited by the thinkings of the past, but can be now increased and made more efficient by the same power which in that past shaped the present. Forms are plastic and can be re-moulded, slowly, it is true, by the vibrations of the life.

Above all, let the student remember that for steady growth, regularity of practice is essential. When a day's practice is omitted, three or four days' work are necessary to counterbalance the slipping back, at least during the earlier stages of growth. When the *habit* of steady thought is acquired, then the regularity of practice is less important. But until this habit is definitely established, regularity is of the utmost moment, for old habit of loose drifting re-asserts itself, and the matter of the mental body falls back into its old shapes, and has to be again shaken out of them on the resumption of the practice. Better five minutes of work done regularly, than half an hour on some days and not on others.

## Worry—its Meaning and Eradication

It has been said truly enough that people age more by worry than by work. Work, unless excessive, does not injure the thought-apparatus, but, on the contrary, strengthens it. But the mental process known as "worry" definitely injures it, and after a time produces a nervous exhaustion and irritability which renders steady mental work impossible.

What is "worry"? It is the process of repeating the same train of thought over and over again, with small alterations, coming to no result, and not even aiming at the reaching of a result. It is the continued reproduction of thought-forms, initiated by the mental body and the brain, not by the consciousness, and imposed by them on the consciousness. As over-tired muscles cannot keep still, but move restlessly even against the will, so do the tired mental body and brain repeat over and over again the very vibrations that have wearied them, and the Thinker vainly tries to still them and thus obtain rest. Once more automatism is seen, the tendency to move in the direction in which movement has already been made. The Thinker has dwelt on a painful subject, and has endeavoured to reach a definite and useful conclusion. He has failed and ceases to think, but remains unsatisfied, wishing to find a solution, and dominated by the fear of the anticipated trouble. This fear keeps him in an anxious and restless condition, causing an irregular outflow of energy. Then the mental body and brain, under the impulse of this energy and of the wish, but undirected by the Thinker, continue to move and throw up the images already shaped and rejected. These are, as it were, forced on his attention, and the sequence recurs again and again. As weariness increases irritability is set up, and reacts again on the wearied forms, and so action and reaction continue in a vicious circle. The Thinker is, in worry, the slave of his servant-bodies, and is suffering under their tyranny.

Now this very automatism of the mental body and brain, this tendency to repeat vibrations already produced, may be used to correct the useless repetition of thoughts that cause pain. When a thought-current has made for itself a channel—a thought-form—new thought-currents tend to flow along the same track, that

being the line of least resistance. A thought that causes pain readily thus recurs by the fascination of fear, as a thought that gives pleasure recurs by the fascination of love. The object of fear, the picture of what will happen when anticipation becomes reality, makes thus a mind-channel, a mould for thought, and a brain-track also. The tendency of the mental body and the brain, released from immediate work, is to repeat the form, and to let unemployed energy flow into the channel already made.

Perhaps the best way to get rid of a "worry-channel" is to dig another, of an exactly opposite character. Such a channel is, as we have already seen, made by definite, persistent, regular, thought. Let then a person, who is suffering from worry, give three or four minutes in the morning, on first rising, to some noble and encouraging thought: "The Self is Peace; that Self am I. The Self is Strength; that Self am I." Let him think how, in his innermost nature, he is one with the Supreme Father; how, in that nature, he is undying, unchanging, fearless, free, serene, strong; how he is clothed in perishable vestures, that feel the sting of pain, the gnawing of anxiety; how he mistakenly regards these as himself. As he thus broods, the Peace will enfold him, and he will feel it is his own, his natural atmosphere.

As he does this, day by day, the thought will dig its own channel in mental body and in brain, and ere long, when the mind is loosed from labour, the thought of the Self that is Peace and Strength will present itself unbidden, and fold its wings around the mind in the very turmoil of the world. Mental energy will flow naturally into this channel, and worry will be of the past.

Another way is to train the mind to rest on the Good Law, thus establishing a habit of content. Here the man dwells on the thought that all circumstances work within the law, and that naught happens by chance. Only that which the Law brings to us can reach us, by whatever hand it may outwardly come. Nothing can injure us that is not our due, brought to us by our own previous willing and acting; none can wrong us, save as an instrument of the Law, collecting a debt due from us. Even if an anticipation of pain or trouble come to the mind, it

will do well to face it calmly, accept it, agree to it. Most of the sting disappears when we acquiesce in the finding of the Law, whatever it may be. And we may do this the more easily if we remember that the Law works ever to free us, by exacting the debts that keep us in prison, and though it bring us pain, the pain is but the way to happiness. All pain, come it how it may, works for our ultimate bliss, and is but breaking the bonds which keep us tied to the whirling wheel of births and deaths.

When these thoughts have become habitual, the mind ceases to worry, for the claws of worry can find no hold on that strong panoply of peace.

### Thinking and Ceasing to Think

Much gain of strength may be made by learning both to think and to cease thinking at will. While we are thinking we should throw our whole mind into the thought, and think our best. But when the work of thought is over, it should be dropped *completely*, and not allowed to drift on vaguely, touching the work and leaving it, like a boat knocking itself against a rock. A man does not keep a machine running when it is not turning out work, needlessly wearing the machinery. But the priceless machinery of the mind is allowed to turn and turn aimlessly, wearing itself out without useful result. To learn to cease thinking, to let the mind rest, is an acquisition of the greatest value. As the tired limbs luxuriate when stretched in repose, so may the tired mind find comfort in complete rest. Constant thinking means constant vibration; constant vibration means constant waste. Exhaustion and premature decay result from this useless expenditure of energy, and a man may preserve both mental body and brain longer by learning to cease thinking, when thought is not being directed to useful result.

It is true that "ceasing to think" is by no means an easy achievement. Perhaps it is even more difficult than thinking. It must be practised for very brief periods until the habit is established, for it means at first an expenditure of force in holding the mind still. Let the student, when he has been thinking steadily, drop the thought, and as any thought appears in the mind turn the attention away from it. Persistently turn away

from each intruder; if need be, imagine a void, as a step to quiescence, and try to be conscious only of stillness and darkness. Practice on these lines will become more and more intelligible if persisted in, and a sense of quiet and peace will encourage the student to persist.

Nor should it be forgotten that the cessation of thought, busied in outward activities, is a necessary preliminary to work on the higher planes. When the brain has learned to be quiescent, when it no longer restlessly throws up the broken images of past activities, then the possibility opens of the withdrawal of the consciousness from its physical vesture, and of its free activity in its own world. Those who hope to take this forward step within the present life must learn to cease thinking, for only when "the modifications of the thinking principle" are checked on the lower plane can freedom on the higher be obtained.

Another way of giving the rest to the mental body and the brain—a far easier way than the cessation of thinking—is by change of thought. A man who thinks strenuously and persistently along one line should have a second line of thought, as different as possible from the first, to which he can turn his mind for refreshment. The extraordinary freshness and youthfulness of thought which characterised William Ewart Gladstone in his old age was largely the result of the subsidiary intellectual activities of his life. His strongest and most persistent thought went to politics, but his studies in theology and in Greek filled many a leisure hour. Truly he was but an indifferent theologian, and what he was as a Greek scholar I am not competent to say; but though the world cannot be said to be much the richer for his theological pronouncements, his own brain was kept fresh and receptive by these and his Grecian studies. Charles Darwin, on the other hand, lamented in his old age that he had allowed those of his faculties to atrophy by disuse, that would have been concerned with subjects outside his own specialised work. Literature and art for him had no attraction, and he keenly felt the limitations he had imposed on himself by his over-absorption in one line of study. A man needs change of exercise in thought as well as in body, else he may suffer from mental cramp as do some from writer's cramp.

Especially, perhaps, is it important for men engaged in absorbing worldly pursuits, that they should take up a subject which engages faculties of the mind not evolved in business activities, related to art, science or literature, in which they may find mental recreation and polish. Above all, the young should adopt some such pursuit, ere yet their fresh and active brains grow jaded and weary, and in age they will then find within themselves resources which will enrich and brighten their declining days. The form will preserve its elasticity for a much longer period of time when it is thus given rest by change of occupation.

## The Secret of Peace of Mind

Much of that which we have already studied tells us something of the way in which peace of mind may be ensured. But its fundamental necessity is the clear recognition and realisation of our place in the universe.

We are part of one great Life, which knows no failure, no loss of effort or strength, which "mightily and sweetly ordering all things" bears the worlds onwards to their goal. The notion that our little life is a separate independent unit, fighting for its own hand against countless separate independent units, is a delusion of the most tormenting kind. So long as we thus see the world and life, peace broods far off on an inaccessible pinnacle. When we feel and know that all selves are one, then peace of mind is ours without any fear of loss.

All our troubles arise from thinking of ourselves as separated units, and then revolving on our own mental axes, thinking only of our separate interests, our separate aims, our separate joys and sorrows. Some do this as regards the lower things of life, and they are the most dissatisfied of all, ever restlessly snatching at the general stock of material goods, and piling up useless treasures. Others seek ever their own separate progress in the higher life, good earnest people, but ever discontented and anxious. They are ever contemplating and analysing themselves: "Am I getting on? do I know more than I did last year?" and so on, fretting for continual assurances of progress, their thoughts centred on their own inner gain.

Peace is not to be found in the continual seeking for the gratification of the separated self, even though the gratification be of the higher kind. It is found in renouncing the separated self, in resting on the Self that is One, the Self that is manifesting at *every* stage of evolution, and in our stage as much as in every other, and is content in all.

Desire for spiritual progress is of great value so long as the lower desires entangle and fetter the aspirant; he gains strength to free himself from them by the passionate longing for spiritual growth; but it does not, it cannot, give happiness, which is only found when the separate self is cast away and the great Self is recognised as that for the sake of which we are living in the world. Even in ordinary life the unselfish people are the happiest—those who work to make others happy, and who forget themselves. The dissatisfied people are those who are ever seeking happiness for themselves.

We are the Self, and therefore the joys and the sorrows of others are ours as much as theirs, and in proportion as we feel this, and learn to live so that the whole world shares the life that flows through us, do our minds learn the secret of peace. "He attaineth Peace, into whom all desires flow as rivers flow into the ocean, which is filled with water but remaineth unmoved—not he who desireth desire."* The more we desire, the more the craving for happiness—which is unhappiness—must grow. The secret of Peace is the knowledge of the Self, and the thought "That Self am I" will help towards the gaining of a peace of mind that nothing can disturb.

ANNIE BESANT.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

* *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, ii. 70.

# THE FOOL AND THE FOLK OF PEACE

As fishes playing in a pond covered over with reeds and scum cannot be seen from outside, so God plays in the heart of a man invisibly.—RÂMA KṚIṢHṆA.

SOME centuries ago, before the Folk of Peace hid themselves quite away from men, there lived "out over" in the purple West a good man who had a great gift for prospering in his worldly affairs. He took to wife a very pretty lady, and when he had been married a year a son was born to him.

On the day of his child's christening he walked through his rich meadows beside a brown gurgling Devon stream, full of spotted trout, and fringed with cress, and becka bunga, and pink-flowered, silky stemmed "custards and cream."

As he walked thus he saw a stranger sitting on one of his gates. Now this grieved him, and he went quickly to drive the trespasser away. He had with him a very savage, fearless dog; but when they were within a few yards of the gate this dog fell to howling, and raced homewards with his tail between his legs. Then the good squire stood still and looked.

On the gate was sitting a slim, pale-faced, bright-eyed maiden, clad all in green; her flaxen hair fell thickly on her shoulders, round her head was a wreath of glossy, shining heart-shaped leaves pulled from the hedge, and stuck with bunches of white clover. Her bare feet dangled from the gate; they were very white and delicate. In her hand was a twinkling, peeled wand cut from a hazel tree.

Now directly the squire saw her he knew he had to do with nothing mortal, but that she was a maiden of the Folk of Peace. But he was a sturdy fellow with a nice sense of his own rights; and the gate was his, for he had bought the wood and paid for the making. So he said, but civilly:

"I suppose, madam, you know you are trespassing?"

"Dear sir," said the maid, slipping from the gate—and they say that where her milky feet touched the earth there grew up the pale fire of cowslips, which do not grow in Devon save by magic arts of witches, faeries, and the like—"I crave your pardon; I am come to bring a christening gift to your son."

"O madam," said the delighted squire, "these fields are all at your ladyship's service, and so, I am sure, are the gates."

"Which, sir," said the Lady of Peace, "will you choose as the gift of our people? Shall we give to your son a silver mug which will always be full of good ale, or a thrifty wife when he shall grow to manhood, or shall we cause him ever to see all the world of men, women and things as they really are?"

Now, the squire was a most wary man; but even he, with all his constant and deep sense of the villainy of his neighbours, was sometimes over-reached. "If a man have a cup that is always full of good ale," he thought, "of course he will always be a-drinking; now, I do not desire my son to be drunken more often than is needful for good company's sake. A thrifty wife is good; but if he see all men and women as they are, no huzzy can fool him, and he can choose for himself. I accept," said he aloud, "your ladyship's third gift."

"Give me your hand, dear sir," said the Lady of Peace, "and lead me to the babe's cradle."

The squire, fearing a little lest she might ring him about with a faery circle and make him dance with her till the crack of Doom, bowed and obeyed. Her hand was cool, and as soft as thistledown. The squire led her to the house, where the babe lay and wailed—and wailed—and wailed. Never was known such a crying child, said the old nurse. The Lady of Peace bent over the cradle, she kissed the child lightly on lips and eyes; the little one's wailing ceased as her lips touched him. Then the faery maid whispered in the child's ear, and whisk! she was gone, like the flame of a blown out lamp. The baby lay quietly in his cradle; from that hour he never cried, and seldom laughed.

The child grew up to be a well-grown healthy lad; but he was, nevertheless, a very great disappointment to his father, the good squire. For soon it became apparent to everyone,

that so far from seeing men and the world as they were, that was the very last thing he did. He was foolish enough to declare that no one saw them at all as they were, but only their reflection, like trees mirrored in clear pools. He was quite unable to form a just judgment of anyone, which was shown by the fact that his opinion of people was always different from those formed by his father and other people of sober and practical minds. So far from being suspicious and keen-witted and able to drive a good bargain, as his father had hoped, he was—as his grieving parents said—a perfect fool. And the squire would have abused the Lady of Peace roundly, only it is never safe to speak ill of those Folk, because they have the "receipt of fern seed," and walk invisible; so that one can never abuse them in comfort, as though they were one's absent friends.

At last the young man grew always to be regarded, and finally spoken of habitually, as "the fool"—a name which he seemed to be perfectly willing to accept. When he was twenty-two years old, his father, past his patience, altered his will, left his money and lands to his younger sons, and turned the oldest out to seek his fortune, praying fervently that the rougher side of life might put wisdom and clear insight into one who was as yet so far astray.

So the fool wandered away all alone, and after many months he drew near to London, which was then a much smaller, and perhaps a merrier and more conscienceless London than it is to-day. He came as far as Hampstead, and walked over the Heath, which was then houseless and almost roadless. It was the golden close of a summer day; the hills towards Harrow were wrapped in shimmering bluish haze; silver-boled birch trees grew on the heath then, as they do to-day; the fool wandered amongst them, and among the gorse and brambles, the wild rose and crab-trees, until he struck the coach road to London, and walked along it, townwards.

While he walked thus he met a masked man, riding a good horse, and this man rode towards him, and drew a pistol, crying:

"Give me what money you have about you, or——" and he levelled his pistol.

Then the man, whom they called the fool, smiled, and

answered mildly: "I have no money, sir, else it should be at your service, if you have need."

Thereat the other laughed, and lowered his pistol, saying: "I thank you for your charity."

He then dismounted from his horse, and led it, walking and talking with the fool, who seemed to surprise him much. The fool told him how he had been driven from home, because owing to the fairy's gift, he could not help seeing all men as they were. Then the other plucked the mask from his face, and the fool saw a man still young, and very comely, yet worn and pallid, with fierce eyes, and reckless bearing. This man seemed to marvel at the fool more and more, and he begged him to lodge with him at an inn in London whither he should steal warily at nightfall. And the fool said he would do so.

Therefore this man led him by foul and evil streets to a low sordid tavern by the riverside, where thieves and violent robbers and wanton women abode. And there the fool too abided, only that each day he walked into the country, and gathered the herbs he had the skill to know, and sold them to men who had need of such things, to make of them remedies for divers maladies. And there, day by day, he gathered to himself friends among those evil people. They were amazed at his ways, and, wondering at them, loved him after a while. For he was always gentle and kindly; besides these people knew, however vaguely, and with whatsoever indifference, that they looked upon the world awry. Therefore being themselves consciously evil and ignorant and of low repute among men, they were less able to perceive the folly of the fool, than were the wise and excellent persons of his own country, who were moreover very shrewd and able to rely upon the evidence and keenness of their senses in judging men and things.

The man who had brought the fool to dwell at the tavern, talked often with him; he marvelled at him more and more, and at last he told him how it came to pass that he had fallen so low as to be a robber on the highway, for he was a man of wit, and of gentle birth.

Once he stood high among his fellows, and had served his country honourably. He was then in the confidence and

service of a great man, who was his friend, benefactor and leader; who had, moreover, gained for him a certain post at court. Now the man was ambitious and desired fame and wealth. He was selfish, as selfish as personal desires must make all men—no more and no less. He was careless of life; that is to say, he lived after the standard of the average men of his world; his hands were not wholly clean, his eye was not single. Some day he might perhaps be a great patriot; within him were the germs of the power of ruling and planning for the weal of others. But the day when these powers should bud and blossom and be made manifest in him, was not yet. Nevertheless he had not been guilty of that treachery of which he was finally accused—an accusation which lost him his place, and made him an outcast for the rest of his life. Moreover, the great and powerful man, his former friend and benefactor, who accused and ruined him, knew of his innocence, and the accused man knew that he knew it.

Bitterness was in the heart of the ruined outcast, because he knew he had been sacrificed to a great and powerful man's fancy for a light woman. He knew he had been ruined and disgraced by the false friend and leader whom he loved and trusted, and for whom, despite all self interests, he had worked loyally; he knew he had been ruined because he, the younger and the comelier man, stood in the way of his friend's wanton love. And though life was stripped for him of all he valued, he was glad to live still, because he hoped to be revenged, and that was why he was very cunning, and careful lest he should fall into the hands of the law, and be hanged for his lawless actions.

One night he returned to the foul tavern just as the sky began to grow pale, and he met the fool on the dark stairway; for he was about to go forth from the city into the fields, before the sun rose. The man laid his hand upon the fool and led him to the low-roofed room where he abode when he returned to his hiding-place, after his wanderings. Then he bolted the door, drew the curtain from the window, and let in the faint dusky light. He stood before the fool—they could scarcely see each other's faces—and laughed.

"You, who see men as they are," he cried, mockingly, "read me my heart to-night."

"It is very sore," said the fool. "There is wounded love and friendship in it, and shame, and thwarted ambition. These things clothe you as with a garment, so that no man may see you, save through the power of the Folk of Peace."

His friend did not seem to hear nor heed his words.

"I hold him in the hollow of this hand," he cried. "I can ruin him, as he ruined me. But his ruin will make more stir; it will be bitterer than mine."

Then he showed to the other letters, robbed from a coach he had stopped, the coach of a great lady. And these letters, given to his enemy's enemy, might with a little twisting, a little shuffling, a little bribery and false swearing, be so used as to ruin the great man and fling him down from his high place. His rival, a dishonest man, fired with the lust of power alone, false to his friends, false to his king, false to his country, was coming to the foul tavern that day to meet the ruined man, and take these papers, and wreak for him his vengeance on his former friend and leader.

Now it was a time of strife and war; a time of crisis in the history of this land, and strong men were sorely needed. Both the fool and the ruined man knew this.

"If you do thus will you not cripple your country in her need?" said the fool. "He will be ruined."

"As I was ruined."

"He will be cast unjustly from his place."

"As I was cast."

"This man who hates him will have his place, and will sell his own honour and his country's with a light heart. You tell me he whom you would destroy is fit for his place, and honest; though, urged by an evil passion, he betrayed you, he would not sell his country."

"And I am neither fit for his place nor honest?" said the other bitterly. "I am neither—you, who see men as they are—I am neither? Is that what you mean? If you can't make it, you ought not to break it!"

The fool smiled.

"That was not in my thought," he said.

"Then it is in mine," said the other gloomily. "He is the

man for the country's need; though I loathe him, as once I loved him, I admit it. And, God knows, whatever I have been, whatever I have done, I have never been a traitor."

"By the power of the Folk of Peace," said the fool, "it is given me to perceive the promise and the power of the Real in all men; thus I think of them ever, even as they abide in the Land which is Real. Now the thing which is, yonder—so they tell me—is that which shall be here. The power of the yet unborn in Time will be upon you this night, and you will not do as you purpose."

"I purpose it," said the other angrily. "Hinder me if you can."

"Your shadow purposes," said the fool. "And, though men call me dreamer, O my friend, I do not fight with shadows. Wherefore should I? The sun shines otherwhere in the heavens, and the shadow flits, and where there was shade, there is sun."

"Have I not freewill?" cried the other, stamping his foot in anger.

"Not here," said the fool. "But yonder—so they say."

"Because you have spoken with me courteously," said the ruined man, "because there was never scorn in your eyes, nor false pity in your soul, my heart cleaves to you. You shall say what you will. But you shall not thwart me in this. You must stay here, a prisoner, till the man is come and gone."

"I will stay here willingly," said the fool. "The place to me is full of peace; and, to my thinking, it is even beautiful."

"Your fairy godmother leads you wide of the mark," said his friend bitterly.

The fool sat patiently in the bare room, where the light was yet dim, but waxing stronger; he spoke no word of warning, nor rebuke, nor pleading. At last his companion spoke again to him.

"When I am beside you, O friend," he said, "there is a voice that cries from you to me, in a tongue I do not know; and a voice within me cries in answer in a language I cannot understand. But the calling of it strikes through me, and shakes my heart, so that it quivers with a strong desire—for what I know not. Only the things about me grow as the shadow of a dream, and only the crying voice is real."

Still the fool uttered no word. After a while the man spoke once more, and his voice was changed, so that it might have been another who spoke rather than he.

"What must we do?" he asked.

"It is for you to speak that word," answered the fool.

The man stood by the window and watched the pale arch of the great sky; at last he drew forth the papers he had stolen, and burned them on the hearth.

"And now," he said, "we will go—you and I."

They went forth together; and when the great man's enemy came to the place he found an empty room, and on the hearth some black ashes. But the two friends were walking away from the city, over green meadows full of marsh marygold. Thus they walked and talked during many hours, and the land seemed to both of them to be very fair. At night they came back to the foul tavern by the water side; and as they passed through the darkened streets, the fool said:

"This also is very good."

"To me it is not so," said his friend. "But you behold it, doubtless, through the gift of the Folk of Peace."

"It is so," said the fool.

The next day the ruined man was dead. He was stabbed to the heart in a brawl, as he sought to save a child from the violence of a drunkard. Soon no one remembered him, save the fool, who never forgot anyone, though he rarely spoke of them. He still dwelt in the foul place whither the dead man had led him; one amongst those who lived there begged him, even with tears, to remain. Therefore he remained, until he died there at a great age. During all his long life he never showed by word, nor by sign, whether or no he knew those amongst whom he dwelt to be great sinners. But they say that all those sinful folk, as he dwelt there, heard the voice cry to them, but never in a tongue they knew. And the same voice, sometimes faint, sometimes loud, cried in their souls in answer, until the day came when to these also the world grew to be as the shadow of a dream, and only the crying voice was real.

MICHAEL WOOD.

# THE MEANING OF MUKTI

PERHAPS it is not wrong to assume that the question, "What is Mukti" (Moksha, Nirvâṇa, Liberation, Freedom)?—is not yet happily possessed of an answer which, if it may not yet have passed into the condition of a platitude and a truism, is at least that of a cut and dried fact which can be unhesitatingly put forward by a satisfied majority to a questioning minority.

Of course there are some who have quite made up their minds that it cannot be answered at all. They are happy. They have got a negative Mukti—freedom from doubt and search, and heart-burning and brain-tasking—in matter-of-fact practice, even while denying the possibility of it in theory. Some have never felt even the need for asking that question, much less for attempting a solution. They are happier still, at least for the time being, till that relentless craving Question, in its bare and fearful primeval form, seizes them in this or a later life. Some others have so far made up their minds that they declare that it is not to be answered *yet*, but *will* be answered after they have got through a few hundred births, and a few million years, and have attained to the condition of a Deva, or of a Planetary Logos, if not of the Solar Logos Himself. They are comparatively well off too. Their patience and power of waiting bring to them the satisfaction that is brought to some only by the direct answer itself.

But there are others to whom it is impossible thus to wait; to whom the question is an ever-present nightmare; who must solve it now, or suffer agony; who think that if man, able to formulate and understand and feel the pressing burden of the question, cannot answer it *now* after passing through the whole first half of endlessness, there is no hope of his being able to answer it after he has lived through an infinitesimal fraction more of that endlessness, a few millions or a few billions of years

more. Surely their interests should also be looked to! For their sake let us make an effort to understand what Mukti is and means.

Perhaps the best way to begin will be to go back to the condition in which a man first feels the desire for Mukti, and carefully analyse that condition. It may be that that very preliminary examination will yield us what we want. What *does* a man want when he wants Mukti? Surely he wants something; and if so, that something is in all probability definable. And if we can get at such a definition, it may be that we shall have found what we want.

We find that under certain conditions human beings (not to talk about other and unfamiliar persons) suffer from a peculiar kind of melancholy and disgust with the world, and a general want of interest in all things, and that this mental condition is not always explicable by bad livers and disordered stomachs, but that sometimes this morbid condition of mind supervenes on the best physical health. If questioned, with a view to the elucidation of the psychic disturbance, they answer: "We do not understand the world and its mysterious ways! Men live and die like veriest worms and insects! What is death? What is life? To know that what we most prize and cherish and hold near and dear is snuffed out of existence in the winking of an eye, like an unprotected lamp-flame by a breath of air—this makes us miserable. This want of certainty, of permanence of life, the constant feeling that our labours and ourselves will die without warning, without fail, ruthlessly—this destroys all our interest in life. Can you show us a way whereby we and those we love, the whole suffering world, can escape from fear of the relentless jaws of this ever-present Death? You say that the Limited needs must perish, that it is born of Death and ends in Death? Are we then limited or unlimited? Are we only the physical or other subtler bodies that needs must perish, or are we different and of the Essence of the Eternal? Satisfy us if you can, and give us deliverance from doubt and fear."

Such is invariably the questioning answer of one thus questioned. He does not want to become a Deva, a Logos, an Îshvara. Nay, on the contrary, he commiserates them; he

pities their short-livedness; he sympathises with them in their sufferings and burdens; for the standpoint which he, all unconsciously yet to himself, has assumed, is the standpoint of the Nitya, the Permanent, the Pûrṇa, the Full, the Infinite, the Eternal; and from that standpoint what are Logoi and Îshvaras? They too are limited, part of the Anitya, the Impermanent, and if so, what do a few years or a few billion years more or less, a few feet or a few billion miles more or less, matter? If limited, They die. The questioner is now craving absolutely for the Unlimited, not for a little more of the Limited. What does Râma say to Vasiṣhṭha? Not that he wants to become Brahmâ, or Viṣhṇu, or Mahesha, but that even They die and pass away, and that his soul is the more shaken with unlimited disgust of the Limited.

Evidently to one in this mood it is not much use holding out hopes of a condition of glorified pleasures (and, by logical certainty, of glorified pains also), which shall last a few billion years and extend over a few billion miles. Does that condition come to an end at all, or not? If it does, he will have none of it. He wants Absolute Infinity. Surely it is of no use endeavouring to compromise with anything less. Truly nothing that is less than the Eternal, "nothing that is out of the Eternal can aid you." He wants peace of mind, certainty of immortality, not size and power. A human being, an elephant, a whale, have indefinitely larger size and power than an ant. Have therefore the man, the elephant, the whale, such peace of mind, such assurance of immortality? The earth-orb, the sun-globe, are indefinitely larger and longer-lived than a human being. But all the facts available point certainly to the conclusion that the earth-orb and the solar-globe must perish. Raise the Solar Logos to the billionth power, Îshvara of Îshvara of Îshvara to the billionth degree, how does *that* bring you any nearer to Absolute Infinity and Eternity than you are *now* and *here*? Multiplication of the Limited by the Limited will not yield the Unlimited. The Unlimited is a fact apart. It stands *opposed* to the Limited, *everywhere* and *always*. Turn your face away from the Limited, and the Unlimited stares you in the face; you cannot avoid it then, but you must turn your face away. You

may peer and blink with the intensest eyes in the direction of the Limited, be it idol, or ensouling Deva, or Îshvara of Solar System. You will never find what you are in search of—or perhaps are not in search of, for if you really were, then surely you would know where to look for it.

See then that this Peace of Mind, this freedom from pain, this Mukti, this freedom from the feeling of limitation and freedom from nothing else and nothing less than the whole of limitation that you are dying for, is not to be found in any mere *expansion* of consciousness, in any expansion of knowledge and power, which by some is supposed to be Mukti, but only in a complete reversal of what you know as your ordinary consciousness, in a complete summation and shutting up of all knowledge and power into *a point*, wherein all the universe, past, present and to come, is held in seed in all completeness, and no need left for any exercise of knowledge or power. Such "summary" is not an abolition of the world-process, of the Limited, but only an *explanation* of it, and in such explanation, such understanding of the principles, the mechanism, of the universe, of the place in it of yourself and of all things else, lies the peace of mind, the assurance of immortality, for which you have been searching.

A mere expansion of consciousness, a gaining of sense after sense till we have completed not seven but seven hundred, will not help us when the fearful Doubt of our own deathlessness is on us. Indra suffered from that Doubt, ruler of the heavens though he was. Viṣhṇu-Keshava, an Îshvara by birthright in this world-system, suffered it and pondered: "Who am I?" and "What is all This?" and "Why?" and "Whereto?"—and He was instructed by a Higher. You may read the story in the *Devi Bhâgavata*.

My consciousness was expanded to the extent of about five pounds of matter when I was an infant. It has now expanded to nearly two hundred pounds at middle age. Am I any nearer Mukti because of that fact? Shall I be any nearer when it shall have expanded to two hundred quadrillions or quintillions of pounds, or tons for the matter of that? The expansion of consciousness is the expansion of the Limited; it takes place by

Love (which consequently plays such an important part on the White Path) and Karma, and not by Mukti, even as contraction of consciousness takes place by Hate and the appropriate Karma.

There is nothing recondite and mysterious in the nature of the expansion of consciousness which may give grounds for hoping that, if the process is persisted in for a sufficiently long time, there may arise from it that which we are seeking, and which is the very opposite of what the process implies, *viz.*, a sudden abolition of the limits of consciousness instead of a mere further pushing away of them. This expansion of consciousness is a fact as familiar and commonplace as hands and feet, if to be commonplace and familiar is to be intelligible, as is so often believed implicitly. The process, in one aspect, *viz.*, that of a gradual and successive growth of knowledge and power in the same individual, has been eloquently described by Mrs. Besant in *The Ancient Wisdom*, and again lately in the March number of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, in her article on "Thought-power and its Control." All education is in part such expansion. A Jîva takes up a new subject of study, a new line of livelihood, a new department of life and mode of existence, and forthwith a new world is opened to him, and his consciousness flows out into, and becomes co-extensive with, and assimilates that new world. In its other aspect, of (comparatively) simultaneous communion, we find other illustrations. Take the case of an ordinary Government. The consciousness of an officer in charge of the police administration of a sub-district is co-extensive with the police affairs of that sub-district; that of another in charge of its revenue administration is similarly co-extensive with its revenue affairs; and so with a number of other departments of administration side by side in the same sub-district. Again there are larger districts made up by numbers of these sub-districts, and still larger divisions of country made up of numbers of these districts. At each stage there are administrative officers whose consciousness may be said to include the consciousness of their subordinates, exclude those of their compeers, and be in turn included in those of their superiors. The more complicated the machinery of the Government, the better the illustration will be

of inclusions and exclusions and partial coincidences and overlappings of consciousnesses. At last we come to the Sovereign, whose consciousness may be said to include the consciousnesses, whose knowledge and power include the knowledges and powers of all the public servants of the land, who is in touch with them and feels and acts through them all constantly. An officer promoted through the grades of such an administration would clearly pass through expansions of consciousness. (It may be well to note here in passing as bearing on the question of the relation between Mukti proper and expansion of consciousness, that even as the most complex and delicately organised and perfect system of government, *i.e.*, of offices, all that is regarded as great and glorious and admirable and impressive of power, is but the merest means to the simple well-being of the subject, so is all that portion which is looked upon with awe and mystery in the Hierarchies that truly govern the world-systems, but the means to Life, life proper, the interplay between self and not-self, at any and every stage in these world-systems.)

The so-called immediacy of consciousness is not very apparent in this illustration. Let us take another, after noting that in strictness there is no such immediacy. Consciousness of the particular, the limited, necessarily deals with time as with space, and the time element is always a definite element, however infinitesimal it may be in any given case. The word "immediacy" in such cases has only a comparative significance, as is apparent from the fact that the time of transmission of a sensation from the end of a nerve to the seat of consciousness, has been distinctly and definitely calculated in the case of living organisms. If such is the case as between a Jîva and its own physical body, we need not expect any more literal immediacy in any other relation. Now to the other illustration.

Two friends may be so intimate with each other, husband and wife and members of a joint family should love and be in rapport with each other so much, that they have a "common life," a "common feeling," a "common opinion," a "common consciousness." The expansion of consciousness in high spiritual conditions need be nothing dissimilar. *Why* should it be dissimilar? Only because we feel that what is familiar is not

wonderful, does not excite emotion, appears to be easy and not worth having? On the contrary, let it be well laid to heart, that whatever is patent to us is every whit as marvellous and great as what is latent. If the highest spiritual condition that we talk of, or think of, were really quite dissimilar to our present life, if there were really a break and a discontinuity in nature, then we should never be able to talk of, or think of, that condition. This "expansion of consciousness," then, is not mysterious and recondite in nature, however unimaginably great and endless in degree, and so, understanding its nature, we may distinguish it from that of Mukti technically.

To know the Universal Self; to know the universal not-self; to know the relation of incessant mutual negation (implying an incessant previous false identification) between them—this, this alone, this by itself, is technically Mukti; for after such knowledge the feeling of being limited, which was oppressing us internally, which was making a limited, and, therefore, death-ruled individual of our Unlimited Being, disappears. We may place limitations on the word "know," if we like. That will not alter the essence of the fact. We cannot say, we cannot prove, that Mukti is anything else than such knowledge and *by* such knowledge. We may say, such and such an one does not know, and therefore is not Mukta (liberated). But we cannot say that he knows and is yet not Mukta. If he knows imperfectly, then it will only follow that he is imperfectly Mukta, and nothing else.

And who shall decide that such and such an one knows or does not know? The outward physical marks described by Kṛishṇa in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ* are those of the ordinary good man, only greater in degree. And this identity of outward marks arises from the fact that no Jîva can know the knowledge that gives and is such Mukti, without having passed through the true Vairâgya; and no Jîva that has passed through the true Vairâgya has got left in him the germs and roots of vice, for that cycle. He may have, and often has, left in him the branches and twigs of vice, but they are now on the certain road to death, and his future progress on the Right-hand Path, though it may be slow, is certain.

The only outward physical indications of non-realisation are

"evil ways." But "good ways" are not a certain index of the contrary, for they may not be based on the consciousness of the Identity of all Selves. When a man acts in an evil way he acts selfishly, *i.e.*, under the (instinctive) impulse of the consciousness, and for the gain of himself as a limited separate self, identical with a certain mass of the not-self, *viz.*, his physical body, his possessions, etc. When a man acts in a "good way" he acts unselfishly, *i.e.*, under the (instinctive, *or deliberate and recognised*) impulse of the consciousness of his own self, enclosed in a physical body, as identical with another self, enclosed in another, and so acts for the gain of this other self.

Where the consciousness is instinctive, there is Bandhana (bondage). Where it is a deliberate recognition of the unity of all selves, there is Mukti.

It may be pointed out here that there is no such thing as absolute Bandhana or absolute and complete Mukti. The two are relative to each other clearly, and this means that the two go together and are never to be found the one entirely apart from and independent of the other; in metaphysical technicality, when two things are in an indissoluble relation of opposition, each implicitly contains within itself its opposite. Thus, the *predominance* of the consciousness of unity makes Mukti, as the *predominance* of the consciousness of separateness makes Bondage. Complete abolition of the consciousness of either one, were it possible, would result in the sleep of Pralaya, and not in Bandhana or Mukti. It is this fact which makes possible and explains the lapses of Muktas, stories of which abound in the Purâṇas, and which at all gives ground for grading Muktas into high and low degrees. The Jîvas in whom the changed condition of consciousness which constitutes Mukti is more and more permanent are the Jîvas who have progressed and advanced greatly from the turning-point, and are generally, but not accurately, exclusively called "Muktas"; those in whom it is less permanent, in whom the remnants of the old not-self are not yet under complete control, and struggle up strongly now and again, are the imperfect Muktas (if such an expression be allowable) who would often be denied the title of Mukta altogether. Yet the essential constituent of Mukti, the changed condition of consciousness,

the reversal of the point of view, is exactly the same in both cases.

The fact is that we have, most of us, been so long accustomed to think of Mukti as something supernal, distant, vast and dim, and utterly glorious and out of reach, that it takes our breath away if one says: "So and so that we can touch and feel and see is Mukta." But truly there is no mystery and marvel here. It equally takes our breath away if one says seriously: "Behold! this creeping, crawling worm *is* a piece and a part of the Infinite Life!" We repeat with ease the Sanskrit shloka that the Manas, the mind, is the cause of bondage and of Moksha, but we repeat it with an irrelevant unction, as a piece of misty poetry, to be relished as productive of a vague emotion and not as a scientific fact to be believed in literally in concrete cases. And truly it may be useful not to believe in concrete cases too readily; for all of us know that while it is good and wise to believe in the existence of psychic powers, it is wholesome not to believe at once any and everyone who cries aloud publicly: "I am a prophet and a great worker of miracles." So it may be and is very desirable not always readily to believe one who comes and declares: "I am Mukta"; indeed, on the assumption that vanity is dead with Vairâgya, the man who really understands and knows has no motive to take the initiative in such a matter, and cry from the house-top: "I am a Mukta!" Indeed, if one did so, the safer presumption would be that he was not a Mukta, but very much the reverse, and very much in the bonds of vanity. At the same time it is by no means desirable or correct to believe that because a man of flesh and blood is living an ordinary life, and is not possessed of any psychic or spiritual powers, therefore it is impossible for him to be a Mukta. Many are the instances in the Purâṇas of such. Janaka the king is not spoken of as possessing any psychic or spiritual powers, although he is the Mukta *par excellence;* Tulâdhâra was only a grocer and nothing more besides being a Mukta.

There is little connection, and no inseparable connection, between Mukti on the one hand, and psychic, spiritual or superhuman powers on the other. The one is not a necessary index of the other by any means; often, indeed, of the reverse. But

of course it is true that certain grades and offices of the Hierarchies that administer the worlds are manned only by Beings who are Muktas (in the sense of Tulâdhâra the grocer, and Janaka the king), and are also possessed of vast powers, powers even of creating and destroying worlds and systems. Certain other grades and offices are, at the same time, manned by Beings who are not Muktas, but only possessed of powers, and lamentable mismanagement not infrequently is the consequence, it would seem.

The result of all this is that, while the word "Mukti" should be confined to that knowledge of the Universal and Unlimited, the Nitya, as opposed to the Limited, the Particular, the Anitya, and of the exact relation between these two, between the Self and the Not-self, which necessarily comes to every Jîva at the turning-point from the Pravṛitti-mârga (the Path of Action and engagement, the downward arc) to the Nivṛitti-mârga (the Path of Renunciation, the upward arc), and without which knowledge there is never any *real* turning,—all other compounds of the word Mukti with other words (*e.g.*, Jîvan-mukti, Videha-mukti, Kaivalya-mukti, Sârûpya-mukti, Sâlokya-mukti, Sâyujya-mukti, Sâmîpya-mukti, etc.) should be regarded as indicating grades and stages of consciousness, wherein the Jîva combines the primary universal knowledge, which, and which alone, constitutes Mukti, with other superhuman but *particular* knowledges, expanded consciousnesses, high powers and reaches, which can be attained only by efforts long-continued and immense, but are always limited, temporal, particular, not having anything to do with the Eternal, the Unlimited, the Infinite.

It is common now in Theosophical literature to say that there are limitations at every stage; that the consciousness, at a certain stage, does not go beyond the earth-sphere; at another higher, beyond the connected planetary chain; at yet another, beyond the solar system; and so on endlessly; and yet that the Jîvas at all these stages are "Muktas." What does it mean? "Mukti" is a thing of many kinds and sorts? If it were, then truly it will not serve the purpose of the "melancholy-stricken" questioner with whom we started. Mukti ought not to be a thing of comparisons, of grades, of relations. It is something

absolute. What is of comparisons and grades and relations is of the Limited and therein is no Peace. What is the common element which causes the title of "Mukta" to apply to all these beings; what are the differences that distinguish them? The common element is the knowledge of the exact relation between the Self and the Not-self; and remember that these two words exhaust, finally and completely exhaust, the whole of the Universe. The differences are differences of stretch and extent of knowledge of the details, the particulars, of limited portions of the Not-self.

How shall I repeat and reiterate sufficiently that the Universal Self, the Âtman, the ancient Puruṣha, and again the Universal Not-self, Anâtman, Prakṛiti, are *not* hidden, *not* mysterious! They are here before us, behind us, if we will only see. Truly the "I," "I" that everyone speaks of, *is* the Âtman. The "This," "This," that everyone speaks of, *is* the Anâtman. Let us not insult them by disbelief and hesitating doubt that the so simple can be so deep; let us not stultify ourselves by vainly imagining that we are commonplace and of the vulgar, and have no share in the Eternal and the Supreme. This reason-less imagining of our own bitterness has been and is the cause of our bitterness. Why should we think that the "I," the mere "I," is *not* the Supreme? It *is* the Supreme. And when we think that it is not the Supreme till we have enclosed it in the sheath of an Îshvara, when we think that the "I" cannot be the Supreme till it is some million miles long and broad, and some million years old, and possessed of the power of acting in some ways that are unfamiliar to us, and, therefore, great and wonderful, then we only debase the "I" and do not glorify It; we diminish Its stainless Purity and Perfectness, while fancying, all vainly fancying, that our vague and dim and hazy emotion, taking its root and rise in the Limited, is beautifying and glorifying It.

The "I," the "Âtmâ"—this is Its nearest name; this is the whole of It. Do not give It any attributes. Attributes are of the Limited, not of the Unlimited. The very nature of the Unlimited is *negation* of all particulars, of all limits. Do not let us persist in thinking that It is *some thing* against all that our reason tells us that It is *not some thing*. It is merely because the

Jîva, so long accustomed to live in the Limited, *cannot* cut away entirely its mental connection with it, because even through its Vairâgya, its disgust with the Limited and the perishing, a subtle attachment to the Limited on which it has so long nourished itself persists, that it will not readily take the pure "I" at its word, but will hang back to think that it is an "I" with some particular attributes, glorious and great.

O Jîva that so believest, the relentless question—why, and how, and whereto, this world-process, why this prisoning of the Jîva midst incessant pains and pleasures, what the relation between the Changing and the Unchanging, Death and Immortality, Being and Non-being?—will come to thee and harass thee again and again till it becomes sun-clear that the "I," the "I" that thou and I talk about and quote every day and every hour of our lives, is verily the Supreme; that its only definition is and shall be "The opposite of all not-I," though we defined it for a thousand or a thousand thousand years; that this is the definition that would be given, if it could speak, by the animalcule of which hundreds may be discovered by the microscope in a drop of water, as also by the Logos of a world system the limits of which cannot be traced out by a telescope; that the difference in their definitions would be not in the meaning of the "I," but in the denotations of the "not-I"; that while the animalcule would oppose the "I" of his definition to the tiny not-I that he was aware of, the Îshvara would oppose it to the not-I constituted by the vast and wondrous contents of His system; that finally, Mukti consists only in a satisfactory answer to this nightmare questioning, which answer is as capable of being put into human words as the question itself, and that it consists in nothing else.

There is no cause for disbelief, no cause for wonder and surprise, that a common human being should be Mukta. He most needs to be a Mukta to be freed from his burden of miserable doubt; and if he may not be so freed, who else need be? A Mukta is a harmless and powerless being enough; his *only* difference from another ordinary Jîva is that in him the "I" recognises itself as separate from, as the negative of, the not-self, and as identical with all selves. To think and believe that the "I" is "a body," "a mass," "a piece of the not-I"—this is Bondage.

To think and believe otherwise—this is Mukti. To say "I am This"—is Bondage. To say "I am not This"—is Mukti.

The Jîva that has never *felt* his bondage, the animal that lives his vigorous life and never thinks and feels that he shall be otherwise, he is not in bondage and requires not Mukti. Medicine is for the suffering, and not the whole. It is only the human being, and he too at the middle stage, near the turning-point of his cycle, that *feels* his bondage and so becomes capable of Mukti at all. After he has attained to Mukti and passed on to stages higher than the human, Bondage and Mukti both again practically disappear, except as memory. His life and life-work proceed by the Law of Duty, and without reference to Bondage or Mukti.

Thus then, Bondage is a mental fact, a Doubt; and Mukti too is a mental fact, the solution of that Doubt; nothing more, and yet everything for the peace and happiness of the Jîva. The Truth is not complex, for the complex is of the *many*, and that is of Mâyâ, the untrue; the Truth is simple, and the whole of it is contained in the three simple words, the I, the not-I (This), and the negation (of the not-I by the I). These three words, if carefully pondered over, explain and answer all the question and sub-questions, and explain how change illusively appears within the Changeless; and so explaining and answering they confer Mukti.

BHAGAVÂN DÂS.

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WHEN by Self's truth, indeed, which serves him as a lamp, a man here on the earth at-oned, beholds the truth of Brahm; knowing the God unborn, immoveable, of every substance pure, from all bonds he s free.

Surely is He the guardian of the world as long as time shall last, the lord of all, in every creature hid; in whom the seers of Brahm and powers divine are all conjoined. Thus knowing Him one cuts the bonds of death.—SHVETÂSHVATAROPANIṢHAD, ii. 15, iv. 15.

# THE VENGEANCE OF HEAVEN

It was a cold, dreary day in mid January and the snow lay thick upon the house-tops and in the gutters. On the pavements of the great city men and boys, blue-faced with the intense cold, had been early at work clearing a path for the feet of busy city men who would presently be astir, whilst the thick grey sky foretold a promise of more to come ere long.

I was threading my way along the busy thoroughfare on foot, for I had taught myself long ago to believe that the walk was good for me, and when one is not very rich one is apt to think twice on the subject of 'bus fares. At the corner of Chancery Lane I was accosted by a beggar, clad in miserable rags and with a face blue with the cold. Usually I do not give to professional beggars, preferring rather to relieve that poverty which does not spread abroad its woes from the house-tops; but to-day, as I was about to pass on unheeding, something in the man's appearance arrested my attention, why I could scarcely tell, and I paused to give him a second glance. He was still young, probably under twenty, and but for the hunger and poverty that had pinched his face and hardened his eyes, he might have been accounted a handsome man. But it was not that which had struck me, nor was it the wretchedness of his appearance, for that, alas! was common enough, there were hundreds such within half a mile from where I stood; but it seemed to me that there was something vaguely familiar in the expression of the wild, dark eyes that met my own—beast's eyes, ferocious and untamed, that threatened me the while his more trained voice whined out a pleading request for help.

"Why don't you work?" I asked him. "A young fellow like you ought not to be begging your bread like this."

"Can't 'elp it, guv'ner," he said shortly. "'Tain't my fault—I ain't never 'ad a chanst to work all my life; I've tried over'n

over agin but I can't manage to keep anything 'cos I ain't strong enough. Look there"—and coughing violently he spat up a quantity of blood which made a deep crimson stain upon the piled-up snow in the gutter. "Every winter soon as it's cold I gets took like that, an' all the world's agin a pore deliket chap wot can't earn 'is bread honest. Can't you spare us a copper, guv'ner?"

I felt in my pockets, but found to my regret that the only money I had about me was a sovereign which, as it happened, was not mine to give, even had I been so disposed. I was annoyed at my thoughtlessness in coming out so badly supplied, for it would be awkward for myself, besides the fact that I was really anxious to help the poor young fellow. So I told him I had nothing to give him that day, but that if he should be in the same place at the same time the next morning, I would bestow a shilling upon him. With the look of an unbeliever, forced into his scepticism by the bitter experiences of a lifetime, the beggar turned away, and was lost to sight amid the busy crowd, while for the time I forgot him in the cares and work of a day in the great city.

As it happened the next morning I was obliged to be at the office at a much earlier hour, and it was not until I was on my homeward way in the evening that I remembered the promise I had given and then broken. Then I was sorry enough, but as it was too late to repair the fault, I could only hope to see him again on the following morning, and dismissed the incident from my mind so far as it was possible for me to do so. But I did not see him again until a night or two later, and then he was past my help, past any human aid, in fact, and it came about in this way.

I was returning late from the City, and instead of keeping to the main thoroughfares, anxious to reach home as quickly as possible, I struck into a side street, little frequented and badly lit. Some way down it, however, I came upon a small crowd collected round something that lay upon the pavement under a lamp, a crowd composed of the usual medley of errand boys and idlers, and headed by a policeman, whom I accosted, anxious to learn what had happened.

"Man frozen to death," was the brief answer, and then looking over his shoulder I beheld the face of the beggar whom I had promised to help, only that it was thinner and whiter now even than before, and the eyes in the flaring gas-light seemed to stare into mine with a look of reproach, fixed and ghastly enough to haunt me for the rest of my life. Then I turned away shuddering with the horror of the thing, and reproaching myself bitterly as I went that I had not taken more trouble to keep my promise, busy though I had been, had not raised a finger to save this fellow creature from a cruel death by exposure and want of nourishment. I asked myself also, with a bitter cynicism, why such things should be—whether a God, great and just as I had been taught to believe He was, could stand by and see such inhuman injustice done to one of His own created children, nay, more, could work such injustice Himself, for surely a worker of miracles might have put it into the heart of some rich philanthropist to seek out and rescue this poor sufferer? "He had never had a chance," so he had told me; therefore was it for any fault of his own that this cruel fate had been his? was it not rather visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children—the thoughtless selfishness of those who, in all probability consumptives themselves, had brought into the world weakly children to inherit or contract the same dreadful disease that lurked in their own systems? And perhaps they had gone unpunished! I told myself that it would be no uncommon instance of divine injustice were this really so, and in the bitterness of my heart, and partly also to cover my self-reproach, I mocked the God in whom I felt I could no longer believe, and cried in my soul that there was no justice in heaven and little enough upon earth, whilst these things could be.

But that night, as I lay upon my narrow couch, I dreamed a dream, and yet it was not quite a dream, but rather a retrospect, a vision of the past, and in it I lived again the life that had been mine nigh upon two thousand years ago, and which I had forgotten whilst in the heaven-world I had been sleeping the long sleep of oblivion, though perchance as a babe upon my mother's breast I may have had glimpses into the long ago. Had this been so, however, the bustle and hurry of this life had long ago

blotted out all recollection of a past one, and it was only now in my vision that everything returned to me in a sudden rush of memory—those stately towers and bridges, those grey-leaved olive trees clothing the distant hills, and the fair blue skies that smiled upon the lovely City of the Tiber as she was in the zenith of her youth and fame, nearly two thousand years ago, when the Cæsar reigned within her palace walls and when I, a humble citizen, dwelt in her and loved her with a passionate devotion that returned to me now as I stood once more within her crowded streets and watched the idle, pleasure-loving throng roll by me. There they were, all the old familiar faces, centurions and soldiers with bare arms and swarthy faces, nobles decked with bracelets and with wicked, sensual eyes and lips, lovely women borne hither and thither on cushioned litters, fanning themselves with their peacocks' feather fans and ogling the handsomest and richest amongst the Roman youths who passed them by. Rome, the greatest city in the world, and yet already beginning to crumble into dust beneath her cloak of luxury and vice! The Rome I had known so long, so long ago that I had forgotten her utterly in the new life I was leading in another great city, and yet one not half so lovely nor so beloved. The tears rose to my dreaming eyes as I realised that I, of all mankind, was privileged to behold her once more as she had been before the days of her fall.

But the scene changed, and suddenly the gay and crowded streets had vanished and I stood instead in the great tribunal hall, before a gilded throne surrounded by nobles and soldiers, a throne on which was seated, reclining on his cushions, a man handsome and in the prime of life, but with a devilish cruelty depicted in the lines of his face; and as I looked up, his wicked eyes met mine, and I gave a sudden start; for the eyes are the windows of the soul, and from his there looked forth the soul of the frozen beggar, though how I knew that this was so, I cannot tell.

"And now," he said in a low, mocking voice, "having settled those dogs of Jews we will dispose of this fellow—a worthy who will not pay his taxes and who smites down the officer of the law who comes to claim them. What hast thou to say, dog, to the charge that is brought against thee?"

I answered nothing, knowing well that I was guilty, yet thinking of the sick wife and crying babes whose pitiful condition had maddened me to do this thing.

"Ha! he answers not!" cried the fiend with his cruel smile. "Well, take him away and do unto him as thou hast been commanded to do unto these last; they shall be thrown together to the lions, and we will see which the beasts prefer. That will be amusing I think, my friends?"

He turned to the nobles beside him, who expressed their approval in mocking laughter and ribald jests. Then I was led away chained between two other men—Christians—and the gates of the gloomy prison closed behind us.

Yet once again the vision changed, to find me this time in the grim arena, that mighty circus with the sanded floor wherein, in the name of the gods, such horrible things were done. Above me smiled the pitiless blue skies, and all around me, rising tier above tier, were the inhuman wretches who had come to gloat over the spectacle of our bloody end; for I was not alone, some score of Christians, men, women, and children, were kneeling round me, raising their last prayers to heaven for strength to meet the death that they were about to die for their faith, and for mercy for their souls when they should have left their earthly tenement.

I alone stood apart, praying neither to the God of the Christians nor to the gods in whose worship I had been brought up, but thinking rather of the wife and babes from whom I had been torn, and cursing the fiend who had condemned me to this horrible death, the man whose punishment I now knew to be not disproportionate to his crimes.

And then, as the doors of the cages swung back, and with a savage roar the great lions rushed towards us, I looked up and met the evil eyes of the tyrant who watched me from his throne —the eyes of the beggar whom I had seen for the last time that day, who had died alone and friendless, even as I had died two thousand years ago and was now to die once more in my vision.

And then I awoke from my trance to find that another day of snow and ice had dawned, to remember that the Cæsars were long ago dead and gone, that Rome had fallen from her glory,

and that men were no longer thrown to the lions by cruel tyrants, at least in this western world of civilisation.

But my lesson was learned, and I no longer mocked at the mercy and wisdom of God, for I knew that there is justice in heaven, and that it shall be meted out to men according to their deserts—to the merciful much mercy, and to the evil-doer, evil such as he has done unto others.

A. SYLVESTER FALKNER.

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The Becquerel Rays

THERE is a very interesting article in the *Daily News* of April 20th, treating of "Mighty Atoms," that now most absorbing of all physical subjects, and evoked by a recent lecture of Professor J. J. Thomson's at the Royal Institution. Science is surely nearing the end of her physical "anabasis," and before long the foremost of her advanced guard will shout: "The sea! the sea!!" After mentioning the demonstrated impossibility of ever detecting the "atom" by physical sight, the writer proceeds:

> There are, however, other methods of inquiry than those of the senses. Unfortunately, they are mostly of such a nature that it is hopeless to try and explain them in popular language; the mathematical expressions of which they chiefly consist are quite unfitted for publication. But it may be said that the student of molecular physics can feel the atom trembling in the grip of his analysis with as much certainty as Adams and Le Verrier felt the undiscovered planet Neptune at the end of their exquisite calculations. Such researches, of course, have to start from observations, and they generally find their origin in curious out-of-the-way facts that do not seem to fit in with the ordinary theories. Neptune was discovered because Uranus refused to move exactly as the *Nautical Almanac* said that it ought to do. Lord Rayleigh was led to his brilliant discovery of argon because the specific gravity of nitrogen did not come out quite right in his long series of experiments upon it. So we may say that the curious theory which Professor Thomson has put forward has its rise in some odd and trifling observations which were made, without leading to anything, a generation ago. It was noticed that if a coin or a sheet of print was shut up for a number of days at a short distance from a piece of white paper a faint image—like a "spirit-photograph"—might be left on the paper. No rational theory of this singular phenomenon—or, at least, none that seemed rational

to the early Victorians, was put forward. The only one seriously offered was treated with nearly as much derision as would have been a theory of the so-called "spirit-photographs," which should attribute them to the actual presence of ghosts whom the camera alone could detect. This was Séguin's hypothesis, that all bodies were constantly giving off infinitely small particles which dashed in all directions, and might, under suitable conditions, leave such images as had been observed. Unfortunately, Séguin spoilt his case by extending his hypothesis to explain gravitation, which has hitherto been fatal to the reputation of all the philosophers who have had a try at it. Lately, however, the ingenious and beautiful researches of M. Henri Becquerel, which were recently crowned by our own Royal Society, have shown that Séguin was very near the truth. M. Becquerel and his followers have shown that many substances—printing-ink is notable among them—are constantly emitting rays which are capable of affecting photographic films without the help of ordinary light. The phosphorescent substances which are so familiar to us in match-boxes for use at night furnish extreme cases of such radiation. Compounds of the rare metal, uranium, are particularly active in this way, and the method of studying such radiations has led to the discovery of two new metals, radium and polonium, which excel all other elements in their radiating power. It is not too much to say that the work done in this new branch of physics during the past five years may one day be regarded as among the most important of all the new departures in science by which the nineteenth century helped us to understand the world we live in.

The really interesting thing about these Becquerel rays is the explanation of their nature, first definitely expressed by Professor Thomson, which, if it turns out to be valid, will alter our fundamental conceptions of the constitution of matter. His theory is that the Becquerel rays are not waves in the ether, as it is supposed that light-waves and heat-waves and the electrical waves that are used in wireless telegraphy must be, but actual streams of matter thrown off from the surface of the bodies which emit them. The same theory is applied to the kathode rays, which are produced when an electric discharge is passed through a tube exhausted of air, and which in turn seem to generate the well-known Röntgen rays. But the particles of matter which are thus thrown off cannot possibly be the kind of matter with whose existence we are all familiar from the chemistry that we learn at school or read in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The atom which Dalton placed among the chief concepts of science about a hundred years ago was so named—ever since Epicurus—because it was assumed that it could not possibly be divided into smaller parts. But many trains of reasoning go to support Professor Thomson's hypothesis that the "corpuscles," as he has called them, which appear to form the kathode, or the Becquerel rays, are almost infinitely smaller than the supposed atoms can be. It is impossible to give any intelligible idea of their size; the mind is incapable of dealing

with such notions as that involved in M. Becquerel's statement. For example, that in one particular experiment the efflux of material is such that one milligramme would disappear from the radiating body in about a thousand million years. One can only think of the symbol of eternity in one of Grimm's stories—the mountain a mile square and a mile high, which a sparrow has to carry away, at the rate of one journey in a thousand years, before the first second of eternity is passed. Among the extraordinary results which may follow from this theory, if it be proved, is the suggestion that these corpuscles are the atoms of some primary matter of which all our diverse "elements" are built up. If that be so, the alchemists who insisted that lead could be transmuted into gold were right in theory, though their practice was rather wild. It may be a long while before this particular conclusion bears what Bacon called fruit, and perhaps at present it need not be expected to convulse the money markets.

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# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Later Deeds of Râma

The Uttara Râma Charita of Bhavabhûti. Translated into English by T. K. Balasubramanya Aiyar, B.A., with a Critical Introduction and a Summary of the Story as contained in the Râmâyana. (Trichinopoly; 1901.)

This is a fair translation into English prose of perhaps the most famous drama of Bhavabhûti, who stands second only to Kâlidâsa on the roll of fame of India's dramatic poets.

The story or plot of the drama turns upon the hapless Sîtâ's repudiation by her husband Râma, in consequence of the baseless calumnies cast upon her purity by evil-minded people, after Râma had rescued her from the power of Râvaṇa and brought her back in triumph to Ayodhya.

This is not the place to repeat, even in barest outline, the touching story, nor to attempt any literary criticism of its dramatic embodiment by Bhavabhûti. English prose is far too inadequate a medium for such an attempt to have even a semblance of fairness; but let us hope that some day a poet with the power and sympathy of a Sir Edwin Arnold will do for this and other masterpieces of the Sanskrit drama, what Sir Edwin has done for some of the most beautiful and noble episodes of the Mahâbhârata. Then the English

public will be put in a position to appreciate works of dramatic power and beauty in no way inferior to those of their own greatest poet, Shakespeare.

In such a notice as this we can only say a few words upon the work of the translator, Mr. T. K. Balasubramanya Aiyar. In his short Introduction of twenty-two pages, he first gives us a brief but clear outline of the main technical rules and conventions governing Sanskrit dramatic composition, then a summary of what is known about the author, coupled with some remarks on his style and his other extant works. This is followed by a sketch of the argument of the play itself, and the Introduction concludes with a sketch of the characters of Râma, Sîtâ, and the three Princes who figure in the play. An Appendix follows the play itself, giving in outline the story upon which the play is based, as found in the Râmâyana.

As to the fidelity of the translation I am not competent to judge, but the English is less defective than is often the case in such attempts as this. The poetry of the original, of course, has almost wholly evaporated, but that is almost inevitable with a rendering into such a medium as English prose. Indeed, none but a real poet could hope in any way to succeed in producing a really satisfactory version, and a prose rendering is at all events better than an inferior verse one.

Finally, we may feel glad to see work of this sort being done in India, for it will surely prepare the way for those more perfect renderings which will some day, it is to be hoped, be at the disposal of all lovers of noble poetry.

B. K.

### Earthquake and Eclipse

Carlo Lano. By M. Reepmaker. (Paris: P.-V. Stock; 1901. Price 3 *frs.* 50.)

A new book by Mynheer Reepmaker begins to be as recurrent a phenomenon as the return of spring, but unlike that monotonously inclement season, Mynheer Reepmaker's industrious imagination continues to bring us fresh surprises.

Tender-hearted readers will quail before the tragedy of *Carlo Lano*. The hero, whose patriot father died in prison through the treachery of a fellow-revolutionist, is deceived by his mistress, betrayed to death by his friend, assassinates his king and perishes on the scaffold amidst the execrations of an ungrateful people. His *fiancée* goes

distracted and flings herself from a cliff, and the whole is concluded with a volcanic eruption, which devastates a metropolis and its neighbourhood. The final sentence may well run, "*Permettez-moi de baissev le rideau.*" It was time.

As for his handling of these sombre materials, the author shows a noticeable advance in story-making. The first and most important quality of a story is to be interesting, and this, his latest, is by far the most interesting of Mynheer Reepmaker's stories. Its thesis needs no commendation; it is, in the words of the author, "*justice pour tous les hommes.*" He has spared no pains to make his hero winning and sympathetic. It is, perhaps, from a desire to concentrate the limelight upon this central figure that he has allowed his other characters to become somewhat shadowy.

The high-priest's address, though set in the way of the story like a rock in the course of a river, is an admirable little epitome of Theosophical ideas, but we hope that its dark prophecies of the domination of the yellow races and the downfall of Europe will not be received as a Theosophical creed.

*Carlo Lano* may be confidently recommended to those who like to take their tonic in a sugar coat.

A. L.

### "Shaṅkara's" Commentary on the Upaniṣhads

The Aitareya and Taittirîya Upaniṣhads with Sri Sankara's Commentary. Translated by S. Sitarama Sastri, B.A. Published by V. C. Seshacharri, B.A., B.L., M.R.A.S. (Madras: Natesan and Co.; 1901.)

The feature of this series, of which the present is the fifth volume, and to which we have already drawn our readers' attention on several occasions, is the translation for the first time into English, or indeed any other language, of "Shaṅkara's" Commentary on the twelve principal Upaniṣhads. For this generally thankless task we for our part owe Mr. Seshacharri and his colleagues many thanks. It is a great gain for English reading students of the Upaniṣhads to have these commentaries rendered accessible to them in a form that is more rapidly perusible than the original, unless of course one happens to be a highly proficient Sanskrit scholar. It is a great gain, not so much for what the commentary teaches us, as for the fact that we now can see at a glance what it does teach. For, for our own part, we are not prepared to allow the freedom of the Aupaniṣhada teaching to be

cramped into the systematised doctrinal limits of one particular school. It requires comparatively little knowledge of Indian thought for a scholar of comparative theosophy to assure himself that the schoolmen who wrote these commentaries were far inferior to the Riṣhis who sang the sounding shlokas of the originals. In the commentary we miss the fire and swing of the text, and cannot but feel that inspiration was far from the writers of the Bhâṣhya. As in all other cases, the period of commentary is a period of decadence. Few, even in India, we should think, would ascribe such mechanical interpretations, such apologetic exegesis in the interests of the single Advaita view, to the great genius of Shaṅkara.

The translation of the commentary, however, is well and faithfully performed. As to the translation of the text, we can see no general improvement on existing versions; indeed, in some respects the version falls short of those we already possess. In many truncated phrases we detect the "sincerest form of flattery" of the version of J. C. Chatterji and ourselves; but whereas in our translation infinite pains were taken to give a fair English dress to the beautiful original, and to preserve the spirit and "swing" of the inspired writers, the present version of the Aitareya and Taittirîya is, for the most part, commonplace, halting, and entirely modernised. The difference is identical with that which exists between the style of phrasing of the Authorised Version and of the everyday language of some recent attempts at Bible translation which leave the sacred text shorn of every grace and distinction. Further, be it remarked, the text of the Upaniṣhads is in itself archaic and not modern; therefore a modern rendering gives no idea of the nature of the original phrasing. This has been well preserved for the most part by Deussen in his German version, and any translation of the original that has any pretensions to be more than a "crib" must pay the greatest attention to the literary form into which the Shruti is rendered. For this we want a poet as well as a paṇḍit, but as no poet will trouble much with "Shaṅkara's" Commentary, and the commentary is necessary to the scholar, we again thank Messrs. Sitarama Sastri and Seshacharri for their labours thereon.

G. R. S. M.

## "The Unknown Philosopher"

The Life of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, the Unknown Philosopher, and the Substance of his Transcendental Doctrine. By Arthur Edward Waite. (London: Wellby; 1901. Price 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Mr. Waite, who has already done so much to make accessible to the mystically inclined English-reading public the lives and writings of Alchemistical philosophers and Neo-Hermetic and Neo-Kabalistic students, is to be congratulated on his most recent volume, in which he makes the "Unknown Philosopher," Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, exceedingly well known to his readers. With the exception of Penny's translation of *The Theosophic Correspondence* there is nothing of Saint-Martin's in English, so that Mr. Waite fills, and fills well, one of the many *lacunæ*, or rather "great gulfs," which have to be bridged in every direction in our English literature of mysticism.

It is not, however, so much for the choice of his subject, as for the way in which he has treated it, that we have to congratulate our author. In Mr. Waite we have, on the one hand, a scholar of his subject who is keenly alive to the necessities of a thoroughly scientific literary criticism, and on the other a writer who is entirely sympathetic to all that is good in a sane mysticism. Such men are the proper historians of the Saint-Martins, the Böhmes, the Swedenborgs, and the rest.

Again, Mr. Waite has done well not to overload his pages with direct translations; he for the most part summarises and paraphrases, and so gives the substance of the writings of our somewhat prolific mystic, presenting an excellent review of his ideas and covering the whole field. Above all it is pleasant to see how our author almost entirely rescues Saint-Martin from the mists of a theurgic obscurantism and restores him to the light of a high-intentioned mysticism which looks for the realisation of its ideal to a direct inner illumination of heart and mind. He, therefore, is opposed, though courteously, to the view of the present Neo-Martinist groups in France, and looks to the permanent value of the transcendentalism of the "Unknown Philosopher," rather than to the transient and questionable processes that may in early life have occupied Saint-Martin's attention, under the powerful influence of Martinez de Pasqualez and his physical methods. Nevertheless, there is no trace of impatient polemic in Mr. Waite's treatment of the subject, and nothing can be more praiseworthy than the impartial way in which he endeavours fairly to

state opposing views, and this especially when he has to point out the differences between the positions of Saint-Martin and of the orthodox Catholic Church.

We can, therefore, cordially recommend this book to those of our readers who desire to know perhaps as much as need ever be generally known of Saint-Martin. Whether or not our philosopher belonged to a fully conscious group of workers, consisting of such men as St. Germain, is not touched upon by Mr. Waite. There is no accessible evidence on the subject, and we doubt whether any at all exists; for such things would not be written, but would belong to the innermost secrets of the lives of such men. Those who are conscious enough to understand in the present will have the means to discover it in the past; for the rest it would be the mere gratification of a vulgar curiosity, which could make no good use of a few isolated scraps of unrelated information.

We may mention here that Mr. Waite has completed an exceedingly instructive treatise on the Kabalah, dealing with the history of its tradition and its main doctrines. We have read most of it in proof, and are anxious to see its speedy publication. Unfortunately, owing to the failure of a firm, the publication has been annoyingly delayed, but hopes are entertained that the Theosophical Publishing Society may acquire the rights of publication. There is great need of such a book in English, and we can say beforehand that it is well done. Meantime, we thank Mr. Waite for his *Life of Saint-Martin*, which in addition to its other merits is well printed in bold type and nicely got up.

G. R. S. M.

## Böhme's Dialogues

Dialogues on the Supersensual Life, by Jacob Behmen. Edited by Bernard Holland. (London: Methuen and Co., 1901. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is one of those rare treats, which come only too seldom in the world of *belles-lettres*. The best thing in the world is a small but complete manual of instruction that will lead the seeking soul to the certainty and the joys of the mystic life; and when it is written by a world-renowned seer and given out with scrupulous beauty of arrangement by a sympathetic editor, what more can the soul and eke the eyes of man desire?

There is a curious point raised in the Preface, when the editor

compares the evolutionary views of our times with Behmen's view. Evolution, says Mr. Holland, may be "the *time-form* of attraction" —a most suggestive expression. We may be realising now that it is a natural law initiating that process of *raising man* out of Nature, which Behmen preached in his day as with the solitary voice of one crying in the wilderness. That which this secular mystic taught in the middle ages is taught to-day by the scientist.

It is as if mediæval faith was still cast in the mould of the *downward* cycle, in which, as in all ancient faiths, the aim is to unite a *God with a man*. This aim, as Neander has remarked, is the leading characteristic of all Eastern faiths. In the West, the newer age has for its religious ideal to unite *man with God*, and its watchword is Evolution.

The Church in Behmen's day, of course, laid exclusive stress on the God who came down to save—a God, condescending in human form, sent from a distant Omnipotence, who gave blessings and conferred priceless privileges on those who propitiated Him by constant conformity to His inspired commands.

Now the plan of salvation advocated in these Dialogues is to be begun within, in the soul of each man, wherein lies the Divine essence itself, struggling upwards to its source. There is then, in the mystical correspondence brought about between the soul and God, a "desire of union on both sides."

Behmen thus may be said to discover and describe a natural law in all its complex and beautiful workings, inspiring others by his wonderful grasp on the hidden problems of mind to work *with* this law, and to allow in full and conscious self-surrender this process to be completed in themselves.

He speaks as the spring might speak to the flowers, as a poet might speak to children, and if we will listen, he speaks as only the children of light can speak to us who are the children of this world.

He says that not only do the Gods come down to soothe and to save, but that the sinner himself may arise from the dust and put off his rags. "Then art thou as God was before Nature and Creature."

There has been no sublimer or completer expression of man's divinity, than these few words: "Thou art that which God then was; thou art that whereof He made thy nature and creature. Then thou hearest and seest even that wherewith God Himself saw and heard in thee, before ever thine own willing or thine own seeing began." Thus speaks the Master to the Disciple (Dial. I.).

But one might as well try to give an adequate idea of these Dialogues by extract and eulogium as of the *Imitation of Christ*. They will always remain caviare for the multitude. There is, of course, the doctrinal Christian mould in which they are set that must be allowed for by the Unitarian, and there is the ultra-mystical standpoint which will not be congenial to the masses of the orthodox. But if you have ears to hear, this little book may perchance teach you all that you have need to know. If you cannot receive it, it may be to you but a stumbling block, the babbling of a lunatic.

A. L. B. H.

## Theosophical Essays in German Translation

Beiträge zur okkulten Wissenschaft: Essays hervorragender ausländischer Autoren. Uebersetzt von Ludwig Deinhard. (Berlin: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn; 1901. Price 1.80 *mk.*)

Our industrious colleague, Herr Ludwig Deinhard of Munich, has made a good selection for his *Contributions to Occult Science*, and has sandwiched the brightly written sketch of Mons. Léon Cléry, which appeared some months ago in *La Revue bleue* and was translated into our pages, between two essays of Mr. Sinnett and Mrs. Besant. The author of *The Growth of the Soul* is drawn upon for a chapter on "Occult Science," and our co-editor for her paper on the "Secret of Evolution." The translations read smoothly, and the book is well printed.

The main point of interest, however, is the adoption by Herr Deinhard of a new term in place of the horrible "astral" which disfigures so many thousands of pages of our literature. Our learned colleague, Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, has suggested the epithet "spontal" as covering the ground of voluntary activity or motivity. The Latin *spontalis* exists, though it is of rare occurrence; it signifies "voluntary," and would thus very well distinguish the voluntary from the involuntary movements of the body, and consequently the source or medium of this spontaneity. It is certainly, in our opinion, superior to the term "astral" (for we know no word that is worse than the latter), but it of course suffers from unfamiliarity. The "spontal body" will sound strange to ears accustomed to more familiar terms; nevertheless it is worth attempting to abolish, not only the word "astral" from our nomenclature, but also in this connection the term "body." Heaven send us a poet soon to give us

some natural terms; there is no more beauty in Sanskrit compounds than there is in Græco-Latin hybrids when they appear in an English, French or German context. The "âtma-buddhic sheath," or any such expression, will never make poetry or even harmonious prose; and where the Beautiful is not, the True also falls short.

G. R. S. M.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

In the April number of the *Theosophist* Colonel Olcott gives a full account of the first European Convention held in London, July, 1891, not long after H. P. B.'s death. The situation was an anxious one, and in his address the Colonel strives to emphasise a point which is as important now as it was then. He says: "Our efforts should be to spread everywhere amongst our sympathisers the belief that each one must work out his own salvation, that there can be no progress whatever without effort, and that nothing is so pernicious, nothing is so weakening, as the encouragement of the spirit of dependence upon another, upon another's wisdom, upon another's righteousness. It is a most pernicious thing and paralyses all effort." The union of the previously existing British and European Sections into what is now the European Section, and the lamented death of Miss Pickett only ten days after her instalment as Principal of the Sanghamitta School at Colombo fill up the remaining portion of the "Old Diary Leaves" for this number. Miss Edger's lecture on "Surmounting the Obstacles to Spiritual Progress" receives less than justice, being reproduced from incomplete notes, written down from memory. Mrs. Bell concludes her valuable paper entitled "Into a Larger Room," dealing with the enlargement of our mental horizon by the conception of Reincarnation. Mr. S. Stuart concluded his summary of "Ancient Theories as to the Origin of the World." A thoroughly practical paper is that of Jehangir Sorabji on the "Conquest of the Flesh," pointing out that "the difficulties experienced in the struggles after the Higher Life, in the oft-recurring despondencies which create desolation in the heart, bereft of one single ray of hope to shed its dim light in the gloom of the wearied and worried soul, are mainly attributable to the love of the lower personality." A curious and interesting account of the manner of the coronation of a King in ancient India is given by Judge P. Sreenevas Row in a paper read before the Adyar Lodge; G. K. Sastry continues his translation of the *Râma Gîtâ*;

and No. II. of Mr. Trimble's paper on Poseidonis, with a "Zoroastrian's" account of "The Fire Temple in its Esoteric Aspect," complete an interesting number.

In the March *Prasnottara* the Proceedings of the Convention are continued, and an unsigned article deals with the subject of the marriageable age for girls.

The *Central Hindu College Magazine* for April continues Mrs. Besant's series "In Defence of Hinduism," with a paper entitled "The Worship of the Gods." B. Keightley contributes "Schoolboy Ideals" and "Science Jottings," whilst "Michael Wood" begins a new story.

In *The Theosophic Gleaner* for April the more important contents are "The Two Great Force Currents," positive and negative, good and evil, by P. D. Khandalvala; a valuable paper by W. J. Walters, on "T. S. Branch Work"; and one by B. B. Kanga on the "Age of Zoroaster."

*The Dawn* for March contains a plea by the Editor, reinforced by a reprint of an article by the late Professor Max Müller, for Education instead of Examination—a desire which every thoughtful man who has had any experience of examinations will heartily re-echo.

*The Indian Review* for April has much that is interesting. Perhaps the paper which has most to say to us English is Jnan Chandra Chatterji's "The Century and Young Bengal." His summing up of the characteristics of the present generation is that there is in it "a conspicuous want of vitality. . . The morality of Young Bengal of to-day is on the whole superior to that of the generation previous. . . . But that is not enough. The life, the ardour, the enthusiasm for a noble cause which distinguished the earlier generations have become all but extinct. . . . And with education opening up their minds to comforts and refinements unknown before, the inability to secure them makes them unhappy and discontented; and, above all, deprives them of that feeling of self-respect which is at the root of all self-improvement. Hence it is that though they are all *respectable* men in a certain sense, they are tending every day to degenerate into *little* men." A careful observer in Europe will say the same; it is not peculiar to Bengal, nor to this generation. Sixty years ago Beranger saw men growing smaller and smaller, till at last there arose a "Man—who popped the whole race into his pocket!" Is it to be so?

The Ceylon *Buddhist* comes to us "Edited by C. Jînarâjâdâsa,"

bearing evident tokens of our old friend's scholarship. We congratulate *The Buddhist* on its new editor, but are more inclined to condole with him. When two editors meet, they do not grin, like the Augurs—very far otherwise.

Also from India, *Siddhanta Deepika*, *San Mârga Bodhinî*, and *Bvahmavâdin*.

In the May *Vâhan* a question as to the statement of one of the Upaniṣhads that "Whoso knows Brahman, by no deed soever is his future bliss harmed," receives the very common-sense answer from "G. R. S. M.", that if we find anyone committing "heinous crimes" we may at least be certain that *he* does not know Brahman. Other questions are as to the existence of a Personal Devil; the right way of dealing with vermin, large and small; and the "modern woman problem."

*Revue Théosophique*, April, though an interesting number, has by way of original matter only the second of Dr. Pascal's very successful Geneva *Conférences*.

*Theosophia* for April contains (besides translations from the English) the continuation of the *Tao Te King*, by J. van Manen; "Some Misconceptions about Death," Mr. Leadbeater's lecture to the Amsterdam Lodge; "Some Occult Phenomena in Java," by van der Velde; and "The Fourth Dimension," by J. J.

In *Teosofia* for April the Editor begins a study entitled "An Italian Hermetic Philosopher of the Seventeenth Century." The other articles are translations of Mrs. Besant's "Some Problems of Ethics" and Dr. Pascal's "Reincarnation."

*Sophia* for April, besides translations from Mrs. Besant's "Thought Power" and *The Idyll of the White Lotus*, has a serious article upon "Homœopathy and its Dilutions," by Don José Melián; the conclusion of "Two Civilisations," by J. K. H.; and an account of a singular relic from Costa Rica, by D. Tomás Povedano.

We have also received *Teosofisk Tidskrift* for April, and No. 2 of our young contemporary the Antwerp *Théosophie*.

*The Theosophic Messenger* for April announces that Col. Olcott will be present and preside at the American Convention. Our European Section will be represented by Mr. Leadbeater.

*Theosophy in Australasia*, March, contains Mr. Leadbeater's valuable Chicago lecture on "The Unseen World," with an appeal for enlarged circulation, which the magazine well deserves, and which we hope will be successful.

*The New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, March and April, contains, amongst other matter, Mr. Leadbeater's lecture, "What Theosophy does for us," delivered at Buffalo; an ingenious set of anticipations for "The New Century," by W. G. John; and "Theosophy Applied to the Education of Children," by Helen House.

*Dev Vâhan* for May has an interesting account of the legend of the destruction of Atlantis current amongst the Guarani Indians. The usual analysis of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW, questions from the *Vâhan*, and the reprint of the obituary articles on the death of H. P. B. form the remainder of the number.

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Star Love*, by the Editor of Zadkiel's Almanack; *Theosophischer Wegweiser; Notes and Queries; Mind; Light; Practical Psychology; Monthly Record; Humanity; Review of Reviews.*

Pamphlets: *Reports of the Rangoon Theosophical Society;* these are exceedingly cheering reading and highly creditable, not only to the two European members who started the work but to the natives who have rallied round them; Bilia, "*Non oltre la Scienza e la Fede*," a reprint from an Italian magazine in which Mrs. Besant's writings are treated as being opposed to the orthodox faith, but with a personal respect and moderation of language which might be profitably studied by her English opponents. From the Free Age Press, Christchurch, Hants., we have three 3*d.* tracts by Tolstoy, *Demands of Love and Reason*, *The Meaning of Life*, and *The Root of the Evil.* Also *The Doctrine of Reincarnation, its Scientific Base*, by J. Scouller, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell, 3*d.*; and *Lock and Key, or Reincarnation*, by our old friend, C. George Currie, D.D. We are glad to commend this little work to our readers; it is not a mere rehash of the ordinary statements on this subject, but an account of how the writer himself attained his conviction of its truth; and when an educated and thoughtful man will tell us this we are always glad to listen, even should the subject be less interesting than the all-important question of Reincarnation.

A.

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

The Hypothesis of Continuity

IT is always of interest to a student of Theosophy to notice any work done in the fields of purely scientific research which at all tends to confirm or elucidate those views of the universe surrounding him which he himself is inclined to hold on the strength of evidence other, though perhaps no less cogent, than that which appeals to the normal scientist.

Quite recently there have been two such pieces of work put before the public, both significant and suggestive, both calculated to encourage the occult student, and strengthen his hopes that ere long orthodox science will have advanced considerably nearer to some of his own particular ideas.

The first of these is an article from the pen of M. A. Müller upon the Hypothesis of Continuity, which appeared in the Astronomical Section of the Paris *Revue Scientifique* for March 16th, 1901.

Those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to care

to make themselves acquainted with the "why and wherefore" of M. Müller's views, and with the reasoning by which he leads up to and illustrates them, must be referred to the article itself, which is readily obtainable. Any summary or attempt to brief such a condensed exposition as his, must inevitably lead to misunderstanding and distortion. For that reason I shall rather try to outline his theory in my own way as I understand it, leaving those who care to do so, to go back to the original.

* * *

The Orders of Ethers

To begin with, M. Müller holds that a single medium fills all space, indeed *is space*, speaking accurately, and thus he comes very close indeed to the standpoint of the Stanzas of Dzyan. Now, although this one universal Space is really perfectly continuous, yet just as in mathematics one considers a continuous quantity as made up of an infinite series, whether convergent or divergent, of finite, small, discrete quantities, so M. Müller conceives this one universal medium as consisting of an indefinite number of "orders" or "series" of "atomic" or "molecular" ethers. Thus at one end of the scale he considers the solar system as a single complex molecule surrounded by an ether, the physical constants of which, in relation to the distance separating the solar system from its nearest neighbour and to the diameter of the system, are of the same orders as those which obtain in the case of the ether of another order surrounding, say, the complex molecule of air, in relation to the size of that molecule and its distance from its next neighbour. Now this last ether is that with which ordinary modern science is at present so much engaged. But in reality it does not matter how many "orders" or "series" of ethers we may need to take into account, since the relative magnitudes remain the same. Thus in M. Müller's view an ordinary molecule of air, or water, is a miniature solar system, the distances between its component units and their magnitudes being strictly analogous to those between the Sun and its surrounding planets.

* * *

THERE is of course much more that is interesting in M. Müller's

speculation, but one cannot help being struck with the way in which his series of ethers, gradually decreasing (or increasing) in the size of their units, resembles the actual structure and relations of the four etheric sub-planes of our physical matter as described to us by those who can see them, and how completely his view fits in with the whole Theosophical conception of the various planes and sub-planes of matter both within our own system and in the larger universe in which our system itself is but a molecule.

Science and Occultism

Of course such views as those of Müller are still far from being "accepted science," but he claims for them the ability to satisfy the demands of our present day science more fully than the usual hypothesis that molecular matter is constituted by a series of local vortices or distortions in the continuous ether. From the occult standpoint, it may be noted, however, that both the hypothesis of M. Müller and the more usual vortex one, each contain an element of the truth. For the ultimate "atom" or unit of any plane seems to be essentially constituted by a "vortex" in the matter of a higher plane, while the sub-planes of the plane are built up by series of molecular ethers closely resembling those required in M. Müller's theory.

* * *

An Indian Savant

THE second piece of work which claims special notice in these pages deserves mention not only on account of its intrinsic importance and far-reaching significance, but also for other reasons. The latest researches of Prof. J. C. Bose of the Presidency College, Calcutta, whose outcome keenly interested a large audience at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, May 10th, not only stand out as a worthy continuation of investigations which have already won high honour for Prof. Bose, but they demonstrate that the Indian intellect is far from being as hopelessly sterile in the region of original research, even in the domain of pure physics, as some of the harsher critics of our Indian friends would have us believe. In the present instance at any rate Bengal has produced an original worker of no mean calibre, even measured by western standards.

But to pass to the subject matter of Prof. Bose's latest work. The following paragraphs, taken from an admirable descriptive report of his lecture which appeared in the *Electrician* for May 17th, will serve to give our readers some idea of the nature and scope of the researches upon which he has been engaged:

Muscular Response to Stimulus

Prof. Bose's researches (observes the writer) carry us further than the domain of theoretical and applied physics, into the regions of physiology and chemistry. They lead to the discovery of an universal action underlying certain phenomena in both living and inorganic matter. If we take a piece of living muscle and pinch or twist it, or in any way subject it to stress, there is a contraction in the length and an increase in thickness of the muscle, which may be accurately indicated by a diagram drawn by mechanism actuated by the muscle itself. The cessation of the stress is followed by recovery of the original condition of the muscle; and a subsequent similar stress produces an exactly similar diagram. When rapidly intermittent stresses occur, the diagram consists of a serrated curve, the cessation of the stress leading again to recovery. If the frequency of the stresses is increased, a point is reached at which the muscle exhibits persistent steady contraction until the stress ceases, this condition being known as tetanus. Extreme temperature produces a condition known as heat or cold rigour, the muscle giving no appreciable response to mechanical or electrical stimulus; and there is, for each particular species of muscle, a definite temperature at which a maximum of response arises from any given stimulus. When the condition of rigour is approached, not only is the response less vigorous, but the recovery is slower and more lethargic. Drugs exert a modifying influence upon the response; stimulants induce a more violent response and more prompt recovery; depressants diminish the activity; while poisons destroy the power of response altogether. Certain drugs act as stimulants when administered in one proportion and as depressants when administered in another proportion. When, moreover, instead of living muscle a piece of living nerve is investigated, a perfect parallelism in the character of the response and of the recovery is observed; but in the case of nerve the response takes the form of an electric current between the injured or excited portion of the nerve and the normal portion, instead of, as in muscle, a mechanical change of length. The effects of repeated mechanical or electric stimulus, of temperature, of stimulating and other drugs, etc., are perfectly similar to those produced in muscle; and curves corresponding in every characteristic with those for muscle are drawn when a galvanometric record of the response is made. Dr. Bose exhibited a large number of these diagrams, in which the characteristic responses to definite forms of stimuli were indicated. Physiologists are thoroughly acquainted with these nerve and muscle response-diagrams, the occurrence of which in connection with

any given organic tissue is held by them to be a distinctive evidence of physical life in the tissue.

* * *

We pass now to the second subject, so to speak, in Dr. Bose's symphony —the response of matter that is inorganic, and, therefore, non-living. When a piece of wire is placed in a galvanometer circuit and one end of the wire is momentarily subjected to mechanical stimulus, as by twisting or tapping it, an electrical response takes place in the form of a current between the injured or stimulated end and the normal end of the wire. This response is indicated by a movement of the galvanometer needle, the amount of the deflection being definite in relation to the intensity of the mechanical stimulus. A convenient form of the apparatus for measuring and recording such responses consists in a vessel containing water into which two similar wires dip, one of the wires being fitted with a torsion head to allow of a measurable and graduated twist being applied to it. Experimenting with the apparatus included in the circuit of a galvanometer, Dr. Bose found that the response and recovery curves obtainable from it correspond in the closest possible degree with the physiological curves obtained from living nerve and muscle. It is scarcely neccssary to re-state the entire series of operations by means of which characteristic curves may be obtained. Suffice it to say that repeated stimuli produce a series of response-curves which, on increasing the frequency of stimulus, merge into a true condition of tetanus; that changes of temperature produce, in extreme limits, a lethargy precisely analogous to rigour, and exhibit a condition in which the response is most marked at a definite temperature, depending on the nature of the wire; that certain drugs injected into and uniformly diffused through the liquid in the apparatus give rise to astonishing increase in the violence of the response—analogous, indeed, to alcoholic intoxication—while other drugs act as depressants, and still others as poisons. Again, there are certain drugs which act as stimulants when injected in a certain proportion and as depressants when administered in another proportion; while it is also found that the "killing" action of the poisons can be arrested by the timely injection of a fluid antidote. One of the most virulent of these poisons is corrosive sublimate, known as a powerful poison also in the organic world. The essential and most important fact in connection with these investigations is the extremely close agreement between all the diagrams obtainable from living tissue and those obtainable, in analogous conditions, from the inorganic substances experimented upon by Dr. Bose. So close is this agreement that expert physiologists are unable to distinguish between the two sets of curves. Carrying the matter still further, Dr. Bose has investigated the response of inorganic matter to light and other forms of electromagnetic radiation. He exhibited an artificial eye, the interior mechanism of which was such as to enable it to give an electrical response

Inorganic "Nerves"

to radiation of every description, whether ordinary light, or Hertzian or Röntgen rays.

* * *

In concluding his lecture Prof. Bose made an apt and eloquent reference to the ancient Indian doctrine of that underlying unity of the One Existence at the root of all plurality and phenomena which is the central core of the teaching of the Vedas and Upaniṣhads, and pointed out how completely his own researches tend to establish and verify this teaching experimentally.

The Value of the Theory

And it is in this respect especially that the larger and deeper significance of Dr. Bose's work lies for the student of philosophy. For the man of science its value is incontestably great, but for philosophy still greater. The work he has done forms a great step to a full demonstration of the existence of a basic unity of nature and activity underlying all forms of manifestation. And though probably on the one hand the materialist will welcome these results as breaking down the hitherto impassible barrier in character between so-called "living" and "dead" substance, yet the Theosophist will see in them only a fuller demonstration of his own fundamental principles, and far from feeling that this proof of the identity in character of the reaction to similar stimulus on the part of metals and of living muscle or nerve tends to reduce the universe to a dead mechanism, he will on the contrary rejoice that the realm of so-called "dead" or inorganic matter has thus been annexed to the world of life and shown by experimental evidence to exhibit the same fundamental reactions to stimulus as those which have hitherto been regarded as evidence of the presence of life. For to the Theosophist life is everywhere, naught in the universe is truly dead. One is the root of all, one is the life in all, one is the law which rules all and guides each individuated particle of that mighty life ever onwards to fuller and more perfect expression of its inherent divine attributes.

B. K.

* * *

The idea of reincarnation or recurrent palingenesis as the only

hypothesis which in any way accounts for the facts of human existence, is spreading so rapidly among thinking people, that we are not surprised to find that it has at length invaded the precincts of official philosophy. Professor Spitta of Tübingen, whose reputation as a psychologist stands very high, and who has already written a work on psychology considered as a science, based upon investigations into the phenomena of sleep and dreams, and impulse, now comes forward with a work dealing with moral and religious phenomena. In this work Professor Spitta adopts the idea of reincarnation. The *Athenæum* (June 8th) in a review on this recent work, *Mein Recht auf Leben*, says:

Reincarnation in Modern Philosophy

> Although he confesses that speculation regarding the content of the idea of immortality is idle, he seems to be strongly in favour of some form of metempsychosis, as affording, doubtless, a natural channel for the fulfilment of endless duty. Nay, he expressly states that in the moral and religious faith in a return or rebirth of the individual, he perceives a doctrine which illuminates every relation of human life, a point of vantage which enables a man to take up his true position in regard to nature, and to make him feel that it is subject to him.

* * *

On May 30th and 31st a very important movement was launched by the inaugural meetings of "The International Council of Unitarian and other Liberal Religious Thinkers and Workers," held at Essex Hall, London. The object of this Association is "to open communication with those in all lands who are striving to unite pure Religion and perfect Liberty, and to increase fellowship and co-operation among them." With such an object every member of the Theosophical Society will join willing hands. The meetings were presided over by the Rev. J. Estlin Carpenter, of Oxford, who in the course of a very remarkable address, which we would gladly reproduce in full did our space allow, summed up the chief doctrine of pure Religion and perfect Liberty in the following words, as printed in *The Enquirer* (June 1st):

Pure Theosophy

> The faith which thus reposes on God as the Author and Upholder of the world, the Creator, Sustainer, Guide, Inspirer of man, will draw unfailing guidance from the great historic religions. It will find in them the highest organised expressions, under the forms of race and time and country, of

man's enduring relation to the Eternal. It will recognise with undying gratitude its debt to those prophet souls who have flashed light into dark places so that all might see, and given personal shape to the highest spiritual truths. But it will not insist that Christ shall be its centre any more than Plato. Religion can have but one object, the everlasting God; one centre on which it rests immovable, the infinite Spirit in which we live and move and have our being. Let us indeed join willing hands with those who may firmly maintain their own communion with their risen Lord, but can yet recognise that for other souls there are divers ways within the Father's grace.

* * *

The Ghosts of Karnak

THAT, as we have repeatedly remarked, ghosts are good copy, is evidenced once more by an article in *The Globe* of May 31st, quoting from an interesting paper, contributed by the famous Egyptologist Maspero to *Le Temps*. Long ago we learned that some of our *savants* in things Egyptian were not such sceptics as their public pronouncements would lead us to suppose, and that too with regard to things more interesting than ghosts. From the account of the chatty paper intended for the public we take the following as a specimen, calling attention to the last sentence.

In Egypt the ancient gods are not dead nor are they driven into exile They still inhabit their old haunts, but they have changed their nature and become demons. From time to time they celebrate their ancient rites with all the pomp and ceremony of old days. More than one belated fellah has seen a mysterious procession going from Karnak to Luxor. A troop of horsemen heads the cavalcade, and then comes a king riding on a white horse and surrounded by foot guards. He is followed by a number of women, who are carried in litters. In the rear come more soldiers and a confused mob of people. These shadows march on silently, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but if the watcher cries out "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet," the whole procession vanishes in a storm of wind. Once or twice a year the ancient sacred lake of the temple of Ammon is illuminated and a gilded dahabieh circles round it. It is rowed by golden statues, and the cabin is full of furniture also made of gold. Anyone who likes may go on board and seize as much treasure as he likes, provided that he does not utter a sound. If the adventurer says a word, everything disappears, and he finds himself in the water, and has to make his way out as best he can. Only M. Mariette is said to have succeeded in this exploit.

# THOUGHT-POWER, ITS CONTROL AND CULTURE

(CONCLUDED FROM p. 344)

## CHAPTER VI.

### HELPING OTHERS BY THOUGHT

MOST valuable of all the gains made by the worker for thought-power, is the increased ability to help those around him, those weaker ones who have not yet learned to utilise their own powers. With his own mind and heart at peace, he is fitted to help others.

A mere kind thought is helpful in its measure, but the student will wish to do far more than drop a mere crumb to the starving.

Let us take first the case of a man who is under the sway of an evil habit, such as drink, and whom a student wishes to help. He should first ascertain, if possible, at what hours the patient's mind is likely to be unemployed—such as his hour for going to bed. If the man should be asleep, it would be all the better. At such a time, he should sit down alone, and picture the image of his patient as vividly as he can, seated in front of him—picture him clearly and in detail, so that he may see the image as he would see the man. (This very clear picturing is not essential, although the process is thereby rendered more effective.) Then he should fix his attention on this image, and address to it, with all the concentration of which he is capable, the thoughts, one by one and slowly, which he wishes to impress on his patient's mind. He should present them, as clear mental images, just as he would do if laying arguments before him in words. In the case taken, he might place before him vivid pictures of the disease and misery entailed by the drink-habit, the nervous breakdown, the inevitable end. If the patient is asleep, he will be drawn to the person thus thinking of him, and will animate the image of

himself that has been formed. Success depends on the concentration and the steadiness of the thought directed to the patient, and just in proportion to the development of the thought-power will be its effect.

Care must be taken in such a case not to try to control, in any way, the patient's will; the effort should be wholly directed towards placing before his mind the ideas which, appealing to his intelligence and emotions, may stimulate him to come to a right judgment and to make an effort to carry it out in action. If an attempt is made to impose on him a particular line of conduct, and the attempt succeed, even then little has been gained. The mental tendency towards vicious self-indulgence will not be changed by opposing an obstacle in the way of indulging in a particular form of it; checked in one direction it will find another, and a new vice will supplant the old. A man forcibly constrained to temperance by the domination of his will is no more cured of the vice than if he were locked up in prison. Apart from this, no man should try to impose his will on another, even in order to make him do right. Growth is not helped by such external coercion; the intelligence must be convinced, the emotions aroused and purified, else no real gain is made.

If the student wishes to give any other kind of thought-help, he should proceed in the same way, picturing his friend, and clearly presenting the ideas he wishes to convey. A strong wish for his good, sent to him as a general protective agency, will remain about him as a thought-form for a time proportionate to the strength of the thought, and will guard him against evil, acting as a barrier against hostile thoughts, and even warding off physical dangers. A thought of peace and consolation, similarly sent, will soothe and calm the mind, spreading around its object an atmosphere of calm.

The aid which is often rendered to another by prayer is largely of the character described above, the frequent effectiveness of prayer over ordinary good wishes being due to the greater concentration and intensity thrown by the pious believer into his prayer. Similar concentration and intensity would bring about similar results without the use of prayer.

There is, of course, another way in which prayer is some-

times effective: it calls the attention of some superhuman, or evolved human, intelligence to the person for whom it is offered, and direct aid may then be rendered to him by a power surpassing that of the offerer of the prayer.

Perhaps it is as well here to interject the remark that the half-instructed Theosophist should not take alarm, and refrain from giving to a friend any thought-assistance of which he is capable, by the fear lest he should be "interfering with karma." Let him leave karma to take care of itself, and have no more fear of interfering with it than of interfering with the law of gravitation. If he can help his friend, let him do so fearlessly, confident in the fact that, if he can do so, that help is within his friend's karma, and that he is himself the happy agent of the Law.

## Helping the so-called Dead

All that we can do for the living by thought we can do even more easily for those who have gone in front of us through death's gateway, for in their case there is no heavy physical matter to be set vibrating ere the thought can reach the waking consciousness.

After death is passed through the tendency of the man is to turn his attention inwards, and to live in the mind rather than in an external world. The thought-currents that used to rush outwards, seeking the external world through the sense-organs, now find themselves blocked by an emptiness, caused by the disappearance of their instruments. It is as though a man, rushing towards an accustomed bridge over a ravine, suddenly found himself stopped by the bridgeless gulf, the bridge having vanished.

The re-arrangement of the astral body that quickly follows on the loss of the physical body further tends to shut in the mental energies, to prevent their outer expression. The astral matter, if not disturbed by any action of those left behind on earth, forms an enclosing shell instead of a plastic instrument, and the higher and purer the earth-life that has ended, the more complete is the barrier against impressions from without, or emergence from within. But the person thus checked as to his outward-going energies is all the more receptive of influences

from the mental world, and he can therefore be helped, cheered and counselled far more effectively than when he was on earth.

In the world into which those freed from the physical body have gone, a loving thought is as palpable to the senses as is here a loving word or tender caress. Everyone who passes over should, therefore, be followed by thoughts of love and peace, by aspirations for his swift passage onwards through the valleys of death to the bright land beyond. Only too many remain in the intermediate state longer than they otherwise would because it is their bad karma not to have friends who know how to help them from this side of death. And if people on earth knew how much of comfort and of happiness is experienced by the wayfarers to the heavenly worlds from these truly angelic messengers, these thoughts of love and cheer, if they knew the force they had to strengthen and console, none would be left lonely by those who remain behind. The beloved "dead" have surely a claim on our love and care, and even apart from this how great is the consolation to the heart, bereaved of the presence that gave sunshine to life, to be able still to serve the loved one, and surround him on his way by the guardian angels of thought.

The occultists who founded the great religions were not unmindful of this service due from those left on earth to those who had passed onwards. The Hindu has his Shrâddha, by which he helps on their way the souls that have passed into the next world, quickening their passage into Svarga. The Christian Churches have Masses and Prayers for the "dead." "Grant him, O Lord, eternal peace, and let light perpetual shine on him," prays the Christian for his friend in the other world. Only the Protestant section of Christians have lost this gracious custom, with so much else that pertains to the higher life of the Christian man. May knowledge soon restore to them the useful and helpful practice of which ignorance has robbed them!

### Thought-work out of the body

We need not confine our thought activities to the hours which we spend in the physical body, for very much effective work may be done by thought when our bodies are lying peacefully asleep.

The process of "going to sleep" is simply the withdrawal of the consciousness, clad in its subtle bodies, from the physical body, which is left wrapped in sleep, while the man himself passes into the astral world. Freed from the physical body, he is much more powerful as regards the effects he can produce by his thought, but for the most part he does not send it outwards, but uses it within himself on subjects that interest him in his waking life. His thought-energies run into accustomed moulds, and work on the problems that his waking consciousness is busy in solving.

The proverb that "the night brings counsel," the advice when an important decision is to be made "to sleep on it before deciding," are vague intuitions of this fact of mental activity during the hours of slumber. Without any deliberate attempt to utilise the freed intelligence, men gather and harvest the fruit of its labour.

Those, however, who seek to steer their evolution instead of allowing it to drift, should consciously avail themselves of the greater powers they can exercise when unimpeded by the weight of the body. The way to do this is simple. Any problem needing solution should be quietly held in the mind when going to sleep; it must not be debated on, argued over, or sleep will be prevented, but, as it were, simply stated and left. This is sufficient to give the required direction to thought, and the Thinker will take it up and deal with it when freed from the physical body. The solution will generally be in the mind on waking, *i.e.*, the Thinker will have impressed it on the brain—and it is a good plan to keep paper and pencil by the bed to note down the solution immediately on waking, as a thought thus obtained is very readily erased by the thronging stimuli from the physical world, and is not easily recovered. Many a difficulty in life may be seen clearly in this way, and a tangled path rendered open. And many a mental problem may also find its solution, when submitted to the intelligence unweighted by the dense brain.

Much in the same way may a student help during the hours of sleep any friend in this world or in the next. He must picture his friend in his mind, and determine to find and help

him. That mental image will draw him and his friend together, and they will communicate with each other in the astral world. But in any case in which any emotion is aroused by the thought of the friend—as in the case of one who has passed on—the student must seek to calm it ere going to sleep. For emotion causes a swirl in the astral body, and if that body be in a state of strong agitation, it isolates the consciousness, and makes it impossible for mental vibration to pass outwards.

In some cases of such communication in the astral world, a "dream" may remain in the waking memory, while in others no trace may appear. The dream is the record—often confused and mixed with alien vibrations—of the meeting out of the body, and should be so regarded. But if no trace appear in the brain, it does not matter, since the activities of the freed intelligence are not hindered by the ignorance of the brain that does not share them. A man's usefulness in the astral world is not governed by the memories imprinted on the brain by the returning consciousness, and these memories may be entirely absent, while most beneficent work is occupying the hours of the body's sleep.

Another form of thought-work that is little remembered, and that can be done either in or out of the physical body, is the helping of good causes, of public movements beneficial to mankind. To think of these in a definite way is to start currents of aid from the inner planes of being, and we may especially consider this in relation to

### The Power of Combined Thought

The increased force that may be obtained by the union of several people to help a common object is recognised not only by occultists, but by all who know anything of the deeper science of the mind. It is the custom, in some parts at least of Christendom, to preface the sending of a mission to evangelise some special district by definite and sustained thinking. A small band of Roman Catholics, for instance, will meet together for some weeks or months before a mission is sent out, and will prepare the ground where it is to work by imaging the place, thinking of themselves as present there, and then intently medi-

tating on some definite dogma of the Church. In this way a thought-atmosphere is created in that district most favourable to the spread of Roman Catholic teachings, and receptive brains are prepared to wish to receive instruction in them. The thought-work will be aided by the added intensity given to it by fervent prayer, another form of thought-work, fired by religious fervour.

The contemplative orders of the Roman Catholic Church do a large amount of good and useful work by thought, as do the recluses of the Hindu and Buddhist faiths. Wherever a good and pure intelligence sets itself to work to aid the world by diffusing through it noble and lofty thoughts, there definite service is done to man, and the lonely thinker becomes one of the lifters of the world.

A group of like-minded thinkers, such as a group of Theosophists, may do much to spread theosophical ideas in their own neighbourhood by agreeing to give a fixed ten minutes a day to thinking on a theosophical teaching. It is not necessary that their bodies should be gathered in one place provided that their minds are together. Suppose such a group decided to think about reincarnation daily for ten minutes at a fixed time for three or six months. Powerful thought-forms would then throng the selected district, and the idea of reincarnation would come into a considerable number of minds. Enquiries would be made, books on the subject would be sought for, and a lecture on the subject, after such a preparation, would attract an eager and interested audience. Progress, out of all proportion to the physical agencies employed, is made where earnest men and women combine in this mental propaganda.

## Conclusion

Thus we may learn to utilise these great forces that lie within us all, and to utilise them to the best possible effect. As we use them they will grow, until, with surprise and delight, we shall find how great a power of service we possess.

Let it be remembered that we are continually using these powers, unconsciously, spasmodically, feebly, affecting ever for good or ill all who surround our path in life. It is here sought to induce the reader to use these same forces consciously, steadily and

strongly. We cannot help thinking to some extent, however weak may be the thought-currents we generate. We *must* affect those around us, whether we will or not; the only question we have to decide is whether we will do it beneficially or mischievously, feebly or strongly, driftingly or of set purpose. We cannot help the thoughts of others touching our minds; we can only choose which we will receive, which reject. We must affect and be affected; but we may affect others for their benefit or their injury, we may be affected by the good or by the evil. Here lies our choice, a choice momentous for ourselves and for the world:

> Choose well: for your choice
> Is brief and yet endless.

ANNIE BESANT.

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## THE WIDER TOLERATION

"IT is the inward attitude of our minds that is really important and not the outward circumstances of our lives," writes Mrs. Corbett in her wise and useful little article "Society and Solitude," in THE THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for October.

Yet it would seem as if the circumstances of our lives are continually modifying the inner attitude of our minds, for these outward circumstances of our own lives afford us the means of observing the lives of other people, and if we enter upon the study of human life from the point of view of the Wider Toleration, the more we see of other people's lives the better chance there is of our coming to suitable conclusions with regard to the faults and defects as well as the nobleness and loveliness of our fellow creatures. And for this study we require, not a head well stored and enriched with statistics, not a grand far-reaching retentive memory, not patient astute research, but simply a wide-open loving heart, that sees evil but is not able to feel that it is *all* evil, that beholds vice but does not believe that it is nothing more than vice, that can even look on cruelty, and pity more the oppressor

than the victim, remembering the words "needs be that offences come but woe to that man by whom they come."

We know only a little and we judge from that little; when we know more our judgment becomes less severe, and knowing all, if that were possible, there is no judgment that we dare deliver.

As we all develop and progress according to law, the present life of each one of us, however contemptible it may appear, is evidently the product of law as regards each ego, and therefore the most suitable and the right one for the onward move as regards this one life.

Frivolity and triviality are the only masters that can teach us at certain stages of our progress. How can we be quite sure that what seems to us onward progress is always progress onward?

The wise man attends to himself in the matter of defects, and regards in others only their virtues, for he holds that his judgment is more to be trusted when he notes what is lovely and of good report, than when he enters the more densely mâyâvic region of the unlovely. In the one case it is his Higher Self that moulds his judgment, and in the other the whisperings of the lower mind are his guide. The more we practise the Wider Toleration, the more attentive must we be to our own position, the more firmly must we plant our feet on our own spot on the battle-field, otherwise we may begin to extend the Wider Toleration to ourselves and our own failings and fall again into the completer darkness.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," the more people we know the better. It is good to know people in all grades and ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest—"all grades of beings with distinctive marks" (*Bhagavad Gîtâ*, xi. 14). It is true that in one sense, in knowing one we know all, but that sort of knowledge where we perceive One in all and all in One, is chiefly for our best and highest moods and moments, and we only reach those moments through the lower stages of work-a-day sensations.

Instead of being eager and ready to classify people and define them as frivolous, trivial, morose, unsocial, etc., it is wiser,

as Mrs. Corbett suggests, to pause and consider whether we may not be mistaken before we hasten to decide that the trivial, the frivolous, the morose, the unsocial, are in a worse plight as regards their spiritual evolution than are the serious, the earnest, the jovial, and the social.

We shall sometimes discover that people are the very reverse of what we had thought them to be—that is to say, better than we had thought; for we need not be careful at this moment about cases where we have found people below the standard we had assigned to them; that is a peculiar blunder of our own, and brings its own pain, the pain of a shattered ideal. But finding that we have misjudged either in one direction or the other ought to point to us the water-mark of our own fallibility.

What is it that stifles the Wider Toleration? It is stifled by a habit—the habit of cheap and easy criticism. What is it that we criticise? Our criticism cannot go beyond personalities, for does not the Lord reside in the innermost of each and all of us? Shall we presume to criticise Him!

This complicated bundle we call a personality, may call forth our aversion to another by such inadequate causes as a trick of speech or an awkward manner, by the cut of a garment, the curl of a finger or the shade at the end of it. Or when, covering all these with our charity, we go a little deeper and consider mental dicta, we hold ourselves more than justified in feeling convinced that these are wrong, when in reality all that is wrong in them is, that they are only the opposite of what we think is right.

We enter a room, we see who is there, and we know that we have been an object of discussion; we perceive that it is approval and we assume that they have realised the good that is in us, and our good immediately gains in bulk and weight; approval (at this stage) is happiness, and happiness means warmth, and life, and energy. We must rise to this approval, be worthy of it; we dare not let them think they have made a mistake. The good has been created, and it shall not die. Here is the work of the Wider Toleration.

But if it is the other way, if it is disapproval?

Ah! then we do not expand, we shrink and become less;

this is the first sensation, and the second is antagonism, and dislike perhaps; or it may be pity is around us or indifference, all of them deprived of love, of warmth, and leading to nothing or at most to a narrow toleration.

Then comes the danger of cliques. As part of the machinery for carrying out an undertaking, even a great undertaking like the Theosophical Society, cliques may be useful, making points and centres, but they can never form a basis of spirituality, more likely are they to produce spiritual short-sight, and they will surely arrest progress in some one direction and weaken the effect of the higher teachings, unless they are cliques formed for the special object of sending out ripples of love to those outside the clique itself.

If the higher teachings of Theosophy, with the "doctrine of the heart," are to travel no farther than the head, if they are to lodge always in the brain, we can know nothing of the Wider Toleration, and while we exhaust the mental energy and fret the nervous system for the sake of untying metaphysical knots, we might also find it well to be replacing the habit of criticism by the habit of approbation.

The arid atmosphere of criticism and depreciation of personalities dries us into mummies and shuts us into coffins of our own manufacture. Better too much light than so much gloom, better too much warmth than too much chill, better too many smiles than any frowns, better arms too wide outstretched than shoulders turned the wrong way.

Is this the gospel of gush? I think not. If all is Mâyâ let us have the brightness of Mâyâ; if all is Mâyâ, let us turn every fiend we come across into an angel, every irritating fellow student into the most soothing companion, so that we may move along surrounded by our own glorious company, which we have made out of the materials at hand by means of the "divine alchemy." One seems too humble for our taste, we place the flower of his humility in our bosom; another too proud, we make a garland of his pride and deck ourselves withal. Hard, very hard! but not more so than bringing the materials together to shape a picture, a book, a statue; and when our alchemical labours are accomplished, we have achieved a work that requires

no publisher, nor any advertisement, nor need we correct the sketch; we have created a light that shines round about us and may blend with other similar lights till they reach to the very Logos and help to illumine the world.

Let us fling wide the gates of sympathy, let inclusion replace exclusion, let in the light and warmth. Let us not be like hired servants with our unfriendly reticences and secretive ways, let us be in this respect less "British," cast off that cowardly shrinking from comment. We do not like to be discussed. Why not? Let us turn our cheek to the smiter, the blow will recoil on himself; he will not like it, and smiting will come to an end and perhaps love will come in its place.

Toleration, wide or narrow, is after all not much to brag about; suffering fools and sages with equal gladness is more, even though we may err as to the fool, for it means the kindling of light and warmth between man and man.

To refuse a smile is like refusing a penny because you believe the beggar in the street has plenty of pennies at home hoarded away; but if you give him the penny you may teach him generosity, for we know that the Divine resides as fully beneath that personality as beneath the personality of those most dear to us; we should see "all beings without exception in the Self and all in Me" (*Bhag. Gîtâ*, iv. 35).

If we should say to the willow tree: "Why do you have all your branches so straight and lanky and thin? and why cannot you keep your leaves on a little longer like the oak and the beech? and then you would not look such a miserable object in the winter. You would look more presentable and prosperous, more as if you belonged to the forest instead of to the puddles you love to be near."

The willow will reply: "I have heard that One is the going forth of the whole universe and likewise its dissolving" (*Bhag. Gîtâ*, vi. 76).

LOUISA WILLIAMS.

# THE FOURTH-GOSPEL PROBLEM*

THE whole tradition of the apostle John's residence at Ephesus is based on the assertions of Irenæus, who thus endeavours to establish his claim that he (Irenæus) was in direct contact with an apostolic tradition. In his very early youth, says Irenæus, he had known Polycarp, who, he claims, was a direct disciple of the apostolic John. This latter assertion of Irenæus is called into serious question by many scholars.

Turning to the evidence of Papias (about 140 A.D., or as Harnack would have it 145-160 A.D.), we are confronted with the enormous difficulty of his assertion that at his time two "disciples of the Lord," Aristion and John the elder, were alive, and this too following his reference to another John, a "disciple of the Lord," mentioned in a list with other well-known names of apostles, who had passed away.

We have seen that the only way out of the difficulty which Dr. Abbott can suggest is to expunge the words "disciples of the Lord" after the names of Aristion and John the elder; how does Professor Schmiedel, in his article on "John," overcome this difficulty? Papias distinctly says that his interest was to hear from the followers of the elders what they could tell him of what the elders had said about what certain "disciples of the Lord" had said. These "disciples of the Lord" were dead and Papias did not think much of either what was stated about them in books, or what certain writers declared they said. Papias believed that he would better get at the truth of the matter by direct oral tradition. This in addition also to what he had already gleaned in early life directly from certain other elders. But there was an additional confirmation of the

* See in the last three numbers the articles: "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves"; "The Outer Evidence as to the Authorship and Authority of the Gospels"; and "The Present Position of the Synoptical Problem."

nature of the "commandments given by the Lord to faith," for these same elders who had formerly known certain "disciples of the Lord" who had passed away, also knew of certain living "disciples of the Lord," namely Aristion and John the elder. Now in this connection "elder" cannot refer to age, but must refer to office. The second John is an elder, but further and beyond that he is distinguished as also being a "disciple of the Lord." In our opinion, as we have already said, this term signifies a grade, and marks out this John as enjoying the direct inspiration of the Master *after his death*.

How does Professor Schmiedel overcome this difficulty? Of the phrase "disciples of the Lord," he writes: "This expression has been used immediately before, in the stricter sense, of the apostles; in the case of Aristion and John the elder, it is clearly used in a somewhat wider meaning, yet by no means so widely as in Acts 9.1, where all Christians are so called; for in that case it would be quite superfluous here. A personal yet not long-continued acquaintance with Jesus, therefore, will be what is meant. Such acquaintance would seem to be excluded if Papias as late as 140 or 145-160 A.D., had spoken with both." Professor Schmiedel, however, thinks that Papias's words refer to an earlier time than the period when he wrote his book; but even so, we shall have to reckon with the new evidence that Aristion is perhaps the writer of the *appendix* to our canonical Mk., in which case the date leans forward again. Again Professor Schmiedel's assumption that Papias knew Aristion and John the elder personally, is based on a translation of the text peculiar to himself and out of keeping with the construction of the sentence. Otherwise, as he well sees, there are two intermediate links between John the elder and the apostles. We, therefore, prefer the straightforward meaning of Papias and the extended meaning of the term "disciples of the Lord."

Now Papias, in a fragment preserved by late writers, asserts that John the apostle suffered martyrdom, "was put to death by the Jews," whereas the "John" of Irenæus is said to have died of old age at Ephesus. Irenæus, of course, would have it that this Ephesian John was the apostle; but no other ecclesiastica writer of the second century knows anything of the residence

of the apostle at Ephesus. In the Fourth Gospel, on the other hand, it is "presupposed" that John is not to die a martyr's death, whereas the Gnostic Heracleon, about 175 A.D., confirms the martyrdom of John the apostle.

How then are these contradictory assertions to be reconciled and the "gross carelessness on the part of the leading authorities for ecclesiastical tradition" to be excused? As we have already seen from Papias, there were two Johns, the apostle and the elder, both "disciples of the Lord." John the elder may have resided at Ephesus. These two Johns have been confused together in the most unhistorical fashion by those who sought for an apostolic origin for the Fourth Gospel.

Now in the N.T. there are no less than five documents officially ascribed to the authorship of the apostle John. Of these five two only need engage our attention in the present enquiry. It is now claimed by the canon that the apostle John wrote both the Fourth Gospel and also the Apocalypse. On the other hand, no book of the N.T. has suffered such vicissitudes of acceptance and rejection as the Apocalypse, so that from the earliest times doubt was cast on its apostolic origin. But not only this, the differences of style between this document and the Fourth Gospel are so absolutely divergent that even the most uninstructed reader can detect them freely with the most superficial inspection.

In considering the authorship of the Apocalypse we must first of all proceed on the assumption that the book is a unity. "The spirit of the whole book can be urged as an argument for the apostle's authorship" on the ground that it is in entire keeping with the Synoptic description of the "son of thunder." Its eschatological contents, Jewish-Christian character, its "violent irreconcilable hostility" to enemies without and false teachers within, its fiery prophetic utterances, all testify to the justice of this by-name; still the writer does not call himself an apostle, but only a minister of Christ.

On the other hand, the technical erudition and skilful arrangement of the writer are hardly consistent with the synoptic description of John as a poor fisherman, and with the Acts' designation of him as "an unlearned and ignorant man." Above all

we should expect "a livelier image of the personality of Christ" from an eye-witness. And finally the Apocalypse speaks of the twelve in "a quite objective way," without the slightest hint that the writer is one of the twelve. These difficulties are lessened, however, if we assume that John the elder was the author and not John the apostle.

But even so we are not out of the wood, for it is no longer possible to hold that the Apocalypse is a unity, and critical research has demonstrated that it is in its simplest analysis a Jewish apocalypse over-written by a Christian hand. The question thus becomes far more complicated; was the apostle or the elder the over-writer or original author of any part of it? The only hypothesis that can hold water in this connection is the *possible* authorship of John the elder of the Letters to the Seven Churches.

After reviewing the radical differences of language and spheres of thought of the two documents under discussion, the Apocalypse and Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel concludes: "The attempt even to carry the Gospel and the Apocalypse back to one and the same circle or one and the same school . . . is therefore a bold one. It will be much more correct to say that the author of the Gospel was acquainted with the Apocalypse and took help from it so far as was compatible with the fundamental differences in their points of view. On account of the dependence thus indicated it will be safe to assume that the Apocalypse was a valued book in the circles in which the author of the Gospel moved, and that he arose in that environment and atmosphere."

To this we cannot altogether agree; it may be that the Apocalypse was a valued book in the circle of the writer of the Gospel because of its apocalyptic character, but it is manifestly certain that the writer of the fourth Gospel did not arise in the intolerant and unloving "environment and atmosphere," of the compiler and overwriter of the Revelation.

Turning now to the Fourth Gospel itself, the method of enquiry adopted by scientific research centres itself upon the question of this Gospel's historicity. "In proportion as tradition concerning the authorship is uncertain, must we rely all the

more upon this means of arriving at knowledge." The most important line of research is that of comparison with the three synoptic writings, but here it has to be remembered that we must not begin by postulating a higher degree of historicity for the synoptists, all we can legitimately do is to discover the differences, and then ascertain which is the more preferable account, and finally enquire whether the less preferable can have come from an eye-witness.

To take the fundamental differences in order. The powerful personality of the Baptist in the synoptics in Jn. becomes a mere "subsidiary figure introduced to make known the majesty of Jesus." The scene of the public ministry of Jesus in Jn. is very different from the synoptic account; equally so is the order of the principal events in the public life. The miracle-narratives in Jn. are "essentially enhanced" beyond those of the synoptics, and Jn. adds new and more astonishing narratives; moreover Jn.'s miracles can always be more easily explained symbolically. But perhaps the most important difference of all is that relating to the date of the crucifixion; moreover Jn. does not mention the celebration of the last supper, but preaches the mystical doctrine that the Christian "passover" was the sacrifice of Christ on the cross. Further "the difference in character between the synoptic and the Johannine discourses of Jesus can hardly be over-estimated." As to Jn.'s representation of Jesus, it is always in harmony with the "utterances of the Johannine Christ," that He is the Logos of God. Nothing that would savour of an earthly origin or nature is recorded of Jesus. The author of the Fourth Gospel preaches the universality of salvation, spiritualises the eschatology and the "second advent." The sayings of Jesus regarding Himself assert his pre-existence from all eternity, and that He is the only Way and only Son of the Father; in brief He is identified with the Logos of the prologue.

This prologue Professor Schmiedel assumes to be written by the author of the rest of the work, but we are of opinion that it is from some other hand, and not only so but specially selected as an appropriate introduction, if not as a text upon which the leading doctrinal ideas of the Gospel are based. And this may explain the following contradictory views of the critics, for

Professor Schmiedel writes: "One might suppose it to be self-evident that the evangelist in his prologue had the intention of propounding the fundamental thoughts which he was about to develop in the subsequent course of the gospel." Whereas Professor Harnack's opinion is "that the prologue is not the expression of the evangelist's own view, but is designed merely to produce a favourable prepossession on behalf of the book in the minds of educated readers."

Now it is to be noticed that there is no positive teaching in the Gospels, or in the N.T. generally, as to the origin of things except in this proem. It is further to be noticed that just as the later followers of Plato specially singled out the *Timæus* for study and commentary, so did the most philosophical among the Christians (for instance, the Gnostics of the second half of the second century) single out this proem for commentary. The *Timæus* is evidently based on and compiled from fragments of more ancient writings, and we are of opinion that this also is the case with the proem of the Fourth Gospel.

But when Professor Schmiedel writes: "The perception that the prologue is deliberately intended as a preparation for the entire contents of the gospel has reached its ultimate logical result in the proposition that the entire gospel is a conception at the root of which lies neither history nor even tradition of another kind, but solely the ideas of the prologue," we are not quite certain that this is altogether the case. We rather hold that the prologue by itself was not the basis of the Gospel, but that the author was brought up in an atmosphere in which such ideas as those contained in the prologue were current, and that the prologue itself is a scrap of a lost document. We hold, further, that there was a distinct tradition of these ideas differing considerably from the synoptic tradition, though at the same time we do not deny the personal inspiration of the writer of the Fourth Gospel and his independent treatment of both the outer and inner traditions. This does not of course assume the historicity of the "Johannine tradition," but it assumes a mystical tradition of not only equal authority with the outer traditions, but of greater authority, in the mind of the writer of the "Johannine" document, than the view of the synoptists.

Professor Schmiedel, in summing up the comparison of Jn. with the synoptics, writes: "We shall be safe in asserting not only that the synoptists cannot have been acquainted with the Fourth Gospel, but also that they were not aware of the existence of other sources, written or oral, containing all these divergences from their own account which are exhibited in this Gospel." This seems to be the correct conclusion from the evidence; at the same time it must be remarked that though the writer of the Fourth Gospel was acquainted with the main materials used by the three synoptists, and treated them with the greatest freedom, and though the synoptists seem to have known nothing of the written or oral traditions used exclusively by Jn., that all this does not necessarily exclude their being contemporary writers.

As to the internal evidence for the nationality of the evangelist, "his attitude—partly of acceptance, partly of rejection—towards the O.T.," and his "defective acquaintance with the conditions in Palestine in the time of Jesus," lead to the conclusion "that he was by birth a Jew of the Dispersion or the son of Christian parents who had been Jews of the Dispersion." It has, however, been strongly argued that the writer could not possibly have been a Jew.

Now as the formal conclusion of the Fourth Gospel is to be found at the end of chap. 20, chap. 21 is "beyond question" an appendix, and moreover can be clearly proved not to have come from the same author as the writer of the rest of the book. The main purpose of the second half of this appendix is the "accrediting" of the document—a fact which shows that the authorship and contents were already called into question.

The authors of this appendix assert that it was a certain disciple whom Jesus loved who had written "these things," and that they (the authors) know that his "testimony" is true.

The Gospel's writer's own account of the author is that "he who saw it bare record and his record is true: and *that one* knows that he speaks true." The greatest possible ingenuity has been exhausted on these words so as to make them a statement of the writer concerning himself, but this is manifestly an impossibility. Finally, in the supposed other testimony as to

himself the designation of the unnamed disciple as "the disciple whom Jesus loved," speaks "quite decisively" against this assumption. In all of this, therefore, we have no certain fact as to authorship from internal evidence.

Passing next to the external evidence for the genuineness of the Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel has of course to traverse the same ground which we have already reviewed in referring to Dr. Abbott's labours. This he does in a very full and scholarly manner, and in summing up his estimate of the evidence writes: "We find ourselves compelled not only to recognise the justice of the remark of Reuss that 'the incredible trouble which has been taken to collect external evidences only serves to show that there are none of the sort which were really wanted,' but also to set it up even as a fundamental principle of criticism that the production of the Fourth Gospel must be assigned to the shortest possible date before the time at which traces of acquaintance with it begin to appear. Distinct declarations as to its genuineness begin certainly not earlier than about 170 A.D."

It is quite true that nothing can be definitely proved beyond this; but, as we have already indicated, we are inclined to assign as early a date to the Fourth Gospel as to the synoptics, and attribute its later recognition, as compared with that of the synoptics, to the difficulty which the general mind always experiences in assimilating mystical and spiritual doctrine.

"If," however, "on independent grounds some period shortly before 140 A.D. can be set down as the approximate date of the production of the Gospel," then new importance is to be attached to a passage (5. 43) where Jesus is made to say: "I am come in the name of my father and ye receive me not; if another will come in his own name, him will ye receive." This is to be taken as a prophecy after the event, as is the case in thousands of instances in contemporary apocalyptic literature. Barchochba, claiming to be the Messiah, headed a revolt of the Jews in 132 A.D., which ended in the complete extinction of the Jewish state in 135 A.D.

Furthermore, in reviewing the nature of the external evidence as to the Gospels, Professor Schmiedel gives a valuable

warning to those who have to decide between the conservative and independent views on the matter. After citing a number of declarations of the Church Fathers (with regard to other writings) which are admitted by both sides to be fantastic or erroneous, he writes: "When the Church Fathers bring before us such statements as these, no one believes them; but when they 'attest' the genuineness of a book of the Bible, then the conservative theologians regard the fact as enough to silence all criticism. This cannot go on for ever. Instead of the constantly repeated formula that an ancient writing is 'attested' *as early as* by (let us say) Irenæus, Tertullian, or Clement of Alexandria, there will have to be substituted the much more modest statement that its existence (not genuineness) is attested only *as late as* by the writers named, and even this only if the quotations are undeniable or the title expressly mentioned."

After this declaration it is strange to find the learned critic adopting the statement of one of these Church Fathers on a most debatable point without the slightest hesitation.

We have already seen the strong mystical bias of the writer of the Fourth Gospel, and we naturally turn to Professor Schmiedel's exposition to learn his opinion on the relation of this Gospel to Gnosticism. He admits that "the gospel shows clearly how profoundly Gnostic ideas had influenced the author"; but on this very important subject Professor Schmiedel has no light to offer. He seems to accept the entirely polemical assertion of Hegesippus, as handed on by Eusebius, that "profound peace reigned in the entire Church till the reign of Trajan [98-117 A.D.]; but after the second choir of the apostles had died out and the immediate hearers of Christ had passed away, the godless corruption began through the deception of false teachers, who now with unabashed countenance dared to set up against the preaching of truth the doctrines of Gnosis, falsely so-called. There is no reason for disputing the date here given."

On the contrary, there is every possible reason for disputing not only the date, but every single item of the statements, as we have shown at great length in our recent work on the subject. Here again, as everywhere else in connection with the Gnosis,

the new *Encyclopædia* reveals its vulnerable side, as we shall endeavour to prove in our concluding paper.

As to the place of composition of the Fourth Gospel, Professor Schmiedel inclines to Asia Minor, as the easiest hypothesis ; it is only on this assumption that we can explain how the Gospel could be ascribed to some John living there. But the strongly Alexandrian ideas of the Gospel are, in our opinion, somewhat against this, though of course Gnostic ideas, and very probably Alexandrian, could be current in Asia Minor. There is, however, nothing to prevent us referring the origin to an Alexandrian circle, and the carrying of an early copy of the document to Asia Minor.

But before leaving the subject it should be mentioned that the criticism of the Fourth Gospel, which has so far proceeded on the assumption of its unity (excepting, of course, the appendix and the prologue), is further complicated by hypotheses of "sources," and the question of interpolation. The question of sources, however, does not help us at present to an any more satisfactory solution of the problem ; there may, indeed, be interpolations, "but if it is proposed to eliminate every difficult passage as having been interpolated, very little indeed of the gospel will be left at the end of the process."

With regard to the whole question of Fourth Gospel criticism Professor Schmiedel says that there is only "positive relief from an intolerable burden," when "the student has made up his mind to give up any such theory as that of the 'genuineness' of the gospel, as also of its authenticity in the sense of its being the work of an eye-witness who meant to record actual history. Whoever shrinks from the surrender can, in spite of all the veneration for the book which constrains him to take this course, have little joy in his choice. Instead of being able to profit by the elucidation regarding the nature and the history of Jesus, promised him by the 'genuineness' theory, he finds himself at every turn laid under the necessity of meeting objections on the score of historicity, and if he has laboriously succeeded (as he thinks) in silencing these, others and yet others arise tenfold increased, and in his refutation of these, even when he carries it through—and that too even, it may be, with a tone of great

assurance—he yet cannot in conscientious self-examination feel any true confidence in his work."

It only remains to add that, in our opinion, the same remarks with slight modification might be made with regard to by far the greater part of the synoptical writings as well.

But that such a poor answer as the one we are led to deduce from the general point of view of advanced criticism, will satisfy the question: "What think ye of Christ?" is and must be highly repugnant to those who not only love but also worship Him. What, then, are the grounds for this intuition of greater things, which refuses to sacrifice itself on the altar of "science"? Our next paper will be devoted to a general consideration of this question.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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# IS PAIN GAIN?

WHERE pain ends, gain ends.—ROBERT BROWNING.

To those who think often and seriously on the problems that life has to offer them, the question: Is pain gain? must often recur.

Pain seems at first sight such an unnatural and unnecessary thing, and so opposed to the harmony that should reign in a God-created world, that it might be considered to be an incongruous element in life, occasioning disasters and destruction, and to be avoided as far as possible, if not entirely done away with.

If we look for examples or instruction from the effects that the world around has on us, we find that most natural objects can and do give pleasure to mankind, and that pain seems, so to speak, out of order with our natural environment.

The sun, moon and stars, air with its freshness and its strength, water in its various manifestations, and the earth and

all its productions, are certainly causes of happiness to many and provide what have been called by Browning "the wild joys of living." And these simple physical pleasures sink into obscurity when compared to the subtler joys felt by those who enjoy beautiful scenery, and who can be made happy by sea and mountain, or simply sunshine, air and sky. Then we come to the innumerable satisfactions of human intercourse, varying between friendship and love, but with the same feeling of pleasure always underlying. The delights of music, art and literature must not be forgotten and the joy of creation felt by the artist, not to mention the intense pleasure resulting from all forms of development of power, especially brain power. And finally we arrive at those who find their truest happiness within their own spirit, and whose life of thought or devotion brings a satisfaction deeper than any that could be occasioned by sense pleasures, or sensations arising from external stimulation.

All who might be included in these categories may fairly be considered to be thankful for the fact of existence, and to rejoice they are alive, when they find that, as the same poet says, "the world means intensely and means good," and that "to find its meaning is their meat and drink."

Education and development will have been a pleasure rather than a pain to them, and they usually consider the world to be on the whole a pleasant dwelling-place. It is obvious that to such people pain must come as a most unwelcome guest, and would seem to be unnecessary and undesirable. All being so good, why should it be marred by the jarring of conflicting elements? Why cannot these harmless pleasures be enjoyed in peace? At all events, pain of any description should be avoided as far as possible, if this aspect of life be a true one, for life when painless is a good and satisfactory possession, producing pleasurable sensations to be enjoyed to the utmost possibilities. This happy condition, then, should be the common environment of mankind, as we have seen that the most natural everyday conditions are capable of producing great happiness.

How, then, can we account for the words that head these pages: "Where pain ends, gain ends," and for the fact that this sentiment is echoed again and again by poets, philosophers

and holy men of all countries? Strange to say, those who have advanced the furthest in spiritual development, preach most constantly this doctrine of the value of pain.

The ascetic doctrine that pain is an absolute benefit and a clear good to the person who feels it, is too well known to need repetition. There have been men and women in all religions who hoped to "gain heaven by making earth a hell," and who have lived lives of voluntary pain, believing it to be a high virtue which would bring them nearer to the Divine pattern. Even in the sober Protestant West, where asceticism of this type has been little favoured, a strong impression has prevailed among religious people that happiness is rather a dangerous thing, and that anything unpleasant is likely to be advantageous to the soul of the person involved. So much was this teaching disseminated, that many young persons who happened to have a natural healthy enjoyment of life, had a rooted impression that all good things were disagreeable. They believed from this unfortunate doctrine, that the religious life must of necessity be painful and wearisome, and have often been prejudiced against all spiritual life and teaching. Yet it is undeniable that some of the greatest teachers have seemed to hold the view that pain is a good and desirable thing, without which no progress in the religious life can be made. Others, again, have held that the mere fact of physical existence must be a hindrance to all such efforts, and the soul attuned to the harmonies of the higher life can feel little or no satisfaction in the earth-life of mankind.

This view, that when the soul's energies are focussed in the life of the spirit, pain and distress must inevitably follow to the lower nature, is by no means confined to the teachers of religion. Indifference to all earthly pleasures is looked on as a necessary equipment for mental development by many philosophers and learned men. These have often held the doctrine that any pleasure that could be enjoyed in this world, is beneath the notice of a serious thinker who is anxious to contemplate realities and fix his mind on eternal truths. We see the pessimistic views of such a man as Schopenhauer, who held that "this world is the worst possible of worlds," and the greatest of all philosophers, Plato, taught that the soul was enchained in the

body as in a prison, and that the release from this bondage was the best thing that could be hoped for it.

Evidently such men do not look on earthly life as a great privilege, nor think that "it means intensely and means good." They would probably not much care to find out its meaning, but prefer attempting to release their soul from the chains that tie it to the body and in this world. Even if they do not believe that "pain is gain," as some ardent religionists would think, they believe in the utter inadequacy of any sort of pleasure or enjoyment to satisfy a superior person. No real happiness can be found in the environment provided by life in this world.

The leading books of devotion of different religions carry out this same ascetic view of life. We find in such a widely read work as the *Imitation of Christ*, that sorrow and pain must attend the truly religious man from one end of life to another, and that he can only hope to obtain happiness in the world to come. Some glimpses of spiritual joys may keep him from utter despair in the woeful and wicked habitation in which he must dwell till happily called away to a better land.

In the *Voice of the Silence* we hear that the earth is a hall ot sorrow and as a dismal entrance to the valley of light; also that "the ladder by which the candidate ascends is formed of rungs of suffering and pain." But here the text is continued with more hopeful words: "These can be silenced only by the voice of virtue." That would seem to infer that the pain and suffering are not so much desirable in themselves as necessary contingents on the loss of virtue in a pilgrim on the narrow way, which might well be the case.

Some teachers have treated pain in this way as being desirable on account of its medicinal effects on the character rather than as having any virtue in itself. Shakespeare says, as we all know, "Sweet are the uses of adversity," and Mrs. Browning well expresses this theory in her impassioned words:

> But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on God.

Though as a matter of fact it is doubtful if sorrow and pain *do* invariably turn the soul to higher things. Instances may be recalled where trouble has had a distinctly deteriorating effect on the whole character.

But the main point at issue is this: Is pain a real good in itself as some would seem to believe, or is it an accident upsetting the harmony of life?

We must face the fact that many great religious teachers seem to incline to the former view, which is often put forth with authority. Some have explained the matter by laying down that, though the higher nature may feel happiness when living the higher life, the lower nature must inevitably suffer in the gradual subjection to it. Another reason given is that no definite spiritual progress can be made without complete renunciation, which must of necessity be painful, involving, as it does, a possible loss of all earthly good. Here the question might be asked: Is renunciation necessarily painful, or may it appear to some as even desirable?

It is of course incumbent on all truly in earnest, in the same way that a soldier is expected to obey orders and suffer discomforts and hardships, if not wounds and death. But as a rule soldiers do not object to these concomitants of their profession, indeed they generally regard them with pride and satisfaction.

Would it not be the same with those who wish to lead the higher life, and who know how much less satisfactory material pleasures are than spiritual joys? If this be the case, these constant depreciations of this earth and the life that must be lived on it, are probably only relative, and might be put thus:

As a hall of sorrow, or as a dismal entrance to a valley of light, is anything that can be experienced here, however pleasant it may seem. Or, as a farthing rushlight to the glory of the sun, so is the best knowledge and intelligence of the man on earth to that of those who have reached spheres above. And the pleasure which men think they feel now, is as pain and sorrow compared to the happiness of the true life.

In the *Taittirîyopaniṣhad* it is shown how small any bliss that can be enjoyed in this life is, when compared to that of beings of higher grades; each stage of development being a hundredfold happier than the preceding, until the final goal is attained.

The possible meaning in this and other similar devotional works, is that pain and sorrow are not good in themselves, but that

all earthly experiences, when seen from above, seem small and limited, if not actually stale, flat and unprofitable. The imagined mental suicide of all possible interests in life which seems so terrible to the beginner, but which he fears may be necessary if he is to advance in spiritual life, will simply resolve itself into a *change* to an immeasurably higher set of interests which will prove more satisfying in every way.

Should not a truly harmonious nature progress step by step in its development without necessarily experiencing any great pain? The usual changes from one state to another will duly occur with the slight natural griefs contingent on these changes in a healthy and well-balanced character. But the harrowing agony of remorse and shame, and the many other forms of misery that arise from wrong-doing, would never be experienced by such a nature. It would pass from one condition to another as easily as the well brought-up and well nurtured child passes from stage to stage of its education. The pleasures and occupations of youth are enjoyed at the right time and in the right way, and forgotten and cast aside as worthless when needed no longer.

Equally worthless will seem those things that form the happiness of the average person when he rises above them, as he must eventually do when he begins to evolve on higher planes. They will then drop off of themselves, and the ascetic who resigns them with such pain and distress, at a time when he may really have required some rest and recreation for the proper development of his character, will perhaps find himself no further advanced spiritually than, if so far as, the calm and well-balanced character who has enjoyed the pleasures of life and endured the pains, without undue consideration of either.

For he who is determined to follow the guidance of the Light within him cannot be deterred by any pain, or distracted by any pleasure, from whatever path on which that Light within him may lead him. But he does not seek pain as a good in itself, nor does he look on pleasure or happiness as a danger and source of evil. The higher must be sought as a matter of course, and there can be no need of finding this world weary and un-

satisfying before feeling the necessity of seeking possessions in another.

It is such a commercial idea only to seek the higher when the lower has failed to serve and can no more bring peace and happiness. Surely a noble soul could not be actuated by any such contemptible feelings and does not make bargains or exchange itself with the highest bidder!

The truth is that we "needs must seek the highest when we *see* it," and the renunciation that follows, whether it be in deed, or only in will, is such a matter of course that an awakened soul would be conscious of little or none of the struggle that many have thought ought to be a necessity.

The childish pleasures have served their purpose in development, as have equally the necessary pains and discomforts of life. Both will pass away almost unobserved with the advancement of the soul to the higher realms of nature, as its inner nature gradually unfolds. May we then believe that happiness is the natural state of the ego as it works its way through its many experiences, and will be found by those who understand the true secret of life; also that though pain should be met bravely when it chances to occur, it need not be sought on its own account or glorified with artificial values?

CAROLINE CUST.

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THE single sense and thought of cosmos is to make all things, and make them back into itself again, as organ of the will of God, so organised that it, receiving all the seeds into itself from God, and keeping them within itself, may make all manifest, and then dissolving them, make them all new again; and thus, like a good gardener of life, things that have been dissolved, it taketh to itself, and giveth them renewal once again. There is no thing to which it gives no life; but taking all unto itself it makes them live, and is at the same time the place of life and its creator.—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

# THE EXCELLENT VERSATILITY OF THE MINOR POET

PETALS of wild cherry blossom were flying on a soft rush of wind that swept through the beech wood. Little bright sheathlets lay, brown and shining, at the feet of the smooth silver-green boles of the trees. The leaves, not yet rid of the silky soft fringes of their baby-hood, fluttered like little flags, and glowed like green flame; they were not yet thick enough to hide the misty blue sky, laced with feathery cloudlets. Light seemed to flow from the little leaves—the light of life, the life of springtime. The "fire of God" was aflame in the wood world; a green mist of colour was aglow in the very air that pulsed between the beech-tree boles. In every dell the bracken sprang up straightly, uncurling its brown heads to spread abroad the branches of its later summer greenery; the first blue-bells were there too, covering the ground with tender blue mist, and filling the air with an ecstasy of perfume that smote the senses with the pain that attends the inexpressible and almost intangible; for the soul of all joy, of all sweetness, whether of perfume, sight or sound, is ever hidden away in the heart of things, wherefore all that can be smelt, or seen, or heard, does but torment us with a deeper, eternally elusive longing.

On a bough a blue tit hung head downwards; and beneath the bough, half hidden in a crisp bed of last year's leaves, lay a child who watched the tit with half-shut eyes, and shook with a delight he did not understand, which was akin to pain. A queer, lonely, shy child, lying in a wood; trembling with a force which was trying to express itself through him. He was the motherless son of an old country vicar, who took scarcely any notice of him until the boy was old enough to read the books his father loved; who let the child "run wild" from sunrise to sunset, and after.

Those who commented on the matter, said it was very bad for a boy to have no young companions, and to dream alone, in a wood all day. This was true; but circumstances alter cases. The training, or rather the lack of any training from the world of men, happened to be just what this particular child needed; this was probably the reason he was placed where he was, to struggle through a short life alone. People were as shadows to the boy—shadows whom he greeted kindly, to whom he meekly submitted himself in much; for he was docile in most matters, partly because there were so few things of the outer world for which this queer child really cared. When the outer things were forced upon his notice, he observed all manner of traits in people which others did not see. But for the most part he did not live in the world of men at all, but in the life of the beech wood, and in the life of that which the wood partly expressed—a life after which he reached continually without knowing or finding it.

He lay in the withered leaves and quivered with the thoughts and dim sensations that came about him like living presences; a power, not his own, seemed to press upon the child, till the wood vanished from his eyes; it was as though the wide sky had suddenly stooped to the boy and engulfed him in a flood of quivering living light.

Vague longings, longings to express somewhat that lurked within and ever eluded him, compassed the child about; until at last the knowledge stole upon him that he could put a shadow of his thought into rhythmic words; words with a cadence that should tell of brooks and whispering leaves, and the songs and rustling of the birds in the beech wood.

It was about this time that the father saw that his child was not as other children; when he saw it he gave the boy no less liberty, but he bestowed upon him freely such knowledge as was his, and let him learn from the poets of past and present the power that lies in deftly wielded words.

So this boy, Fletewode Garth, lived in the quiet old vicarage house, surrounded by the beech woods and the meadows; and dreamed, and wrote, and read such books as his father possessed, which were less numerous than well chosen. His father, the

gentlest, simplest, most unworldly of men, never speculated as to his boy's future. Nor did the lad himself dream, as yet, of giving his thoughts to the world; of fame to be or of money making he never thought at all.

The day came (it was when Fletewode was twenty years old), that the mild old vicar, having finished his appointed course as pastor of Beechenfield, sat down peacefully to smoke and dose under the shade of a trellised Crimson Rambler in the vicarage garden; and there he fell asleep and never woke up again. Then it was found that save for the sum of £100 in the Bank, his son was left penniless; very well read in English literature, with much delicacy of taste in art and poetry, with such classical attainments as the old vicar had himself possessed, and with no other qualifications for making his way in the world—save genius. So that it is obvious he ran a very good chance of starving.

His father's cousin, a prosperous man of business, desired to do well by him. He offered to obtain for him a clerkship in the city. Fletewode thanked him; then he pointed out that he was very unbusinesslike, that arithmetic was not his strong point, in fact he was in the habit, when necessity arose, of adding up on his fingers; also that he wrote a very unclerkly hand. Moreover, he said: "I want to write about the things of which I think; and I believe that is the only thing I can really do well."

His relative regarded him as a fool, and did not take the trouble to hide the fact. Fletewode was quite unruffled by this, which annoyed his kinsman still more. There is nothing to be done with a person who does not mind what you think of, or say to, him; and it makes you appear as though you were of little account in his eyes. Fletewode's relative was unpleasantly conscious of this; nevertheless, he tried again to rouse the impracticable youth to a sense of realities; he asked him how he proposed to live. Fletewode replied that he possessed £100; he supposed he could live on that for some time; perhaps he should earn money by the things he wrote; he had not considered the matter deeply; and, after all, money was of secondary importance. To speak disrespectfully of other people's gods is unjustifiable; Fletewode's relative, very properly, cursed him in the

names of Worldly Wisdom, Business, and Commonsense; also he said he washed his hands of him, when he was starving in the gutter he'd come to his senses. Fletewode smiled like one who is occupied with more important questions, but lends a kindly ear to childlike babblings; then he went out to sit under the Crimson Rambler, where his father died; the crimson petals lay thickly on the walk, and in a crook of the thorny boughs a flycatcher was feeding a youthful family.

A week later Fletewode left the vicarage, and the roses, the beech wood and the birds, and went to London with a sheaf of manuscripts and a few books. At the end of a year he had written a great deal, but no one heeded him. Who was to be expected to turn aside from the press of life to see whether this shabbily dressed young man, who couched all manner of wild, mystical thoughts of God and humanity and nature in melodious verse, that made one think of the murmur of the wind through a perfumed wood on a June night—who was to take much trouble, I say, to see whether there was any truth in the words, or genius in the soul, of such a country lad as this?

At the end of a year the £100 was nearly gone; not that Fletewode had recklessly spent the whole of this enormous sum on himself, but he found (it is not an unusual experience) many people in the not too magnificent street where he rented a room who were poorer than he; these people looked upon him as a man of fortune, and they explained to him the duty of the rich towards the poor.

On a day in spring Fletewode Garth sat in his room and shivered with nervousness and hunger, while he faced the fact that he had but three shillings left.

Soon he would not be able to buy ink and paper; his work was beginning to suffer a little by reason of lack of food, and anxiety. It was for that reason the sheet of paper on the table before him was angrily torn across, and stained, moreover, with tears. He could not think; the halting of his brain, the blunting of his perceptions, were the keenest tortures life could bring a soul like Fletewode Garth. He had altered during his year of town life; the child-look, which had lingered in his eyes despite his twenty years, was gone. He was no longer semi-unconscious

of his surroundings and steeped in dreams of the things beyond. He was nervously, irritably, bitterly conscious of his world. Life—the seamy side of it—had made him look on the things men call the realities of existence; the ugliest, most sordid, most evil side of life. He had looked to some purpose, looked till his heart was sickened, till his brain was weary with pain and hopelessness. Looked, till the pressure of the sordid-seeming struggle without, and the strong constraining power of that mystic something within, a power which was laid on him despite himself, sometimes strained his nerves to breaking point.

Now, too, a dread had seized him. The sight of the world's sorrow had made him tremblingly anxious that his human comrades should hear him speak of the fairer things; of that which he felt to be true, which once had been the whole of life for him. For the first time he desired to comfort and to succour, and though he knew it not, this longing gave to his work the last touch it needed—the human touch, the power of speech from heart to heart.

Suppose, he thought, he died of poverty, and all he had written was swept away unread. Fletewode actually believed that it is possible to sweep out of existence, irrevocably and for all time, a thing which the world needs, or will need. Therefore he grieved; he had no personal ambitions, he did not mind obscurity or death, nor did he greatly mind suffering; but now, at last, he wished people to have the happiness that had vanished from his own life.

He got up with a sigh, took his hat, and went out. He was going to seek a possible patron. John Chalmers, a man whom he once helped with some of the vanished £100, told him "to go and see Scottie; Scottie might put something in his way."

John Chalmers was a clever man, who would have been a successful artist, save that he drank. He drew rather coarse cartoons for inferior comic papers.

"Scottie," on the other hand, was a prosperous person. He had a talent for inventing jingling refrains which "caught on" with the public; his comic songs, "patriotic" songs, and dance music were whistled by every street boy, and ground out by every piano organ in London.

Fletewode Garth reached the house of this prosperous man; it was a little house in the suburbs, with a lilac tree bursting into bloom in the small front garden. Mr. Scottie had lunched an hour before his visitor's arrival; but, being conscienceless in such matters, he lied and said he was famished, and luncheon was late. This he did because he knew Fletewode Garth was hungry; for, before he and the public had discovered his gift for tunes, he was a struggling provincial actor, stranded in South Wales by a decamping manager; wherefore he had tramped to the nearest large town, went forty-eight hours without food, and slept under a hayrick in a pelting thunderstorm; this invaluable experience caused him to send for Fletewode, and also caused him to perceive the signs of famine, and shape his lie in accordance with his observations. Now if some persons had refrained from that lie, it would have indicated in them a high regard for truth; but if Mr. Scottie had refrained from it, it would have argued lack of sympathy rather than morality; for he lied fairly often, and believed it to be necessary; therefore his untruthfulness to Fletewode was an act of unmixed virtue.

After luncheon he told his guest he wanted verses—up-to-date verses—to which he could attach tunes; his old friend, Farquharson, who used to write them for him, was dead; would Fletewode try to fill his place. It was pure philanthropy on the part of this patron of poetry; he could get countless jingles of the kind he needed; but he was sorry for the lad, whose white face, hollow eyes, and air of nervous strain, had touched him.

Fletewode said he would try. He went home, and thought for a few minutes. Then he drew from his memory a quaint country tale of his old home; he cast it into the form of a ballad. It was stirring enough; a story of love and heroism, of those elemental passions of the race which are always young, always able to grip the imagination. The next day he took it to his patron, who shook his head:

"My dear chap," said he amiably, "*This* won't do. I want something that will go down at the *Rag Bag*. Never been to the *Rag Bag?* Great Scott! How on earth can you write unless you know the world? I'll give you a pass. You go and see for yourself the kind of thing I want."

Fletewode went to the *Rag Bag;* at first the foolish vulgarity of the songs, the dull, sordid atmosphere of the place, wearied him. Then his mind, an ever-plastic machine, adapted itself a little; he began to take a sort of amused pleasure in learning the "trick of the thing." His cleverness began to prompt him; to show him how easily he could write rhymes much more pointed, much more witty, and considerably more harmful, than the majority of these coarse, imbecile jingles; his genius, which was the power beyond, held his mind back, and said: "Keep these powers holy for me."

Next day he went to see Scottie, and told him he did not care to do it.

"Why not?" said his patron, a little piqued.

"I don't care to wade in the gutter mud," said Fletewode irritably, and indeed, very rudely and ungratefully; but he was overstrung and tormented by various sections of his mental and emotional make-up pulling at him at once, and each in a different direction.

"What bosh!" said the other. "Gutter mud! Gutter mud be hanged! The people *want* it. Old Farquharson was as decent a fellow as ever breathed. You think the poor old chap has gone below, I suppose, because he wrote these things to keep his missus and the kids out of the workhouse? Well! Of all the beastly *cant*—"

"No, no, I don't mean that. It was all right for him."

"If you think you're a better fellow than old Farquharson was, my young friend, you're jolly well mistaken," said the other, strumming excruciatingly on the piano, for he was growing annoyed.

"I never said I was better. I never think, or care either, whether I am good, bad, or indifferent. Can't you see how hideously ugly these songs are? Jingling tunes and Bank holiday verses! They're like the smell of withered cabbages and naphtha lamps."

This was not very courteous to the kindly composer of the said tunes.

"Oh, well," said he, rather sharply, "as you please! Er—I'm rather busy, Mr. Garth."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said Fletewode, starting and colouring. "I'm afraid I've been rude. I'm sorry. Good morning, and—thank you."

That evening he sat alone as usual, and tried to write his thoughts. He was cold and tired and half-starved. There was only a shilling left. He had written a sonnet, perhaps one of the most difficult forms of poetry, needing the greatest perfection of execution. He read it, sitting near the window, where a streak of the dying sunlight could fall on his numbed frame. The lines halted, they did not even scan; the thoughts were feeble, confused. His work was bad; it was fatally, irredeemably bad. He crushed the paper in his hands, fell on his knees on the floor, and rested his head on the seat of his one wooden chair. There are some agonies of the soul into which it is sacrilege to pry; this was one of them, we will not try to gauge it.

At last Fletewode stood up, went out, spent his last shilling on a meal, and came back penniless. That was no matter, to-morrow Scottie would give him five, perhaps ten, shillings.

He sat at the table and wrote; as he wrote he became absorbed in his work, he found himself laughing over it. When it was finished he read it through, he dropped it on the table, rested his head upon it and cried like a child. He had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; and his life died within him for very shame. The dawn found him asleep in his chair, his head still resting on the paper.

The next day he sought his patron, apologised for his folly, was easily forgiven by the most placable and kindly of slip-knot principled men, and tendered his verses. The amiable Scottie took them, read, and chuckled over them appreciatively:

"You jolly young humbug!" he said with genuine admiration. "And you got a pass for the *Rag Bag* out of me to give you a tip!"

"Will they do—these verses?"

"Rather!" still chuckling. "I'll give you ten shillings for them—yes—I don't mind giving you ten shillings. They're very smart. *This* is your real line, you see; you'll get on now like a house on fire,"

"Give them to me. I'll polish them. They're in the rough. wrote them quickly."

"They'll do."

"Give them back, I tell you," said Fletewode irritably. "They might have been raked out of the Thames mud; but, even so, I won't let them go like that. I'll polish them. You shall have them to-morrow.

Scottie handed him the verses and a ten-shilling piece. Fletewode went home to "polish" his production.

He spread the verses out before him. From his window he could see stacks of chimney pots, their crudeness of colour mellowed by the picturesqueness of dirt lit by the benign influence of May sunshine. Through the open window floated the fluty call of a caged thrush, whose cage hung over a great heap of wallflowers on the stall of a greengrocer's shop.

Fletewode listened awhile, picked up the verses, dropped them, half raised his hands to his head, let them fall, and sat still. His limbs grew numb and heavy, then they vanished from his consciousness; all his life seemed to be focussed to one point, with a great eagerness and yearning, for what he knew not.

The room faded from his sight. Petals of wild cherry blossom, like faery cups fashioned from snow flakes, were flying through the air; the green of the beeches was like living flame; the wood was full of keen strong life. The birds were building; a wren flew by with thistledown in her beak; down by the little stream where marsh marigolds and water forget-me-nots grew, a kingfisher was flashing by; a blackbird was splashing and bathing in the shallows; over the cowslip-spangled meadow beyond, the rooks were flying, and the sheep bells' clang blended with their sober calling.

But there was a keener, swifter life in the wood than that of opening leaf and building bird. He had always felt its throbbing, but now it waxed perceptible to sight; it flowed like living light through the boles of the trees, they seemed to grow translucent; it thrilled in the air; through the shining vistas of the beechen woods, the gods and dryads of old legends came trooping; and the elfin peoples of the flowers and the air, of the water and the

moss-decked rock, made good sport in the flitting lights and shadows.

He cast himself, so it seemed, in the old hollow filled with the dead crisp beech leaves; their faint pungent smell and the delicate odour of the opening leaves were all about him in this strange old-new world. About him a presence wove itself; an unreal, most-real, compelling power, without him and within. He felt the pulsing of a stronger life smite upon his. And then, even as when he was a child, the inner and the outer world alike flowed away from him, the great sky seemed to stoop to him in a blinding flood of living light and wrap him round, and "there was neither speech nor language" only light—light—light—and again more light and keener life.

* * * *

The next day Mr. Scottie received a note which was left at his door. Out of it dropped a ten-shilling piece. On a sheet of paper was written:

"I can't do it, I've torn them up. To every man his work and his line; this isn't mine. I must do the work they mean me to do. If you say: 'Who are *they?*' I do not know. If through some fault of mine, or of the world's, I fail to do as I am meant to do, then let me go. There's no point in a man's keeping his body alive by making his brain grind out work for which it wasn't built. Better work with one's hands than that, till the hour strikes. That is what I shall try now, and wait results."

Mr. Scottie was greatly concerned, because his *protégé* had, as he phrased it, "gone dotty," and, being as kindly a creature as ever pursued the tasks appointed for him by his past, he took pains to find Fletewode. But Fletewode and his MSS. were gone.

A week later the gardener of a well-to-do literary man, a minor poet, received a shock. Within his master's grounds was a little clump of beech trees; they grew far away from Fletewode's old home, but they were fine trees, all bravely decked in their spring green, and at their feet grew bluebells. The gardener found a dead man lying face downwards in a bluebell patch, and beside him was a great bundle of papers tied up in a

scarlet and white handkerchief. The gardener gave the alarm; he carried the bundle to his master, and the dead man was laid in the harness room in the stables. There was no clue at all as to the identity of the man; the doctor discovered he had died of heart failure. The minor poet looked through the papers; he said at the inquest there was no clue in the bundle as to who the man was, there were only a few unimportant documents, he would pay the expenses of the poor young fellow's funeral.

Now the minor poet was an ambitious man, well known in the literary world. His ambitions were larger than his power of performance. He was well known among men of letters as a very good critic of other people's work. The day of the funeral he sat alone, and trembled in the throes of temptation. He did not understand the subtle mystic thought of the poems in the bundle, but he saw their marvellous beauty of expression. He appreciated keenly the lovely lilt and melody of the lines which seemed to ring out from the heart of a fairy haunted wood. The minor poet was not a very righteous man. Three beautiful little books emanated from his pen point, they were finally bound in white vellum and tied chastely with blue ribbons. Those books were widely read. The critics greatly praised the versatility of the minor poet, who had never written anything of that kind before; also they warned him—friendly-wise—against a tendency to mysticism, which ever saps the judgment and emasculates the intellect. The minor poet said he would never fall again into that snare, and indeed he never did do so. The thoughts enshrined within those poems struck strongly on the consciousness of four readers only. One was a foreign writer of romance, the second was a great preacher, the third a musician, and the fourth a man of science to whom the world hearkened when he spake. And the thought of these four men, and through them the thought of the world, was coloured for all time to come by the work of the minor poet; men who had not heeded that of Fletewode Garth, heard his voice gladly. Thus the wheel that none can stay rolled on, and the world, through the heart failure of Fletewode, and the ambition of an unrighteous man, received the message which it would not receive by other means.

For the hour had struck upon the clock of time when it was fit that it should hear, therefore its ears were opened.

But the problem for the wise is this: When sheaves are garnered what shall be the minor poet's share in the reaping?

MICHAEL WOOD.

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# GURU NÂNAK, THE FOUNDER OF THE SIKH RELIGION

THE history of India—using the term "history" in the somewhat narrow sense given to it by most modern writers—may be said to begin for us with Alexander's invasion of the Punjâb. Previous to that event there is but little which our modern authorities recognise as history proper, though of course something can be gathered from the Buddhist books on the one side, and from the *Mahâbhârata* and other works of Sanskrit literature on the other; and when both these sources of information have been thoroughly and critically explored—which is far indeed from being the case as yet—we shall probably know a good deal more than we do at present. It does, not, however, seem likely that such researches will upset our present conception of the general outline of events and tendencies, from the coming of the Buddha onwards, which as a rough outline, at any rate, seems fairly well established.

According to this sketch, we find that about the time of Buddha, *i.e.*, in the seventh and sixth centuries B.C., there was established a powerful, coherent and stable Brâhmanical system in what may be called the Middle Land (Madhyadesha), *i.e.*, the rich and fertile district watered by the Jumna and the Ganges, extending as far east as Oudh and Allahabad, with the Himâlayas as its northern, and the Vindhyas as its southern limits.

This Brâhmanical system represents, according to the most recent authorities, the core, as it were, the very heart of the Âryan civilisation in India, in the form into which it had crystallised at the coming of the Buddha. And one of the best re-

cent writers remarks that "the history of the Hindus—so far as we know it—is a narrative of the attacks upon the continuity of that civilisation—that is to say, of attacks upon the Brâhmanical system of the Middle Land—and of the modifications and compromises to which that system had to submit."

The first of such attacks—essentially an attempt to do away with the caste system, the very foundation stone of the Brâhmanical supremacy—of which we have definite knowledge, was the movement initiated by the Buddha in the sixth century B.C. This movement is regarded by some weighty authorities as being in the main a religious uprising of the half-Brâhmanised tribes on the east of Madhyadesha against the supremacy of the Brâhmans and the caste system.

This view seems to receive some support from the close association between Buddhist psychology and philosophy and the Sânkhya system. For there is some ground for thinking that the Sânkhya was originally, at any rate, the product, not of the purely Âryan Brâhmans, whose tradition seems rather that of the Vaidic Vedânta, but rather of an only partially Âryanised people lying to the east of the great centres of Brâhmanical power, to whom the Vedas were by no means the infallible and all-sufficient revelation which the Brâhmans claimed them to be. At any rate, it is rather surprising to find that in our oldest exposition of the Sânkhya, dating as late as six or seven hundred years A.D., the Vedas are not invoked as demonstrative proof, nor is any attention paid to their teachings in the working out of the Sânkhya system.

In any case, the close relation existing between Buddhist and Sânkhyan ideas in the region of philosophy is undeniable; and although the latter has come to be accepted as one of the six orthodox schools, this is not the case with the former, for Buddhism still stands out in the controversial texts as a type of heresy, from the Brâhmanical standpoint. And although Buddhism and Brâhmanism flourished side by side for centuries, we cannot be blind to the fact that in its ignoring of caste Buddhism attacked a vital element in the Brâhmanical social structure. At any rate, although the Buddhist movement at one time was dominant throughout India, culminating in the various

Buddhist kingdoms about the beginning of our era, it gradually died away and ultimately melted into modern Hinduism about the eighth century A.D.

In the development of Buddhism, then, we can trace the history of an attack upon the Brâhmanical system from within its own fold—at any rate from within the sphere over which its influence was at one time, and subsequently again became, paramount. But it was not only assailed from within. Its power was rudely attacked from without by the warlike raids of non-Brâhmanical Âryans and other races from the West and North-West. Most probably such raids had already taken place time and again in that period of which no definite history has come down to us. But at any rate this we know, that beginning with the Greek invasion under Alexander, called the Great, who entered India in B.C. 327, followed by the inroads of the Græco-Bactrian empire and its successors, a continual series of such raids, settlements, conquests and colonisations may be traced onwards down to about the fourth or fifth century A.D., when a break seems to have occurred, to be followed by the Moslem invasion and conquest of India, which began with Mâhmûd of Ghazni in 1,000 A.D.*

Among the raiders who followed the Græco-Bactrian period must be mentioned the Scythian and Tartar hordes, who poured into Northern India in the first century B.C., and under Kanishka established one of the most powerful of the Buddhist empires. It was Kanishka, himself probably of Scythian blood, who held the fourth great Buddhist Council in Kashmîr in about 40 A.D., and laid the foundations of the Northern Schools of Buddhism.

These Scythian inroads are of special importance for the main topic of this paper, because it is believed by most authorities on the subject that the Jâts, the brave, hardy, self-reliant and warlike race of cultivators who form so large a part of the population of the Punjâb, are largely, if not entirely, of Scythian ancestry and represent the permanent settlements established by these invading tribes. And it is precisely these same Jâts who furnished a considerable majority of the recruits

* Moslem tradition narrates a first invasion of India in 664 A.D., shortly after the Prophet's death. But if it occurred it left no lasting results, or even traces, behind. Scind was invaded and conquered from Belûchistân in 711 A.D.

who built up the Sikh community in the later and more purely military phase of its history.

It is especially with the history of the Sikhs that we are here concerned, but the preceding very bare outline of the general history of Northern India in post-Buddhist times has been sketched, in order to give some idea, however vague, of the events preceding the Mahommedan conquest, the most important, far-reaching and penetrating of all the external forces brought to bear upon India and its great Brâhmanico-Hindu civilisation, until the establishment of the British power and the introduction of Western education during the century which has just drawn to a close. But to resume our preliminary sketch, Mahommed, the Prophet of Islâm, died at Medîna in 632 A.D., while the Chinese pilgrim, Hwen Tsang, was still on his travels in India, visiting all the Buddhist sacred shrines and places of learning, of which he has left us an admirable and most interesting account, which he who will may read in English garb in Trübner's valuable Oriental Series.

From Hwen Tsang's account, it is evident that Buddhism had already fallen into decay, and was losing its hold on the people. This was in about 632 A.D. Soon after began the Moslem raids into India, but in about 750 A.D. the Hindus rose and drove out those of their Moslem invaders who had succeeded in establishing themselves, and the land was freed from them for a century and a half. But in the year 1000 A.D., Mâhmûd of Ghazni established his power firmly over the Punjâb, and from thence onwards the wave of Mahommedan invasion swept ever farther and farther over the country, until, in 1526, Bâber founded the Mogul Empire at Delhi.

It is thus evident that the Punjâb and indeed a large part of North-western India were already inhabited by a population of exceedingly mixed blood, when the tide of Mahommedan invasion swept in successive waves over the country from about 997 onwards. And it must be remembered that the Mahommedan invasion itself brought with it many a stream of alien blood also, Arabs, Abyssinians, Persians, indeed almost every type to be found among the huge conglomerate of peoples and races which went to make up the empire of the Kaliphs, and the neighbouring Mahommedan states.

Once this is realised, it becomes clear that the original Hindu social and religious polity not merely of the Punjâb but of the great Hindu centre, Madhyadesha, itself must have been profoundly modified, as indeed there is ample evidence to show. But not only were these external forces at work, but, beginning from the great Buddhist movement onwards, there came into play internal forces also, working in the very heart of Hindu life and tending profoundly to modify its outward forms.

Now in Buddhism the most distinctive feature, as compared with other co-existing forms of Indian thought, was its complete ignoring of caste. Not that it seems as if Buddhism had waged any active, overt war against that system; but it simply and calmly ignored it and broke down its hold upon those who followed the teaching of the Buddha; though as time went on, the tendencies in human nature which are the real roots of every caste system asserted themselves here and there—as, for instance, in Ceylon—and brought about a tacit, but actual, if only partial, reinstatement of some features of the system.

It is this feature in Buddhism which leads me to refer to its influence in connection with that much later religious movement—the great Vaishṇava revival—which lies at the root of what subsequently became the Sikh religion.

Between 1300 and 1400 A.D. there arose in India a great, a very great religious teacher and reformer, named Râmânûja, the founder, or rather formulator, of the Vishiṣhṭâdvaita school of philosophy and its mighty, devotional Vaishṇava religious movement. Râmânûja seems not to have originated, but rather, as Shrî Shaṅkarâchârya did for the Advaita, to have re-formulated and infused a new life into one of the three great moments, or elements, of the old Upaniṣhad teaching. His system has now secured its place as one of the orthodox systems in India, but from what can be gathered of the life, teaching and action of its founder, it originally shared with Buddhism the decidedly unorthodox element of completely ignoring caste. Essentially and most deeply devotional in spirit, filled with that deep, all-embracing, all-absorbing Love to God, which is the keynote of this teaching, Râmânûja and his immediate disciples and successors could tolerate no barrier or obstacle which should shut out any living

creature from the knowledge and love of God. And thus from very force and fervour of religious devotion, the Vishiṣhṭâdvaita movement wholly ignored caste as between the devoted followers of the Lord.

The tradition and influence of Râmânûja were worthily carried on by his disciple and successor Râmânanda, who in turn left a band of twelve great devotees to succeed him, known as the Bhagats, or Bhagavatas, the Devotees of the Lord, among whom are reckoned Kabîr—a born Musulmân—Ravidâs, Pipa, Jâyadev, the author of the lovely *Gîtâ Govinda*, the Indian Song of Songs, Sheikh Farîd, a Mahommedan Sûfî, and others.

It seems almost incredible to-day that among these twelve great saints and teachers, all clearly and unmistakably belonging to the same line of tradition and devotional inspiration as Râmânanda and his great Guru Râmânûja, we should find two Musulmâns. But such is the fact, and it shows how entirely the reality and the fervour of true religious life and inspiration had swept away all outer distinctions of caste, creed and even race.

It has been needful to touch upon this Vishiṣhṭâdvaita movement of Râmânûja, in its devotional aspect, because the fundamental ideas, and indeed the whole teaching and inspiration of Guru Nânak, the founder of the Sikh religion, were drawn therefrom, and a full third of the *Âdi Granth*, the Bible of the Sikhs, is composed of selections from the writings of the twelve Bhagats, especially Kabîr and Nâmdev; and indeed to an impartial judge it would seem that these selections form the best and most telling portions of that volume.

At any rate it appears pretty clear that, judging by his own sayings and compositions, as well as from tradition, Guru Nânak derived his whole teaching from this movement and especially from the Bhagats. But this will become more and more apparent as we follow his career, to which we will now turn.

Although regarded as a direct Avatâra or Divine Incarnation by the Sikhs of to-day and even by those who came not so very long after his own time, the facts, so far as they can be gathered, hardly seem to warrant such a claim. Indeed, as will be seen shortly, there is nothing authentic known of him which —apart from the subsequent historical development of the Sikh

community—would mark him off very distinctively from Kabîr or any other of the Vaishṇava saints, or indeed from the many sincere and religious men following the ascetic life with whom India always abounds, and who were at that period even more numerous than at present. And his literary remains, as embodied in the *Âdi Granth*, are not comparable to what has come down to us from the mouth of Kabîr, Jâyadev, or Nâmdev. But it will probably be best, in order to enable the reader to judge for himself, to give in the first place a brief outline of his life, as gathered from the most authentic record available. This is not the current "Janamsâkhi" or Life at present circulated among the Sikhs, but a much older version, evidently the original upon which the later and current modern version was built up. The manuscript of this biography was discovered by Prof. Trumpp in the library of the India Office, whither it had been sent with other books and MSS. by Colebrooke. From its style and linguistic peculiarities Prof. Trumpp confidently assigns its composition to the time of Guru Arjûn, the fifth in the series of the Sikh Gurus and the compiler of their Bible, the *Âdi Granth*, or very shortly afterwards. Now Guru Nânak died in A.D. 1538, and Guru Arjûn occupied the *gadi* from 1581 to 1606; and hence the life of Guru Nânak with which we are dealing was most probably in circulation among the Sikhs within from sixty to eighty years after his death. But even this version, as will be seen, is by no means lacking in the element of miracle and marvel.

Nânak was born in April-May of the year A.D. 1469, in a village called Talwandi on the banks of the Ravi, the Hydraotes of the Greeks. His father's name was Kalu, by caste a Khatri, or Kshattriya, of the Vedi family or clan, a plain farmer who also held the office of *patwari*, or village accountant, in the service of the feudal lord of the village—Rae Bular, a Musulmân Râjpût.

According to the account here summarised, the whole Hindu pantheon appeared at his birth and announced that a great Bhagat or saint was born to save the world. Similar statements are, as everyone knows, invariably current about the birth of every great spiritual teacher, and this so universally that

I feel myself very confident that these stories are really expressions of the actual facts as seen on the subtler planes of Nature; but in how far Nânak was spiritually great enough for such a thing to happen, or how far the occurrence in question was supposed by his ardent disciples, in the fervour of their devotion, to have necessarily taken place in the case of their own Guru, in accordance with accepted precedent, is another question.

Little is told of his childhood, except that he did not play like other boys of his age, but was always occupied in his meditations on the Supreme Lord. At the age of seven, his father took him to a Hindu school to learn to read and write. He is said to have surprised the school master by his superior knowledge, the pupil at once beginning to teach his teacher, when the latter gave him a wooden slate, on which were the letters of the alphabet. This incident has its constant parallel in other cases, and seems to belong to what may be called the typical story-frame of the life of every spiritual teacher.

No details of his youth are given beyond a story that Nânak while herding his father's cattle allowed them to break into a cultivated field and destroy the crops. When the owner sued Nânak's father for the damage, Nânak denied his guilt, and when the field was inspected, it was found uninjured.

This story too is one of those very widely current *in all parts of the world* in the lives of the saints.

It is on record that Nânak married and had two sons, who are named, besides a daughter or daughters; but Nânak seems always to have led an unworldly life and got into much trouble with his family on that account.

*Àpropos* of this, a story, whose parallel can be found in the life of the Buddha and others, is also told of Nânak. One day Nânak lay down under a tree and fell asleep. By chance Rae Bular, the owner of the village, came past and noticed that while the shadows of the other trees had travelled round, that of the tree under which Nânak was sleeping had remained stationary. This caused Rae Bular to impress on Kalu, Nânak's father, who was angry with Nânak because of his dreaming and idle habits, that his son was a great man, and that he, the father, was exalted by having such a son; but these words made no impres-

sion on Kalu's mind, who, as the story naïvely recounts, only made answer "that the things of God only God knows."

So Nânak still went on always keeping company with fakirs, and was averse to any earnest labour or calling, so that he had constant trouble with his family, who even sent for a doctor, and finally considered him a lunatic.

At last his parents sent Nânak to his sister's husband, named Jairâm, at Sultânpûr, where Jairâm held an appointment in the commissariat of Nawâb Daulat Khân, who was favourably impressed with Nânak and took him also into his service, in which the saint gave complete satisfaction. At Sultânpûr Nânak was joined by a certain Mardâna, by profession a begging musician, of the Musulmân persuasion, who may be regarded as his first disciple and constant companion, figuring largely in all his subsequent life. After his day's work Nânak spent his nights with Mardâna in praising God, Mardâna playing on the rebeck and Nânak improvising verses to the tunes.

One morning he went to the canal to bathe. Whilst bathing he was transported to the divine presence (Vishṇu), where he received initiation as the Guru, a cup of nectar being presented to him with the injunction to proclaim the name of Hari on earth. After this he was brought back to the canal, whence he went home, where he was received with amazement, for the servant whom he left with his clothes on entering the water had run home on his disappearance and spread the news that he was drowned, although, when they dragged the canal, no trace of his body could be found.

After this, Nânak divided all he had among the poor, left his house and turned fakir. His first saying: "*There is no Hindu and no Musulmân*," made much noise among the people, and he was summoned before the Nawâb Daulat Khân to explain his meaning. It was just then the hour of noonday prayer, and Nânak was seen to laugh when the Kâzi said his prayers. On the Nawâb questioning him why he insulted the Kâzi, Nânak replied that the Kâzi's prayer would find no entrance to heaven, because while praying the Kâzi's thoughts had been centred not upon God, but upon a new-born foal he had left in his courtyard, which he was fearing might fall into the well. On this the

Kâzi fell at Nânak's feet and confessed that what he said was true.

Up to this point, both the older and the later biographies coincide in substance, though the marvellous has naturally grown greatly in the later version, and its whole tone and style are far more exaggerated and much less simply natural. The later editor is incessantly striving to exaggerate everything into the supernatural, while the earlier version, though by no means lacking in the marvellous, is very much more sober and matter-of-fact.

But from this point onwards, when the wanderings of Nânak begin, the two biographies have hardly anything in common, and the later account diverges from the earlier to a quite irreconcilable extent. With the later account we need not concern ourselves, for it bears witness on every page to its own want of authenticity, but it seems worth while, in order to complete this brief outline, to sum up very shortly what the old biography has to say about the further life of Nânak, even though one cannot help feeling very doubtful as to how far the incidents narrated are founded upon fact.

His first wandering is said to have been to the *East*. There he came to a certain Sheikh Sajan, who had built a temple for Hindus and a mosque for Muhammedans. He received all who came to him most hospitably, but in the night, whilst they slept, he murdered them and plundered their goods. Nânak perceived clairvoyantly his character and crimes, proved his knowledge of them to the Sheikh, and convincing him of his evil life brought him to repentance. He also revivified a dead elephant, converted a band of Thugs and went through various other adventures. At the capture of Sayyedpûr he is said to have been made prisoner by the troops of Bâber, but attracted the attention of the Bâber himself by performing various miracles, and so gained his own release as well as that of the other prisoners.

The remaining incidents of this Eastern journey deal with Nânak's meetings and conversations with various fakirs and other classes of ascetics. Among others he met and wandered for some time with Sheikh Farîd, whose name has already been mentioned, and one incident of their intercourse may

be worth quoting from Prof. Trumpp's rendering of the old *Janamsâkhi*.

"The Bâbâ"—Bâbâ=Father, a term of respect, in this case it always means Guru Nânak—"the Bâbâ and Sheikh Farîd remained together one night in the jungle. Then came one servant of God there. Having seen (them) he rose and went home, filled a bowl with milk and brought it, towards the close of the night, having thrown four ashrafis (gold coins) into it. The Sheikh took his portion (of the milk) and left the portion of the Guru. Then Sheikh Farîd uttered this slok:

"'Those who wake obtain gifts from the Lord. At the the commencement of the night there is the blossom, at the end of night also the fruit.'

"The Bâbâ answered with the slok:

"'The gifts are the Lord's, what can he be prevailed upon? Some, though waking, do not obtain (them); some, who are asleep, he makes rise and meets (with them).'

"Then the Bâbâ said: 'Sheikh Farîd, move thy hand in this milk and see what it is.' When Sheikh Farîd looked there were four ashrafis; he dropped the bowl and went away. Then the Guru Bâbâ recited a sabd. Then the Bâbâ and Sheikh Farîd started thence. Then that man came and saw that the bowl was lying on the ground. When he lifted it up, it was of gold, and filled with ashrafis. He began to regret it and said: 'Those were wealthy faquirs; if it had come into my mind, I would have put in religion, so I have brought money and have got money.' He took the bowl and went home."

Nânak's second wandering is said to have been directed to the *South;* while his *third* was to the *North.* On this journey he is related to have visited Mount Sumeru, the seat of Shiva, and to have had a long discussion with Mahâdeva and the chief Yogins; but there is nothing in the account instructive enough to quote.

His *fourth* wandering is said to have been to the *West*, and to have included a pilgrimage to Mecca. On arriving at Mecca he laid himself down, and by chance stretched his feet (in the East a sign of disrespect) towards the Kâ'bah. The Kâzi Ruknu' ddin on seeing this reproached Nânak with irreverence towards

the house of God. Nânak replied: "Put my feet in that direction, where the house of God is not." The Kâzi turned Nânak's feet, but wherever he turned them, thither the Kâ'bah also turned. On account of this miracle the Kâzi kissed Nânak's feet, and had a long conversation with him in which he is of course made to be out-argued by Nânak.

The fifth wandering of Nânak is said to have been to Gorakh-hatari, a place either unknown or fabulous; at any rate unidentifiable. Of this journey nothing is related except a conversation with the eighty-four Siddhas or perfect Yogins, who challenged Guru Nânak and exhibited their various wonderful powers. But Nânak rebuked them in verse, pointing out that all powers were the gift of God, and to one who possessed the favour of God, what did such powers matter, for true greatness is in the name of God alone.

The selection of Guru Nânak's successor, whose name was changed on succession to the guruship from Lahanâ to Guru Angad, is recounted in the following story:

"Then by the order (of the Lord) Gorakhnâth came to the Bâbâ and said: 'A wide diffusion (of thy name) is to be made.' The Bâbâ replied: 'O Gorakhnâth, if anyone will belong to us, you will see yourself.' Then the Bâbâ went out of the house and many people, votaries of the name, followed him. By the order (of the Lord) copper coins were laid on the ground; many people took the copper coins, rose and went away. When they went further on, rupees were laid on the ground; many people taking the rupees went away. When they went further on, gold muhars were laid down. Whoever had remained with him took the gold muhars and went away. Two disciples remained as yet with him. When they went further on there was a funeral pyre, upon which four lamps were burning; a sheet was spread over it (under which) a dead one was lying, but a stench was coming (from him). The Bâbâ said: 'Is there anyone who will eat this one?' The other disciple who was (with him) turned away his face and spat out, and having spat out walked away. Guru Angad alone came on, and having received a promise stood there and said: 'O Sir, from which side shall I apply my mouth?' It was said: 'From the side of the feet the mouth should be

applied.' When Guru Angad lifted up the sheet, Guru Nânak was lying there asleep. Then Gorakh pronounced the word: 'O Nânak, he is thy Guru, who will be produced from thy body.' Then his name was changed from Lahanâ to Guru Angad. Gorakhnâth departed and Guru Nânak returned to his house. Then the people began to repent very much. Those who had taken the copper coins said: 'If we had gone further we would have brought rupees,' and those who had taken the rupees, said: 'If we had gone further, we would have got gold muhars.'"

The account given by the older biography of the passing of Guru Nânak is as follows:

"The Bâbâ came to the bank of the river Ravi, he put five paisâ before Guru Angad and fell down at his feet;* this became known then among his followers. Then among all the society the intelligence was spread, that the Guru Bâbâ was in the house of Chânan; the society came to see him, Hindus and Musulmâns also came. Then Guru Angad, with joined hands stood before him; the Bâbâ said: 'Ask something!' Guru Angad said: 'Oh king, if it please thee, may that which was broken off from the society, be again applied to (its) skirt!' The answer was given to Guru Angad: 'For thy sake all are pardoned!' Then Guru Angad fell down at his feet. Then the Bâbâ went to a sarih-tree and sat down under it; the sarih-tree had become dry and became now green again, leaves and blossoms came forth; then Guru Angad fell down at his feet. Then the mother (the wife of Nânak) began to weep; brothers, relatives, all the followers began to weep. Then the society began to sing funeral songs; the Bâbâ fell into a trance. At that time the order was given and certain verses were made. Then his sons said: 'O father, what will be our state?' The Guru answered: 'Not even the dogs of the Guru are in want, you will get plenty of clothes and bread, and if you will mutter: "Guru, Guru!" the end of your existence will be obtained.' Then the Hindus and Musulmâns, who were votaries of the name, began to say, the Musulmâns: 'We shall bury him,' and the Hindus: 'We shall burn him.' Then the Bâbâ said:

* This was the initiation or appointment to the guruship; in later times, a cocoa nut was also placed before his successor by the departing Guru.

'Put ye flowers on both sides, on the right side put those of the Hindus, and on the left those of the Musulmâns. If the flowers of the Hindus will remain green to-morrow, then they shall burn me; and if the flowers of the Musulmâns will remain green, then they shall bury me.' Then the Bâbâ ordered the society that they should recite the praise (of God); the society began to recite the praises. . . . . Then the shlok was read: 'The wind is the Guru,' etc. When this shlok was read having taken up his feet he fell asleep. . . . . When they lifted up the sheet, there was nothing at all. The flowers of both parties had remained green. The Hindus took theirs and went, and the Musulmâns took theirs and went. The whole society fell on their knees. Say: Vâh Guru! In the Samvat year 1595, the tenth day of the light half of the month of Asû, Bâbâ Nânak was absorbed in Kartâr-pûr" (A.D. 1538).

Thus passed away the first of the Sikh Gurus, the founder of the community.

To sum up, the biography of Guru Nânak contains little that is specially remarkable. Indeed, *mutatis mutandis*, it might apply almost equally well to nearly every Hindu ascetic of the Vaishṇava movement about that time. Nor, as has been already observed, do the compositions of Guru Nânak, as handed down to us in the *Âdi Granth*, in any way stand out as specially instructive or illuminating. Indeed, Guru Nânak appears merely as one among the many ascetics in India about that time who left a body of disciples behind them, such for instance as Sheikh Farîd and Kabîr, both of whom have communities of followers existing at the present day. Hence in its early origin the Sikh movement has nothing to differentiate it from its many contemporaries, or to indicate its later political importance. Moreover as is abundantly evident from what has gone before, there was in its beginnings not only an utter and complete absence of the bitter hostility to Islâm and the Musulmâns, which became the keynote of the later Sikh history, but the community that gathered round Guru Nânak contained both Hindus and Musulmâns, both accepted and recognised as disciples, and apparently regarded as equally entitled to pay the last honours to their teacher.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

# DHARMA, OR EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEALS

Read at the Conference of the Northern Federation, May, 1901

In bringing this question before the Conference for discussion, I wish especially to draw your attention to some of the most marked aspects of contrast between Eastern and Western ideals of duty, in order that we may consider in what respects, if any, it would be wise for us to adopt the view of these questions taken in the East, and in what respects, if any, it would be a better plan to continue to strive towards the ideals evolved by our own race.

Naturally the ideals of life and conduct prevalent in the Western world *appeal* to us more strongly. The force of custom is in their favour. They are the mental environment in which we have passed our childhood and youth.

And not only do they *appeal* to us more strongly, but the mere fact that they *are* the ideals of our own race would seem to suggest that they are more suited to our special line of development than any ideals can be which are not in touch with our method of evolution.

On the other hand we wish to study and to understand, as far as it is possible for us to do so, the methods and ideals by means of which other human beings are evolving, and to adopt any aspects of their various systems which seem likely to be of use to us.

We must steadily keep to our own work and our own methods, avoiding the imitation of others, and refusing to be turned aside by any authority, however high, with which our inner nature is not at one; but, at the same time, we must carefully avoid the narrowness which refuses to consider ideals and points of view that are new to us.

We must hold our own firmly in the inner centre, yet remain ready to change our plans, our aspirations, our line of work, at any moment.

We must become perfectly balanced and steady, yet at the same time acutely sensitive to all impressions proceeding from within or from without.

Now the first main point of divergence between Eastern and Western views of life, is the attitude taken with regard to independence of thought and action.

Roughly speaking, the Eastern seeks to avoid responsibility, the Western to undertake it. The old Hindu ideal of submission to bad rulers, bad parents, and unhealthy surroundings in general, is not one which commends itself to Western minds as desirable. Those persons in the West who act in this way are generally considered morbid and not particularly useful to society. They may be pious characters and holy people, so to speak, but they are not particularly helpful to the national life.

Mrs. Besant puts the Hindu view very forcibly in *The Story of the Great War* (p. 103). She says: "If we continue faithful and dutiful, the Gods see to our protection." But the Western ideal of conduct is not to disown responsibility in this way.

We think it our duty to set to work vigorously to protect ourselves, and those about us, and not to wait till something is done for us by the Gods.

No doubt the disbelief in the unseen world so prevalent in the West has been and is closely connected with this difference of opinion in regard to duty, but it is a question whether it accounts for it altogether.

The practical question, however, is: Which is the right attitude of mind for us at the present time?

Mrs. Besant says that "the old Hindu method worked out better for everybody concerned than the modern way of agitation and rebellion" (*Op. cit.*, p. 103). Perhaps this may have been so for Hindus in ancient India. Whether the statement is in any way applicable to modern life in the West is a subject to be considered. The question is a vital one, for upon it depends our mental attitude towards the whole of our environment.

The Eastern tendency is to emphasise the fact that our

present environment is the result of our past action, and must be patiently endured; the Western to lay stress on the statement, equally correct, that our environment can be improved, and the sooner we set to work with energy to improve it, the better for all concerned.

No doubt we find among Hindus examples of energetic action, and also in our own country many who consider submission to what they call the will of God as the highest virtue, but these are exceptions to the general mental tendency in both nations.

The question to be considered is whether the rebellious or the submissive attitude of mind is more helpful in furthering our evolution, and the more useful to our fellow-men. And when we begin to consider this question practically, we become at once involved in a large mass of detail, and in a crowd of individual cases, each of which has to be considered on its own merits. There seems to be no underlying principle which can be taken as a guide. Rebellion and submission seem to be equally right for one who is striving to act up to the highest that he knows; equally wrong for one who is acting upon impulse merely, and making no inner effort to serve the law.

When we are living in an environment which we feel to be unsuited to us, and the question arises: Shall we strive to alter it, or shall we accept it as a useful training to the soul? it is often extremely difficult to decide whether to adopt the Eastern or the Western ideal of conduct. Perhaps in many cases the best course is to adopt both—patience with present conditions, and an energetic effort to attract towards ourselves more helpful surroundings.

So far as to environment in general. Does not the same suggestion apply to incapable rulers, teachers and parents? Personally, if subjected to the authority of such persons, I should make some effort to escape from it as soon as circumstances would allow, and not regard submission as the only duty applicable to the case.

Another of the broad distinctions between Eastern and Western modes of thought is that in Hindu books our life on earth is frequently regarded as a condition altogether intolerable,

to be escaped from as soon as possible, while in the West we regard it as a state to be joyfully accepted and rightly used.

In the *Voice of the Silence* the earth is referred to as a "Hall of Sorrow" and the soul as a "weary pilgrim."

In *Light on the Path*, which I take to be more or less tinged with Western influence, we are told that the utterance of life is not a cry, it is a song.

It is true that there are passages in the writings of Western mystics which allude to this world as a vale of tears, but on the whole the current of Western thought at its best sets towards the joy of a healthy and harmonious life.

Perhaps it may be partly because the existence of the unseen world is less clearly realised here, that the life of the body, our daily physical life, is idealised instead of being despised.

But this ignorance of spiritual truth does not wholly account for the great difference in national ideals. Our most spiritual and intuitional writers set forth in stirring language the joy of life in harmony with nature and with law. Take the beautiful passage in Browning's *Saul*, which vividly describes the inner meaning of David's harp-playing; a passage much too long to quote here, but the keynote is given in the two lines:

> How good is man's life, the mere living how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy.

Here we have an expression of Western optimism at its best. Here is a view of life—unattractive, we may admit, to the mystic of any age or country, intent on temporarily withdrawing his attention from all aspects of physical life, in order to attain to a realisation of the life beyond—but still a view of life which embodies a high and noble ideal. And it is important to notice that the keynote is not selfish pleasure, but deep sympathy with nature and with life, from which happiness spontaneously comes.

The view of the English poet and the view of the Eastern mystic are of course, when carefully examined, not antagonistic but complementary. So far as we can learn, a time *does* come to every human soul when desire for union with the divine within becomes so strong as to overpower all desire of contact with the divine without. The soul is then apt to undervalue—or to speak

more correctly, to anathematise—that which for the moment no longer appeals to it.

In the East souls either really or apparently at this stage seem to abound. They appear to have taken possession of the natural life, so to speak, to have imbued it strongly with their characteristics, and to be treated almost with adoration.

In the West they seldom appear. When they do, we regard them with mild astonishment, and addressing them in the words of the immortal Sir Toby we ask: "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

Which of these methods of treatment for aspiring souls is wisest and most helpful it is hard to say.

There is something to be said for the Western method, because it tends to bring back into ordinary life those not yet strong enough for closer contact with the unseen, and at the same time in no way impedes the progress of the truly spiritual man.

The very fact that in the East so many impediments are removed from the paths of aspirants—that it is comparatively easy to live an ascetic life—would seem to bring with it a risk that souls should adopt the outer forms of the spiritual life without attaining to real spiritual knowledge.

It sometimes seems as though the spirit of mysticism now rapidly evolving in the West must necessarily be of a somewhat different nature from that which was suited to the ancient Hindus.

Earnest students here deliberately and persistently refuse to prostrate themselves in worship before any authority, however high. Are they wrong? This again is a most difficult question, and cannot be settled by any outward rule.

The same conduct which is in one man the result of obstinate pride, is in another caused by a clear inner perception of the true dignity of each human soul, *including his own*, and there are innumerable grades of motive between these two extremes.

Infinitely varied also are the motives of the Eastern ascetics who fall down mentally or bodily at their masters' feet. We have exemplified in this action every degree of nature, from the meanest and most grovelling disposition, full of selfish personal

fear, to the character marked by the unobtrusive virtue of true humility which all must respect.

The occultist we are told must learn to stand alone. This prostration before others wiser and better than ourselves may be for some a means to reach that state. To others it seems to be a beginning at the wrong end. It may be to many a noble expression of devotion to the Great Law, and its instruments of any grade, but others cannot so regard it.

True self-reliance and true humility are no doubt one in the inner centre, but to our outward view they often appear opposed. The problem is to reach the point where they are seen as one. Let me quote another great English poet:

> True dignity abides with him alone
> Who in the silent hour of inward thought
> Can still suspect and still revere himself
> In lowliness of heart.

An authoritative statement such as "this is the ancient rule" does not appeal to the typical Western mind. He must first be convinced that the rule is a universal one, not one applicable only to particular circumstances.

True, the laws of nature, and the laws made by higher spiritual beings than ourselves, cannot and will not be altered for our pleasure and convenience. Still, even the Law of Evolution itself must take into account the national characteristics, and even the individual characteristics, which are a part of itself, and have been brought into being by its ever-moving life.

Must not then mysticism, as it grows stronger in the West, necessarily adopt different methods and different rules from those used in the past in ancient India?

To me at least it seems more likely that the rebellious energy of the West is a force deliberately evolved by the Good Law to be employed for a useful purpose, than that it is an impediment in the way of spiritual progress.

S. CORBETT.

# ON LOVE*

## From the Greek of Plotinus

### I.

Of love, whether it be a God or dæmon, or a passion of the soul; or whether it be in one aspect a God or dæmon, in another a passion, and what is its nature in each aspect—it is worth while to examine the thoughts of the rest of mankind, as well as all that have occurred in philosophy respecting these subjects; and above all, the opinions entertained by the divine Plato, who wrote much and often upon love, and who says that it is not only a passion which is born in souls, but also a dæmon; and hath related fully concerning its generation, how and whence it is produced.

Of the passion, then, of which we assign love as the cause, no one, I suppose, is ignorant that it is born in souls which long to be united with some beautiful object; and that this longing, in some cases, is felt by temperate persons who have become familiarised with beauty itself, but in other cases seeks its fulfilment in the doing of something shameful (*αἰσχροῦ*). But whence each love has its origin, it is our business hereafter to examine philosophically.

If one were to assign as the origin of love the desire of beauty itself pre-existing in souls, and the soul's recognition of beauty, and its relationship and instinctive comprehension of its affinity thereto, he would, I believe, hit the truth of the matter For the ugly (*τὸ αἰσχρόν*) is contrary both to Nature and to God. Nature creates in looking to the beautiful, and she looks to the determinate, which is in the series of the good; but the indeterminate is ugly, and belongs to the other series.† And Nature hath her

* See in last number the article "Plotinus on Love."

† Plotinus here refers to the series of contraries which many Pythagoreans regarded as the elements of the universe. These are the following: limit—unlimited; odd—even; one—many; right—left; male—female; rest—motion;

origin thence, from the good, and manifestly from the beautiful. But whatsoever one is led by and is akin to, he is drawn also towards the likenesses of this; and if we reject this cause, we shall be unable to say how and through what causes the passion of love arises, even in the case of loves of which the object is sexual intercourse. For even these wish to procreate in the beautiful; since it were strange if Nature, which desires to produce beautiful things, should desire to generate in something ugly. But to those who are moved to generate thus, it suffices to possess the beautiful in this kind: that, namely, which is present in likenesses and bodies; since the archetype [Beauty itself] is not present with them, although it is the cause of their love even of the beauty of this world. And by those who have risen from this lower beauty to a reminiscence of the supernal, the former is loved as a likeness of the latter; but to those who, from ignorance of the nature of their passion, have not arrived at this reminiscence, the beauty of this world appears true, and with such as are temperate the enjoyment of this beauty is without sin; but the lapse to carnality is a sin.

And by him whose love of the beautiful is pure, beauty alone is loved, whether he have arrived at that reminiscence or not. But he in whom another desire is mingled with his love of the beautiful—a desire, namely, of being immortal, as far as it is possible to mortality—he seeks the beautiful in the perpetually-producing and everlasting,* and, proceeding in accordance with nature, he sows and engenders in some beautiful object; sowing, indeed, with a view to perpetuity, but in something beautiful by reason of his own relationship to the beautiful. And, indeed, the everlasting is also related to the beautiful; the everlasting nature is that which is primarily beautiful, and the things that spring from it are all beautiful.

That, then, which hath not the will to generate, is more self-sufficing in respect to the beautiful; but that which longs to produce, wills to produce something beautiful in consequence

straight—crooked; light—darkness; good—evil; square—oblong. The good, or positive, series is constituted of the first element in each pair of contraries; the evil, or negative, of the second.

* "Generation is something which is perpetually-producing, and immortal in respect to mortality.' —*Banquet*, § 31.

of a want, and is not self-sufficient. Such a one supposes that he will produce something of this kind, if it be generated in a beautiful object. But such as will to generate lawlessly and against nature, though starting from a natural impulse, are carried astray; and slipping, as it were, from the path, they fall prone, not knowing whither love was leading them, nor the purpose of generation, nor the right use of a likeness of beauty; nor do they know what beauty itself is. Those, however, who are lovers of beautiful bodies, not for the sake of connection, but because they are beautiful; those again, who follow the love which is called mixed—that of women, namely—in order to perpetuate [themselves in their offspring]: both these, if they do not trip, are temperate, though the former are better. But these also worship the beauty of this world, and are content therewith; others, who have arrived at a reminiscence of the supernal beauty, worship that, yet without despising this visible beauty, which they regard as an effect produced by the other, and as a toy. These, then, are occupied with the beautiful without shame (*αἰσχροῦ*); but others even through the beautiful fall into shame; for indeed the longing for good often lapses into evil.

And these are the passions of the soul.

## II.

But respecting the love which is accounted a God, not only by the rest of mankind, but also by theologians, and by Plato in many places, who says that Love is the son of Aphrodite, and that his work is to be the overseer of beautiful young people, and to move souls in the direction of intelligible beauty, or at least to strengthen the impulse towards the intelligible which is innate in them—respecting this love, above all, we ought to inquire philosophically. And now, too, we must take into account all that is said in the *Banquet*; amongst other things, the assertion that Love was born, not of Aphrodite, but of Penia [Poverty] and Poros [Plenty] at the birth-feast of Aphrodite. It seems, also, that the discussion will require that we should say something of Aphrodite, whether Love is said to have been born of her, or together with her.

First, then, who is Aphrodite? Next, how was Love born?

of her, or with her? or in what way do these statements—that he was born of her, and together with her—refer to the same [love]? Now we say that Aphrodite is twofold: the one celestial, whom we call the daughter of Heaven; the other, the daughter of Zeus and Dione, and the appointed overseer of marriages in this world;* but that the former is motherless, and beyond marriages, since there are no marriages in heaven. But she who is called Celestial, being the offspring of Kronos or Intellect, must needs be most divine Soul, who, directly proceeding pure from pure Intellect, remained on high, as having neither the will nor the ability to descend into this lower sphere, since she had by nature no downward tendency, being a separate substance [or hypostasis], and an essence which doth not partake of matter; whence it was said enigmatically that she is motherless.† Her, then, we should rightly call a God, not a dæmon, since she is unmixed with matter, and remains pure by herself. For that which proceeds directly from Intellect is itself also pure, inasmuch as it is strong in itself by its proximity to Intellect, and its desire and foundation are upon that which generated it, and which is sufficient to retain it on high. Hence [this divine] Soul cannot fall away, since it is attached to Intellect far more strongly than the sun keeps attached to itself the light which proceeds from it and shines forth around it.

Now following Kronos, or, if you will, the father of Kronos, Heaven‡, she directed her energy towards him, and became intimate with him, and by loving gave birth to Love; and with this Love she looketh towards him. And her energy fashioned

* Compare the *Banquet*, § 8. The distinction between the Celestial and the Popular (πάνδημος) Aphrodite is, however, older than Plato's time, and was recognised in the public worship of the Greeks. Xenophon tells us (*Symposium*, viii. 9) that the two Goddesses had separate altars, temples, and sacrifices. Both had sanctuaries at Athens; that of Aphrodite Pandemos was said to have been erected by Solon. Herodotus (i. 105) mentions a temple of the Celestial Aphrodite at Ascalon, "the most ancient of all the temples dedicated to this Goddess."

† The active element in the generation of the sensible world is the Reason which proceeds from Soul; the passive element is Matter, which receives the forms begotten, or manifested, in it by the Reason. In this sense Matter is denominated by Plato "the Mother and receptacle of that which is visible and in any way perceptible by the senses" (*Timæus*, § 24).

‡ Heaven here represents the first of the three hypostases, *viz.*, the One or the Good; Kronos, the second hypostasis, or Intellect. Aphrodite, the Soul, is the third hypostasis, proceeding from both the former.

[Love as] a substance and essence.* And the twain look thither, both the Mother and the beautiful Love which is born of her, a substance ever intent upon the beauty of another, and having its being in this, that it is a medium, as it were, between the desirer and the desired. Love is the eye of the desirer, enabling the lover through it to behold the desired object; but it anticipates [the physical sight], and, before it gives to the lover the power of seeing by means of the physical organ, is itself filled with the spectacle. It anticipates it, since it sees not in like manner by that in which the spectacle is fixed for him [*i.e.*, sees not by the physical eye], but enjoys the vision of the beautiful which escapes the physical sight.

## III.

That love is a substance, and an essence proceeding from an essence—inferior indeed to that which produced it, nevertheless having an essential subsistence—it is not fitting to doubt. For the celestial soul was an essence born of the energy prior to it [*viz.*, the energy of Intellect]; a vital essence, belonging to the essence of real beings, which looks to that which was the First Essence, and looks with ardour. And this was the primary object of her contemplation, and she looked to it as to her own good, and rejoiced in beholding it; and the spectacle was such that the beholder preferred the vision to all else, so that by the pleasure (as it were) and intentness with which she regarded it, and the ardour of her beholding, she brought forth something worthy both of herself and of that which she beheld. Thus from that which energises intensely about the object of its vision, and from that which flows forth (so to speak) from the object beheld, Love was born, an eye filled [with vision], as it were sight and the object of sight united: its name (Ἔρως) being perhaps derived from this, that it hath its substance from seeing (ὅρασις); while the passion would take its name from this [substantial love], at least if essence be prior to non-essence. Yet the passion is called loving, although it is a love of some particular object, and cannot be called love simply.

Now the love of the higher soul would be of such a kind;

* The true, substantial love, as distinguished from the passion.

itself also looking upward, inasmuch as it accompanies that soul, and is born of her and derived from her, and is satisfied in contemplation of the Gods. And as we say that that soul which first shineth in heaven is separate [from matter], we shall deem this love also separate; although we certainly called the soul celestial [as if we regarded it as inseparable from the material heaven]. For even when we say that what is best in us is *in* ourselves, we deem it separate [from matter] nevertheless. Be it, then, that this love is there only where pure soul abides.

But since it was necessary that there should be a soul of this universe also, in conjunction with this now subsisted also the other love, as the eye of this soul, being born also of its desire. But this Aphrodite, being of the world, and not purely nor simply Soul, gave birth accordingly to the love which is in this world, and which now, with her, presides over marriages. And as far as this love also is possessed of the desire of that which is above, so far it moves also the souls of the young, and gives an upward bent to the soul with which it is conjoined, as far as she herself is naturally disposed to recall the memory of intelligibles. For every soul desires the good, even that which is mixed with matter and hath become the soul of some individual; since this also follows the higher soul and is derived from it.

## IV.

Has then every soul a love of this kind in essence and substance? Why should the total soul, and the soul of the universe, possess love as a substance [*i.e.*, as distinguished from the passion], if it be not thus with the soul of every one of us, and with the souls of all other living creatures as well? This love, therefore, is the dæmon which they say accompanies every one, the love which is peculiar to each. For this it is which produces in us the desires which we experience when each soul hath natural longings, and brings forth the love which is in conformity with its own nature, and correspondent to its worth and essence. Let the soul, then, as a whole possess love as a whole, and each particular soul its own particular love. And inasmuch as each particular soul is related to the total soul, being not cut off from it, but comprehended by it, so that all souls are one; so also

each love will be related to the whole of love. Again, each particular love is attached to a particular soul, and that great love to the total soul, and the love which belongs to the universe is joined to the universe in every part of it. And further, this one love becomes many, and appears in every part of the universe, wheresoever it will, assuming various forms in its various manifestations, and showing itself at its own will.

We must conceive, moreover, that in the universe there are many Aphrodites, generated in it as dæmons together with love, and emanating from a total Aphrodite—many particular [Aphrodites] which depend on her, along with their appropriate loves; if indeed soul be the mother of love, and Aphrodite soul, and love the energy of soul striving for good. Since, then, this love leads every soul towards the nature of good, the love of the higher soul will be a God, which always conjoins the soul with that good; but that of the soul mixed with matter will be a dæmon.

W. C. WARD.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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# THE ATONEMENT OF ANTOINE DESPARD

"AH, Antoine! *cher* Antoine, it is not true! Thou wilt not desert me now, at this time! Thou canst not—only think of what is coming to us soon—think how I have braved my parents' anger for love of thee, and of what they will say if they learn the truth. Have pity on me, Antoine, and do not cast me off now, and surely the Blessed Virgin will reward thee!"

She knelt at his feet in the woodland path, the autumn leaves falling about her—a pathetic little figure in the costume of a Normandy peasant—and clutched at his knees with her two small hands, raising piteous blue eyes to his. But there was no pity or kindness in Antoine Despard's handsome, evil face; he took no heed of her pleading and cared nothing for her grief, for he had tired of this his last plaything, and she was now no longer any more to him than a cast-off shoe, or the very withered leaves

that he trampled under foot in the forest path. Even so he now trampled on that innocent, loving heart, and shaking off her clinging hands with a savage curse, he strode away through the trees, whistling a lively air as he went.

But as he left her her mood changed on a sudden, and she sprang to her feet with flashing eyes and panting breath.

"Take care, Antoine Despard!" she called after him, "take care, I say! You cast me off now, but one day you shall pay for this! It is not the first time—I know all about Babette and Marie-Rose, and I was a fool to think it would be different with me. It will not be the last time either—of that I am sure—but I say again, take care! The saints are watching you from the skies, and they see your evil heart; one day they will reward you as you deserve."

He only laughed scornfully and strode on without looking back. But surely she was right, and some unseen, avenging power was watching that forest tragedy—and remembered!

Antoine Despard was a woodcutter by trade, and lived alone in a tiny hut half buried in the forest; but there were long intervals during which he was absent from his work, and employed—so rumour said—in more lucrative, but less creditable business. He did not bear a good name in the neighbourhood, and knowing his evil ways, and black, ungovernable passions, the peasantry shunned and avoided him, though one or two young and foolish girls, carried away by his handsome face, and a certain wild charm of manner which he could assume at will, had, unknown to their friends, surrendered their hearts to him, and bitterly rued the deed. It was so with Térèse, an innocent child of fifteen, with a promise of future beauty, who had given herself to Antoine in preference to her other admirers, and had crept out evening after evening to meet him in some wild forest glade.

It was in the spring time, when the birds were singing and the forest flowers blooming, that Antoine had vowed to love her for ever; but now that autumn had come, and the forest had grown cold and desolate, his love had grown cold, too, and he had told her roughly to take herself out of his sight—he would have no more of her.

It was vain to appeal to his mercy—the man had no heart,

no conscience—he was simply a beautiful animal, cruel and dangerous to all who crossed his path, without scruples or principles, or any of the milk of human kindness; as well ask mercy of a stone.

So Térèse, sick with despair and terror, crept back to her father's hut, and there awaited the terrible day when her hard-featured step-mother must learn the truth. But that did not happen until later in the year, when autumn had given place to winter and the snow lay deep upon the ground, and then, when she had learned the truth, the step-mother showed no pity.

"What! thou hast been the mistress of Antoine Despard? Antoine, whom we all shun because of his wicked deeds! Antoine, who has the blackest heart in all Normandy! ungrateful one that thou art so to repay my tender care! Go then!—take away thy shame and seek thy lover in the forest—let *him* help thee, *I* will not! Go! and never let me see thy shameless face again."

She dealt Térèse a stinging blow upon the cheek and flung open the door of the little hut. The poor child threw one imploring glance towards her father, but he lay upon the settle in a drunken sleep; there was no one to take her part, and so, with a heavy heart, she went out into the snow and the darkness—away through the forest where the wolves were howling and where all sorts of danger, material and supernatural, lurked for her in the inky shadows—her footsteps leading her she knew not and cared not whither.

On, on through the night, while the moon soared high into the skies and shone weirdly down through the bare, interlacing branches, the same silver moon who had looked down on Antoine Despard's love-making in the balmy nights of spring, and as Térèse raised her tearful eyes to the great white disc she wondered where her lover was now, and whether he ever thought with regret of the evil he had done.

Suddenly she uttered a little cry of joy, for she had come out into an open glade, and there, before her, stood a tiny hut, evidently belonging to some wood-cutter or charcoal-burner, and whoever he might be he surely could not refuse her shelter on such a night. So she went up to the door and knocked timidly.

As a matter of fact the hut was Antoine Despard's, though

in the light of the moon Térèse did not recognise it, and Antoine himself was asleep inside, sleeping heavily, too, after a hard day's work, so it was not until the third knock that he awoke to the fact that somebody sought admittance. Then he stretched himself lazily and turned over in his bed.

"Ah bah! knock away!" he muttered, "I am not going to trouble myself to let you in."

So after ten minutes of knocking Térèse concluded that the hut was empty, and went away in bitter disappointment, to wander on and on through the long night and the chill grey dawn and the rosy sunrise; and at last, worn out with grief and fatigue, she lay down among the gnarled roots of a great oak-tree.

And there they found her the next morning—for she had walked in a circle and was not more than a mile from the village—frozen to death, and holding tightly in her arms the body of a little dead baby. A beautiful little waxen doll it looked as it lay there on the mother's breast, and the rough charcoal-burners shed tears over the two still forms stretched out upon the snow, and whispered to each other that it was like the statue of the Blessed Virgin and the infant Jésu in the little chapel.

* * * *

Twenty years later Antoine Despard still lived alone in his forest hut, still shunned by all who knew him, still evil of heart and unrepentant of his sins as ever. Time had not dealt very lightly with him, for, though he was as yet barely fifty years of age, hard work and evil living had left their mark upon his handsome face, seaming forehead and cheek with many a line, and powdering with silver the raven hair and beard. But age had in no wise softened his heart, he was more morose and uncivil to his neighbours than ever, and even the village *curé*, good Monsieur Dubois, met with no respect or politeness from this the black sheep of the little Normandy parish; indeed, Antoine had gone so far as to promise the priest a thrashing if he even so much as dared to knock at the door of his hut.

The twentieth winter after Térèse's death was a terrible one, and the poor peasants had hard work to keep the wolf from the

door—literally as well as metaphorically speaking—for packs of the hungry brutes, emboldened by starvation, came prowling round the village at night, carrying off poultry, sheep and even children, and the lord of the manor, the Comte de Merrimac, set a price on the head of every wolf killed in his forests. But Antoine Despard, whose mysterious business had brought him in an abundance of silver francs, had good food and to spare, and as he sat by his charcoal stove, his pipe in his mouth, he laughed to himself at the thoughts of what his poorer neighbours were suffering. Even the wolves had no terrors for him; when they came snarling about his hut he merely glanced at his gun, his axe and hunting-knife, and laughed again.

One night as he lay dozing on his bed there came a tap at his door. It was always an unusual sound to him, for by common consent his habitation was avoided by all who knew anything of him, and on such a night as this in the depths of winter and at a time when the wolves were the scourge of the whole country and made every road unsafe after dusk, who could be wandering in the forest? However it was no concern of his, and he prepared himself to doze again.

Again came the sound, and this time more loudly.

"Knock away, my brave fellow!" said Antoine to himself with a mocking laugh. "You will have to knock long before you enter."

But suddenly a woman's voice came to him out of the snow, clear and sweet as a silver bell.

"Antoine! Antoine Despard! Open to me, I pray you! Open quickly!"

Antoine started up in amazement. A woman wandering deep in the forest at this hour of night, and above all, knocking for shelter at *his* door though evidently knowing something of him! "Yet," he told himself, "women are all fools, and no doubt she has fallen in love with me like the rest. It seems to me that I have heard that voice before somewhere. I will open to her—perhaps she is young and charming—if not, it will be easy to drive her out again."

So he rose and unbarred the door, and as he did so it swung back slowly on its hinges, letting in a gust of wind. Then, by

the light of his tallow dip, he saw something that transfixed him with amazement.

On the threshold of his hut stood the tall, slender form of a woman, clad all in white of some soft material trimmed with snow-white fur, and wearing a cap of the same material upon her head. In the faint candle-light the hair that waved beneath her cap shimmered like pale gold, and her skin gleamed dazzling white, but her eyes were her most remarkable feature, shining with a strange radiance like two brilliant stars, and as she fixed them upon Antoine, a strange thrill of fear—the first, almost, that he had ever known—ran through him.

Half unconsciously he addressed her in awed tones and with more respect than he had ever shown to human being before.

"Mademoiselle has need of me? It is a bad night for mademoiselle to be out alone in these forests—cold and very dangerous. Will she not enter and take shelter in my poor hut?"

The girl uttered a low, musical laugh.

"Do not call me 'mademoiselle,' Antoine," she said. "I am but a peasant like thee, not a grand lady. Yes, it is a bad night, but I will not enter—instead, thou must come with me, for I have need of thee and am sent to fetch thee."

Another thrill of vague fear shuddered through Antoine's stout frame, chilling his blood and stiffening the hair upon his head.

"But—" he began in expostulation.

"Hush!" she said, laying an ice-cold hand upon his lips. "Come, I tell thee, and at once."

And much against his will, yet without another word, Antoine stepped out into the snow and followed her, not even staying to put on his fur-lined coat and cap, his snow-boots, or thick, bear-skin gloves. They crossed the glade and plunged into the deeper blackness of the forest, for to-night there was no moon, and only the stars sparkled down through the branches, winking rapidly as the mad north wind rushed by shrieking through the bare trees and sending blinding clouds of powdered snow from the branches down into Antoine's eyes and nose and mouth.

"*Diable!* it is cold!" he muttered, his teeth chattering and his face and hands stiff and frozen, as he plodded on after the tall figure of the woman.

She heard him and turned.

"Yes, it is cold," she said slowly, "*but it was on as cold a night that little Térèse perished just twenty years ago!*"

He started and shivered with fear; what could this stranger know of Térèse? She was not herself twenty years old! For a time there was silence save for the crunching of his feet upon the frozen snow—his companion made no sound as she went, seeming rather to glide than to walk—and the shrieking of the wind. Then there came to them on its blast a faint yet ominous sound, and Antoine trembled as he remembered that his gun and axe were left behind.

"*Nom de diable!* the wolves!" he cried. "Hark to their howling! Heaven or the devil save us if they hunt this way!"

"Yes," his mysterious guide answered, turning as before. "*Even so they howled on the night when the little Térèse was turned out into the forest to die!*"

"In God's name, woman, who are you?" he cried, now in desperate fear.

"Profane not that holy name, blasphemer!" she replied. "Thou wilt know soon enough—it is not yet time!"

And still they went on and on through the forest, the wind growing every moment shriller and more icy, till Antoine was almost frozen with the intense cold, and so weary that he could hardly drag his feet along the ground; and yet a strange power ever urged him on, keeping him on his legs when he would have fallen, and driving him after his guide as a straw is driven by the wind.

"Kill me now, if you like!" he cried to his guide at last. "But I can follow you no further."

Even as he spoke she stopped in the centre of an open glade, and bent over something that lay among the roots of a great tree.

"My little one! My pretty babe!" she murmured. "She still sleeps!" Then, turning to Antoine she continued, "See, is she not pretty, my baby? Look at her and see if she is not an infant to be proud of."

Impelled by a resistless force Antoine drew nearer, and gazed down upon the face of a sleeping babe which she held cradled in her arms.

"Who are you?" he cried again. "Devil—angel—madwoman—to leave a child alone in the forest on such a night, to perish with cold or be devoured by wolves?"

"Alas!" there was unspeakable sadness in the mother's tones. "She has already perished with the cold—*on a certain night twenty years ago.*"

Antoine was trembling now from head to foot.

"Who are you? Speak and tell me or I shall go mad!"

Then a strange light shone in her eyes and she turned upon him a look that dazzled him as she answered:

"I am Térèse whom thou didst ruin and abandon twenty years ago, and who is sent to thee to-night by the Avengers who watch above. I warned thee, Antoine, long ago, yet thou wouldst not listen but continued thy evil course, and now the hour is come when thou must reap the harvest thou hast sown—when the wrongs thou hast committed on the innocent shall be avenged. The Avengers have decreed it and it must be."

As she spoke there was borne to them on the wind the far-away sound of a midnight bell, and the spirit-woman, raising a silver whistle to her lips, blew a long, shrill blast. A moment later the distant howling of the wolves came closer, and Antoine fell at Térèse's feet with a wild cry of terror, imploring her with piteous voice as she had implored him once long ago.

"You loved me once, Térèse. Oh! save me, save me from the wolves and I swear that I will live a better life!"

She gave a low laugh, half pity, half scorn. "It is too late now to amend thy life! That is for thee to do when thou shalt awake from the long sleep into which thou must enter to-night. I cannot save thee if I would—and those are not mere wolves! Hast thou ever heard of the *loup-garou*—the evil beast into which the souls of the wicked may enter at times? I see thou hast! Well, that yelling pack whose howls we hear more clearly each moment are the dread white wolves, were-wolves who hunt through these forests only at times—when the vengeance of the Lords is about to fall—and none may see them save those on

whom that vengeance is to be wreaked. They, like myself, are but tools in the hands of the Lords of life and death and it is not for us to decide thy fate. See! here they come!"

And at that moment the pack burst through into the open glade, their fiery eyes and sharp, white teeth gleaming horribly through the darkness, and circled round the two who stood side by side beneath the great tree, Antoine leaning against the trunk for support, and Térèse standing erect and queenly, her babe clasped to her breast.

"Come hither, Babette and Marie-Rose!" she cried, and two of the white-coated monsters crept to her side and buried their grisly muzzles in her dress. Then, turning to the trembling man beside her, she continued:

"These are two of the girls thou didst ruin long ago. They are old women now and they are not good old women either. Babette is a witch and a dabbler in evil magic, so the people say, and Marie-Rose is a baby-farmer. If they were good they would not be here in these hideous guises. But it is thou who hast made them what they are—but for thee they might have been good wives and mothers by now—is it not so, Babette and Marie-Rose?"

The brutes answered with a savage snarl, snapping their jaws at Antoine.

"Therefore, oh sinful man! thou art now to reap thy reward. The Lords have shown thee mercy too long; at last their anger has fallen on thee, and we—these brutes and I—have been sent to administer judgment to thee. Antoine Despard, prepare to meet thy fate like a man, if indeed there be any spark of manhood in thee; the hour of thy punishment has come!"

With a despairing shriek the wretched man fell upon his knees once more, and as he did so the two were-wolves, Babette and Marie-Rose, leapt upon him. In vain he cried aloud in his anguish for mercy and forgiveness. There was no pity for him, no help either human or divine, and none heard his cries save the wind that shrieked through the leafless trees and the shuddering stars above—they and the spirit-woman and the dread white wolves, who lapped greedily at Antoine Despard's life-blood as it rushed out in a crimson torrent over the snow.

A. Sylvester Falkner.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## Ancient Indian Ideals and Modern Hindu Degeneracy

Ancient Ideals in Modern Life: Four Lectures delivered at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary Meeting of the Theosophical Society, at Benares, December, 1900. By Annie Besant. (The Theosophical Society, London and Benares; 1901. Price 2*s.* net.)

These lectures are addressed to Hindus and almost exclusively concern Hindus. Indeed, in reading them one almost feels as though he were assisting at a family gathering, where reproof is administered with so maternal a hand, that a stranger's presence seems little better than an intrusion. But our colleague would have for ever been untrue to her real nature could she have been content to stand quietly by with so many flagrant abuses around her, and have contented herself with singing the glories of a romantic past, in pæans of praise of the ideals behind the veils of what is best in Aryo-Indian tradition.

But what concerns modern India concerns also the British Empire, and what concerns the Empire concerns the world; further, in printing these lectures, they go forth to all and sundry as an invitation to assist at the family gathering, and not only to listen to what has been said, but also to remark on what has been heard.

In the first place, then, as it seems to me, Mrs. Besant is wise in perceiving that no sudden reform can be brought about in modern India. *Festina lente* must be the watchword, and, therefore, the practical suggestions she puts forward are marked with great moderation. Those, however, who are used to the drastic methods of reform in the West will perhaps regard them as too moderate; but then they do not live in India. These suggestions are made to the enlightened among the fathers of India, and are as follows:

1.—A resolve not to marry their sons before eighteen, nor to allow the marriage to be consummated before twenty; the first marriage (betrothal) of their daughters to be thrown as late as possible, from eleven to fourteen, and the second (consummation) from fourteen to sixteen.

2.—To promote the maintenance of caste relationship with those who have travelled abroad, provided they conform to Hindu ways of living.

3.—To promote intermarriage and inter-dining between the sub-divisions of the four castes.

4.—Not to employ in any ceremony (where choice is possible) an illiterate or immoral Brâhman.

5.—To educate their daughters and to promote the education of the women of their families.

6.—Not to demand any money consideration for the marriage of their children.

This is to form the thin end of the wedge which is to be driven through the walls of separation raised by pride and prejudice, not only between the Brâhmanical Hindus and the rest of the world, but also among themselves. With all of this we are all naturally in complete sympathy; but where I think that Mrs. Besant has treated the Hindu with scant justice is perhaps the very thing in which she feels she has shown him the greatest affection. Her four lectures are severally entitled: (i.) The Four Âshramas; (ii.) Temples, Priests, and Worship; (iii.) The Caste System; (iv.) Womanhood. In each, before she proceeds to deal with the crying abuses of modern Hindu degeneracy, she introduces the subject by an impassioned declamation in the historic tense of the glories of the ideals which she sees possible in these things. The consequence is that the contrast is so great that the present India appears to be almost past praying for. The ideal is so high that there seems no hope of its ever returning to it.

This unqualified glorification of the past would no doubt have been natural enough in a Hindu orator addressing the general populace; but these lectures were not addressed to the people, but to a picked audience of educated Hindus listening to one speaking a foreign language. This being so it would have been wiser, in my opinion, to have kept the distinction between ideals and actual history more clearly drawn, and not to have let it be assumed that the ideals were so fully and so largely realised by the India of the past, as the words of our orator suggest. The return to the glories of this past would then have seemed more humanly possible, and even improvements on it in some respects might have been seen to come within the scope of the future.

Moreover, the lectures would then have been more valuable to the wider circle of readers in the West for which they are now published. Students who are acquainted with history and comparative

religion, who are familiar with the criticism of the myths of Israel and of the legends of Christendom, will never accept the romance of India as actual historical happenings. They are bound to be consistent; they cannot believe in a favoured nation clause in the case of India any more than in the case of Jewry. They hold to the higher doctrine that God is no respecter of persons, no matter what any particular class of Gods may be.

Mrs. Besant, in her great love for all things Indian, regards it as a privilege to be born in a Hindu body; the unrepentant Mlechchha of the West will doubtless thank his Gods he is not so born, even if he know nothing of India but what he can read in our colleague's eloquent lectures. But above all things we are glad that Annie Besant herself was not so born, for had she been, there would have been no Annie Besant. Doubtless India had a great past, and there is much to learn from it; but India, as far as history goes, was not the world's spiritual teacher in any exclusive sense in which we can understand the use of the words. The Christian and the Jew, among others, make the same exclusive claim, and we cannot believe them, for to believe them would be to doubt the justice of Him who loves us all, whatever carcases we may inhabit. All of which our colleague has put elsewhere far more clearly than myself.

G. R. S. M.

## India, Greece and Apollonius

Apollonius of Tyana: The Philosopher-Reformer of the First Century A.D. A Critical Study of the only existing Record of his Life, with some account of the War of Opinion concerning him, and an Introduction on the Religious Associations and Brotherhoods of the Times, and the possible Influence of Indian Thought on Greece. By G. R. S. Mead, B.A., M.R.A.S. (London and Benares: Theosophical Publishing Society; 1901. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

With this somewhat extensive title-page in lieu of preface Mr. Mead introduces to us his study of one of the most interesting personalities connected with the time when the Christian Church was newly founded, and before its theologians had elaborated the scheme which made it the sole Wisdom and its Founder the one and only Teacher sent from God. In the earliest times of Christianity this was not so,

and Christian writers could speak calmly and appreciatively of a later Teacher, whose knowledge was not drawn from the meagre records of the words of Jesus, and who went about the world on his Master's business without feeling it necessary to join himself to the Christian body. In the lifetime of the Christ His too eager disciples had come to Him reporting that they had met a strange preacher, and had bid him cease "because he followeth not us," and had been sternly rebuked by the Master for their ignorant exclusiveness; and the Master's lesson, "he that is not against me is with me," had not yet had time to be completely forgotten in practice, though written down in the Gospels.

This state of things was, however, soon changed. It was very natural for one who resented the new claim that Jesus had been the sole worker of "miracles," to point out that the "miracles" of Apollonius were as wonderful, and even better attested than those of the Christ, and from that time to this the name of Apollonius has been the mark of ignorant prejudice and misrepresentation; he has been used by Atheists as a means of attack upon Christianity and by the Christians has been treated as a diabolical imitation of Christ—one as far from his real mind as the other. Within the last fifty years the extension of our knowledge of the capabilities of the human mind when carefully trained has brought many of the wonders related of both within the range of ordinary experience; an enlightened Christian of the present day no longer dreams of appealing to the so-called miracles of Christ as sufficient evidence of the truth of His teaching, nor feels it necessary for his position to repudiate the possibility of other teachers having done the like. It has thus, for the first time, become possible for a writer to speak of Apollonius calmly, and to estimate his place in history, as Mr. Mead does in the work before us, purely by such facts as have come down to us, without the theological bias which has rendered all previous biographical attempts nearly valueless.

The titles of the Sections of the present work are sufficient to show that if we obtain much less information about Apollonius than we could desire, it is not from any incompleteness in the author's conception of his subject but from the lamentable lack of reliable information. He was not a public preacher, living a short life confined to one small country, and thus an easy task for a biographer, as was Jesus; he was a wanderer over the world for many years, the powers he possessed and the work he did quite unintelligible even to his companions, and

very little was known of him. The man who wrote his life lived long after his time and was hardly capable of making good use of the scanty material which had come down to him. After a valuable summary of what is known of the "Religious Associations and Communities of the First Century," and the connection of "India and Greece," intended to give an idea of the circumstances which surrounded Apollonius when he began his labours, we have a Section headed "The Apollonius of Early Opinion." Then follows the actual Life. Those of us who are acquainted with the earlier lives will miss in Mr. Mead's work the picturesque, if unintelligible, details of the visit to the Indian sages in Nepâl. We fear there is no doubt that he is correct in treating them as quite unreliable gossip, but we are sorry to lose them for all that. What grows up for us in Mr. Mead's treatment of his subject is not the picture of a mere worker of wonders, a Magician, but rather the imposing form of a true Adept, possessing the key to all secret learning, received everywhere with reverence, and giving his life mainly to putting new meaning and power into all the old religions and mysteries he found on his way. On his true relationship to the elder Teacher, as it is whispered amongst those who know, Mr. Mead has wisely kept silence; but the readers of the third volume of the *Secret Doctrine* may find in what is there said of Buddha and Shaṅkarâchârya a suggestion which will help them to at least a guess. To make of him a rival, an enemy of the Christ, is to fail entirely to comprehend his true position and to do a cruel injustice to both Teachers.

We heartily commend the book to our readers. It forms an indispensable portion of the history of the Christian origins—the subject which Mr. Mead has made his own, and which to many of us is, in spite of its obscurity, the most interesting study possible. The judicial impartiality with which the author has stated the case for his hero, never pressing anything to a conclusion which the established facts do not fully bear out, whilst eminently valuable in a historian, is sometimes a chilly virtue; but this time, at least, Mr. Mead has permitted so much of his real feeling to peep through the calmness of his words that we may feel it has been a true labour of love thus to try to rehabilitate to the modern reader one of the noblest and most mysterious figures amongst the teachers of the Ancient Wisdom.

A. A. W.

## Shakespeare and Symbolism

The Messiahship of Shakespeare. By Clelia (Charles Downing). (London : Greening and Co., 1901.)

Beneath the snowy peaks of the mountains of Kâf, says an Eastern story, lies a lake whose depths cannot be sounded, whose surface mirrors with strange splendour the secrets of the sky. But he who lifts a handful of its waters and gazes long therein sees pictured there neither earth nor sky nor his own face. He sees only the reflection of his most accustomed thought.

Well might the lake of this legend be taken as an emblem of Shakespeare. Whatever the commentator's pet prejudice, the faddist's particular prepossession, the student's fondest fancy, Shakespeare, like Scripture, will furnish something to support it. His quarry seems to contain material for any edifice that the imagination may build.

Mr. Downing is well known as a careful and ingenious student of Shakespeare, and some of the theories he sets forth in his latest book cannot but interest any lover of Shakespeare or of mysticism. But we think he has not succeeded in proving his case.

Into the vexed question of authorship we need not enter. Whoever may have written the *Plays* and *Sonnets*, whether they were written by Shakespeare or through him, it is certain that the magnificent mind which produced them has given an education and an ideal to thousands, and it may well be that their author was acquainted with the full value of the gift he was bestowing upon posterity, that he knew the necessity for the work he was doing for the world. But to claim for him, as does Mr. Downing, that he presents himself as a "Messianic Personality," a "Reconstructor of Christianity," a "symbol of Christ," this, it seems to us, is to make an assertion too extragavant to require long consideration and too baseless to be sustained by any evidence from Shakespeare's writings. Indeed, Mr. Downing appears at times to hesitate between a willingness to modify his emblazonment, and an attempt at an even more amazing transfiguration. He says (Preface, p. xv) : "It is not, as far as I can discern, upon the suggestion of any supernatural or mystical hypothesis that he (Shakespeare) assumes these characters (of Pan and of Christ); he assumes them as an artist." But elsewhere he writes (p. 66) : "As Christ at his First Coming a carpenter, at his Second Coming was a play-actor, the theatre of Shakespeare becomes as sacred as the Church of Christ, and one with it." (!)

That Shakespeare is symbolical is not to be denied. What great work of art, we might say what work of art, is not? Every drop of water will mirror the sun; every creation of beauty will contain a truth that runs to the roots of being. But that Shakespeare consciously intended all his symbolism is an unnecessary assumption.

Tennyson said to a friend who asked him the meaning of one of his lines, "Whatever I write has seven meanings. Take whichever you prefer, or as many as you can." He would surely have admitted that he, too, had to take as many as he could. The maker no more than any one of his hearers can seize the full meaning of his song. Thus, though, as Mr. Downing shows, it is quite possible to derive from the *Sonnets* the history of a soul in search of the Ideal, thinking to have found it in mortal loves, twice disillusioned, finally retrieving it in the intelligible world, we are not obliged to conclude, we are hardly justified in concluding, upon the scant and slender evidence collected in *The Messiahship of Shakespeare*, that the poet designed this one of many significations, still less that he was recording his own spiritual experiences. Most of Mr. Downing's argument rests on a basis insubstantial and nebulous enough. Yet, however inconclusive his proofs, the speculations of a student so sincere, reverent and painstaking will not fail to arrest the attention of Shakespearian enthusiasts. The skill with which he marshalls, the subtlety with which he interprets, the quotations upon which he relies to establish his theories, make his book pleasant reading. The reader's pleasure, too, will not be marred by Mr. Downing's style. It is clear, simple and vigorous in the main. But why does he permit himself the occasional use of slang phrases, startlingly out of place in a serious criticism of Shakespeare? As for the not entirely unmusical but altogether mysterious verses which serve as prologue and epilogue to the book, we will not venture to rush in upon their "darkling turns."

A. L.

### From The Upanishads

The Song of Life, By Charles Johnston. (Published by the Author; Flushing, N.Y.; 1901.)

This little booklet consists of a graceful rendering of Yajnavalkya's teaching to Janaka (from the *Bṛihadâranyaka Upaniṣhad*), and a finely expressed prologue, in which in mystic fashion is set forth the main teaching of the Wisdom with regard to the soul. We are glad to bring it to the notice of our readers. We, however, protest that the paper is pink, and the print dim! Eyesight is too precious a thing to trifle with in this way.

G. R. S. M.

## The Hebrew Original of the Triple Tradition

Diatesserica, Part II. The Corrections of Mark adopted by Matthew and Luke. By Edwin A. Abbott. (London: A. and C. Black; 1901. Price 15s.)

A few months ago we had the pleasure of noticing the first volume of Dr. Abbott's great undertaking. In *Clue* specimens were given of error and classes of error of translation into Greek from the Hebrew of the Old Testament. The same phenomena were then pointed out in parallel passages in the New Testament, and the conclusion was reached "that parts of the Synoptic Gospels are based on translations from a Hebrew document." In the present volume Dr. Abbott continues with his painstaking task, and proceeds to enquire which of the three Synoptics is the earliest and which is the closest to the Hebrew original. By an exhaustive criticism of the Greek of the parallel passages of the Triple Tradition, that is to say of the material common to all three synoptical documents, Dr. Abbott concludes that "Mark", is the most literal translator, and also presumably the oldest, although this is not distinctly stated. Indeed Dr. Abbott is reluctant, and rightly reluctant, to draw any but the most transparently clear deductions, so that his main contention may not be weakened by the weight of subordinate considerations. In our opinion Dr. Abbott has made out his case. The common material used by the compilers of the first three Gospels—the ground of the Triple Tradition—is thus shown to be (i.) written, not oral; (ii.) Hebrew, not Greek; (iii.) classical Hebrew, not the vernacular Aramaic. To have established this is a triumph of linguistic scholarship.

The immediate "source" of the Triple Tradition is thus a Hebrew original, the detected errors and variants of translation arising from a *written* document, not from an oral tradition. We have thus won *one* step within the adytum of gospel-compilation. The questions of the "sources" of this "source" are outside the scope of Dr. Abbott's enquiry. But the main point for the general reader to remember is, that in the very highest probability Jesus in His public sayings spoke Aramaic, the vernacular language, in which alone the people could understand Him. These sayings were then in the document underlying the Triple Tradition translated into the classical Biblical Hebrew by the writer or writers of the designed life-story in which they were incorporated. Now the latest research in the field of textual criticism has come to the conclusion, by a comparison of Codex D, and the earliest Syriac and Italic versions, that the

original form of some of the sayings was far more graphic than the now canonical form, not only more graphic, but so to speak more homely. We can easily see how some of them lost part of their original vigour by translation into Greek and the removal of "stumbling blocks"—but when a large number of them is shown to have come through an intermediate translation into classical Hebrew as well, we are surprised that so much of the original power has been preserved,

We believe that Dr. Abbott has got his fingers on the main knot in the tangle of the Synoptical Problem, and therefore look forward with much interest to the concluding volumes of his scholarly labours.

G. R. S. M.

## A Reincarnation Novel

The Love of a Former Life, or Through the Centuries. By Charles J. H. Halcombe. (London: Burleigh; 1899. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The theory of reincarnation has opened up an entirely new playground for the aspirant after literary fame through the bye-ways of fiction.

Unfortunately in this new ground every man threatens to be a law unto himself, because no one can come forward and say: *My* knowledge of the facts of reincarnation shows me that So-and-So could not, and would not, have acted in this manner with such experience as they had in former lives.

So the public comes and gapes and says: This is the new theory and the author is very up to date, so perhaps all our ideas of right and wrong want revising. If Smith really was such a villain in his last life, it is quite right to make Mrs. Smith a villain in this life, etc.

The book in question implies that a man has a right, not only to adore the wife of another man, a certain villainous Count, but also to confess his feelings at great length to the Countess. She at once explains that she remembers him perfectly as her husband in Pagan Rome, that they two were Christians and were cruelly parted on their wedding-day by a heathen rival, who is now the present Count.

In this life the good Christian husband is the brother of the Count, and fell in love at first sight with the Countess, showing how infallible the law is!

The author quotes Lord Avebury to the effect that: "Love at

first sight sounds like an imprudence, and yet is almost a revelation. It seems as if we were but renewing the relations of a previous existence."

This may be so. No doubt the mysterious chains of causation which bind us to live the lives we now live, though we often wonder at our own doings while we do them, must be—if we believe in the great Law of Cause and Effect—the explanation of many a passing storm of emotion which we simply have to "sit through," without knowing all the facts through which we brought it upon ourselves. But are we to give ourselves up as slaves to our own past, are we to go through life with the dead albatross hung round our necks—symbol of the most inexorable of fates, the slavery of a man to his dead hopes and his past mistakes?

The book is written in most indifferent English, interlarded with worse French.

A. L. B. H.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

The *Theosophist*, June. "Old Diary Leaves" are occupied by the Colonel's account of his experiences with the French hypnotists. His view is that they have much to learn from us. He says: "The intelligent reader who ponders upon the power of a mesmeric or hypnotic sensitive to pick out a given object by her ability to detect the aura of a person impregnating it, will see how the whole of the Salpêtrière house-of-cards about the selection being due to the subject's exquisite perception of trifling physical peculiarities in the texture of the suggestion-impregnated paper crumbles when one realises that the detection is made by auric perception and not by physical sight or hearing. In fact, the recognition of the existence of auras gives the key to a large group of apparent hypnotic mysteries." The other articles are the conclusion of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Unseen World"; Mr. Cattanach's thoughtful criticism, "Lessons from the Life of Anna Kingsford"; the conclusion of M. A. C. Thirlwall's "Hindu Morality, as outlined in the *Mahâbhârata*"; of G. L. Simpson's "Renunciation," and of F. M. Parr's "Matter and its Higher Phases"; whilst G. Kṛishṇa Sâstri continues his translation of the *Râma Gîtâ*.

*Prasnottara*, April and May, continues "Stray Thoughts on the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*," and contains articles on "Suttee," "The Philosophy of Religion," by Prof. M. N. Chatterji, and on "Shri Kṛishṇa." If our

Indian friends could only understand how far too much has already been said about Kṛishṇa and the Gopîs and how thankful English readers would be to hear no more of the subject, the last article would hardly have been written. We are sorry to find from the "Activities" that the College has had to be closed owing to the Plague, though no cases have actually occurred amongst our own people; but we look enviously at the quiet courage of the announcement that "the dull season is coming, the oppressive heat will slacken our energies, and we cannot expect even half the work from our officers here during the time"!

*Theosophic Gleaner*, May, announces the foundation of a new Lodge in Bombay, apparently with the intention of carrying out amongst the Hindus the good work which the elder Lodge has done for the Pârsîs; D. D. Writer discusses "The Mysteries of Mind and Matter," and reproductions of papers by Mrs. Besant and Mlle. Blech, with the answers lately given in the *Vâhan* to a question bearing on the "Origin of Evil," complete an interesting number.

*Brahmavâdin*, for April. Swâmi Vivekânanda is always amusing even when not convincing, and his contrast of "East and West" is pleasant reading. What would our English Christian friends say to his announcement that "the first condition for religion is a strong physique, with iron muscles and steel nerves!"

From Thompson and Co., Madras, we have the first number of a new magazine, *The Ârya*, whose pages are, according to the editorial, "to be devoted as much to the dissemination of the grand principles of our religion as to the amelioration of the social and intellectual condition of our people." The contents of the number are well chosen for this purpose. Perhaps the paper which appeals most to English readers is one by J. M. Hora on "Haṭha Yoga." His defence of it as the natural introduction to higher things has much worthy of consideration; but the following extract will show the weak point, as it appears to us. He says: "There are few, very few (even in the Theosophical Society, good Sir) who have real panting for union, who burn to get to the Place of Peace. If we are honest with ourselves, most of us will have to admit that our aspirations, so-called, resolve mostly into desire for psychic experiences. . . . Why should not this desire be gratified if the wisher is fit morally? And Haṭha Yoga leads to a speedier gratification of this wish than the slow and more sure Higher Yoga." Have those who talk so glibly psychic experiences and the desire for them any idea of what is meant

by the "moral fitness," without which to open the senses to the astral plane is more dangerous than to step into a lion's den? Do they think that mere good intentions will save them?

Also from India: *Dawn; Awakener of India; Indian Review*, May *San Mârga Bodhinî; Siddhânta Deepika. Central Hindu College Magazine* not to hand.

In the June *Vâhan* replies are given to questions as to the attitude of Theosophy to the "Woman Problem," the possibility of a rebirth on another planet, the doctrine of Twin Souls, and the illusion by which we seem to feel pain at the actual place where the body is injured.

*Revue Théosophique*, May, contains Dr. Pascal's second Conférence at Geneva, upon the relationship of Theosophy with Science and Religion; a short paper by Blanvillain, entitled "The Beautiful, according to Theosophy," and translations from Subba Rao, Mrs. Besant, and C. W. Leadbeater.

The May number of *Theosophia*, besides translations, has a paper on "Self Control," read to the Amsterdam Lodge by H. Laau, and one of the various ways of treating the "Socialistic Idea," by P. P. Snoep. Our unwearied fellow labourer, J. v. Manen, contributes a summary of the "Present Condition of the T. S.," founded on the Adyar reports.

*Der Vâhan*, for June, forms the conclusion of the second volume of this magazine, and we regret that the Editorial notice is far from encouraging and has but little progress to report. There is only one thing to be done, to "keep pegging away on this line," if it takes our whole life, and this is the courageous resolution the Editor announces, undismayed by the lack of support received. The articles are the conclusion of the Guarani "Story of Atlantis," "The Human Soul in the Upaniṣhads," by Dr. Max Dressler. Follow the usual full abstract of the THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW for May, and questions from the *Vâhan*.

*Teosofia* for May continues Sra. Calvari's "An Italian Hermetic Philosopher of the 17th Century," and translates from Mrs. Besant's "Problems of Ethics," Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*, and Dr. Pascal's *Reincarnation*.

In the May number of *Sophia* we have the continuation of D. José Melián's treatise on "Homœopathy," a few lines on White Lotus Day, and translations from Annie Besant's "Thought Power," and Dr. Pascal's Conférences.

*Philadelphia*, March and April. In this number M. P. Muñoz treats of "A Prophecy yet to be accomplished"; A. Sorondo introduces an article by É. Zola entitled "What has the Nineteenth Century done for us?" and after a short paper by X. on the Purânas, we have a long one by Réné Caillé entitled "The Civilisations of Antiquity." Translations from Mrs. Besant and F. Hartmann and H. P. B.'s "A Bewitched Life," complete the literary contents.

*Theosophy in Australasia* for April contains, amongst other interesting matter, a paper by J. G. O. Tepper, on "The Sun, as the Source of all Terrestrial Life."

*New Zealand Theosophical Magazine*, for May, has a further portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "What Theosophy does for us"; and the continuation of Helen Horne's "Theosophy applied to the Education of Children."

Also received: *Modern Astrology; Mind; Metaphysical Magazine; Notes and Queries; Monthly Record and Animals' Guardian; The Breath of Life;* and *The Light of Dharma*, No. 1, San Francisco. This new magazine is "published under the auspices of the Buddhist Mission, established in San Francisco, September, 1899, by the Buddhist missionaries sent from the Head Quarters at Nishi Hongwanji, Kyoto, Japan; to minister to the spiritual wants of their countrymen on this Coast and to take up the work of propaganda in the New World." This new venture deserves a word of acknowledgment and praise. It contains Col. Olcott's addresses to the Buddhist Mission given during his visit to California. There is, indeed, room for a vast and most beneficent propaganda of this most amiable of religions, and nowhere could it be more appropriate than where East and West meet across the Pacific.

Also the following pamphlets:

*The Political Obstacles to Missionary Success in China*, by Alex. Michie; *The Necessity for a Revolution in Education* (apparently by the total abolition of teachers and teaching), by Harold E. Hare, Clarion Co., 72, Fleet Street; and *True Spiritualism*, John Scouller, 147, Grove Lane, Camberwell, 3*d*. A.

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An Interesting Thesis.—One of our colleagues in Holland let fall the following bit of interesting information in a recent letter. He writes: "At the Amsterdam University one of our members has just taken his doctor's degree in Letters after defending with success the following thesis: 'the Theosophical Movement which was founded by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, and for which she suffered, is not valued at its high worth by the scientific world.'" Eleven professors were present at the "wrangle."

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THE
# THEOSOPHICAL REVIEW

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## ON THE WATCH-TOWER

HARDLY a number of this REVIEW goes to our readers without the record of some new "find" of the greatest archæological importance. The present number is rich in such records and the importance of the new discoveries must strike even the most casual reader. Surely one would have thought that when with every year archæological industry is consigning to the limbo of useless lumber so many assertions which have supported the smug complacency not only of the compilers of our "history" school-books and college-manuals, but also of the greatest "authorities" of our professorial chairs, it were wise to make the possibilities of history a little more elastic, and abandon the unworkable "straight line" theory of evolution for something of a more "spiral" or "cyclic" character. And yet never before have we had such desperate efforts made to form a "corner" in scholarship as is now being done by the "primitive man" and "savage mystery" school of "scientific folk-lorist." Suggest that a man has a soul, and those sensitive folk shudder at such impiety to their soul-less deity. They know how religion and

Archæologia Triumphans!

art and science were developed from the beginning onward; and they have so far found no soul! At best, then, they must be "muscle-readers," one would think, and have got no deeper beneath the surface of things. But to the record of our new "finds."

* * *

More about the "Labyrinth"

OUR readers will certainly be interested to know how the works of excavation on the site of "prehistoric" Cretan Knossos are proceeding under the skilled supervision of Dr. A. J. Evans. The new "finds" are of such importance that we find ourselves constrained to find space for the long communication forwarded by this distinguished explorer from the site of Knossos, on May 16th, to *The Times*, and published in its issue of May 28th. Dr. Evans writes:

Thanks to the liberal contributions received from the Cretan Exploration Fund, it has been possible for me to resume the excavation of the great prehistoric building of Knossos—the true "Labyrinth" of ancient tradition—on an adequate scale. The season's work is now so far advanced that a short summary of the results—in many respects not inferior to last year's discoveries—may be of general interest. It is now evident that the palace is of even vaster extent than could have been foreseen from the long lines of outer walls already brought to light. The great entrance court takes an almost unlimited extension to the west. It must have been at once a palace court and the *Agora* of the "broad" Homeric Knossos. The lofty porch with its twin portals within, the ground-plan of which was already cleared last year, also served a double purpose. The doorway to the left leading direct to the corridor beyond with its processional frescoes was a real entrance. That to the right, communicating with a single room, may well have been reserved for royal use, and it is natural to imagine the King here, seated at the gate in the Oriental fashion and giving judgment before the assembled people in the *Agora* beyond.

* * *

"Mycenæan" Baths

THE base and foundations of the west wall of the palace were found to continue northward, taking finally a double turn eastwards in two sharp finely-preserved angles. The foundations themselves are on this side composed of small blocks—apparently unique in structure—and inner lines of the same construction, which support part of the north-western area of the building, attain the surprising depth of 23ft. The outer wall, after its turn eastward, takes a further and quite unexpected turn to the north, enclosing

a distinct quarter of the palace grouped round a small paved piazza with an inner portico of its own. This piazza, already partly excavated last year, was found to give access on the west to a spacious bath or tank, lined with fine gypsum slabs nearly 7ft. in height and approached by a double flight of steps flanked by a breastwork and columns, of which the bases only remained. This basin is analogous, but on a larger scale, to that already found in the Room of the Throne, and another smaller, has since come to light in the south-eastern quarter of the site. Two similar basins have now been found by the Italian explorers in the prehistoric palace at Phæstos, and these baths or tanks must, therefore, be regarded as a distinctive feature of early Cretan architecture. It is remarkable that in no case is there any visible inlet or outlet for the water, but slave labour may have been employed to empty them, and for their filling, too, so far as it was not effected by the supply of rainwater from the housetops.

* * *

A New Haul of Inscribed Tablets

A TERRACE wall divides this northern region of the bath and piazza from a considerable interior area of the building that lies between this and the zone laid bare by my last year's excavations. In this area, which includes the whole north-western angle of the palace, have now been uncovered a further series of large magazines opening on the Long Gallery already discovered. These freshly-excavated magazines are ten in number, bringing the whole tale up to eighteen, and several of them proved to be exceptionally rich in their contents. In the southernmost of these the huge store jars stood in double or single rows in unbroken order from end to end of the long chambers. The fifteenth magazine contained one of the best deposits of inscribed linear tablets yet brought to light, and here was found what must certainly be regarded as a Royal standard weight of elaborate execution. It is of red porphyry-like limestone, perforated for suspension towards its summit, and is carved all over with cuttlefish in relief, their coiling tentacles affording the same protection against fraudulent reduction as the stamp of a coin or the milling of its edge. The stone weighs about 26 kilograms or 64lb. Interesting evidence was forthcoming of the existence of at least one upper storey above these magazines, and on the upper floor level were found fragments of painted vases in a style which for combined beauty and largeness of design surpasses any known ceramic fabrics of the Mycenæan age.

* * *

Cretan Fashions of 2000 B.C.

NEAR the north-western angle of the wall, and also certainly belonging to the upper storey, were found various remains indicative of the former existence of an important feature of the building at this point. Here was found a continuous piece of stone frieze, or dado, with triglyphs and half rosettes in relief, together with other architectural fragments. Here, too, fallen from the walls, were parts of fresco paintings containing in their original design a series of zones

with human figures from about a fourth to an eighth of the natural size and of special interest as supplying a wholly new version of the costumes of Mycenæan Crete. The men here wear long tunics, while the wing-like ends of long shawls or plaids hang down behind their shoulders; but most remarkable of all is the head and bust of a lady, the colours of which, and notably her brilliant vermeil lips, are almost untouched by the hand of time. She wears a high blue dress looped in front and bunched up behind with ribbon-like bands, the bows, loops, and streamers giving the whole a somewhat Botticellesque aspect.

* * *

THE men bear cups, the precious materials of which are indicated by their blue and yellow hues. Of the former wealth of the palace in such vessels a fresh proof came to light in a neighbouring deposit of tablets bearing, in addition to their inscriptions and numerical signs, figures of vases of characteristic metal shapes. Of goldsmiths' work of another kind a remarkable representation was supplied by a fragment of fresco relief found in a gallery near the throne room. On this are seen the thumb and forefingers of a man, beautifully modelled, holding the end of a beaded gold necklace with pendants in the shape of negroes' heads in the same material. This African subject points surely to the quarter whence the gold itself was obtained, whether from Nubia, the Egyptian "Eldorado," or from the more western oases of Libya. Of contact with Egypt itself a highly important monument has come to light, dating from about the same period—the early part of the second millennium B.C.—as the diorite figure found here last year. It is the lid of an alabaster vase very finely engraved with a cartouche containing the name and divine titles of Khyan. Apart from the great rarity of monuments of this King, whose name does not appear in official lists, his appearance in a Cretan connexion is of great interest. His name, as Mr. F. Ll. Griffith informs me, is not Egyptian; he is often entitled "ruler of foreign peoples," and he seems to have held sway over the mysterious Hyksos invaders of the Nile Valley. It is worth recalling that a bronze lion with Khyan's name, now in the British Museum, was found in another direction as far afield as Baghdad.

Crete, Egypt and Babylon

The inscribed lid lay beneath a later Mycenæan wall and floor level, and it is perhaps not an accidental coincidence that about three yards from the same spot there came to light a fine Babylonian cylinder of lapis-lazuli mounted with gold and representing mythological subjects. It seems to be of pure Mesopotamian fabric, belonging to the class that supplied the immediate predecessors of certain "Hittite" types of Northern Syria. This is, I believe, the first authentic instance of the discovery of a Babylonian cylinder in the Ægean world.

* * *

THE northern entrance way, partly excavated last year, was found to descend

to a much greater depth, and fine walls of masonry, showing as much as eight courses, have here been exposed to view on either side. To the east of this and of the great court on which the Throne Room and other chambers open a further extensive palace region is now coming to light. These remains extend to the south side of the same court, which is now seen to be a spacious interior piazza. The buildings on the east side of this court include a series of small magazines, where considerable stores of plain clay vessels of various kinds lay in piles and nests. Other larger magazines contained many vases of new and remarkable forms, going back to the earliest period of the palace, while the still earlier clay stock below proved rich in neolithic relics, among which a number of primitive female idols in a squatting attitude are most remarkable. In the palace chambers on this side came to light a larger and a smaller press for oil or wine and their accompanying vats, and among the stores discovered are two sorts of cereals and small beans of a kind at present imported into Crete from Alexandria, and known as "Egyptian beans."

Neolithic Relics

* * *

It becomes more and more evident that the Palace of Knossos, like Indian palaces at the present day, was a small town in itself, with a considerable population of slaves and artisans, who were employed in various arts and industries for the benefit of its lords. Various indications point to the fact that many of the beautiful *intaglios*, the clay impressions of which have occurred here so abundantly, were produced by engravers working within the building. In several chambers were found the paints and pounded gypsum used by the artists who executed the noble frescoes and reliefs that adorned the walls. In a room on the brink of the eastern slope was made a discovery that shows that the sculptor's art also flourished on the spot. Here was found a magnificent three-handled "amphora" of veined marble-like stone, with spiraliform bands and reliefs round its mouth and shoulders, of such calibre that it took eleven men with ropes and poles to remove it from the site. This fine work was complete, but beside it stood another smaller vase of the same material and general outline, but only roughly shaped out. The sculptor was apparently at work on it at the moment of the destruction of the palace.

An Art Studio of the Period

* * *

Above this *atelier*, on the floor of a larger chamber, a find of a truly surprising character was made. Detached pieces of ivory and crystal began to appear, which were found to belong to a large board over a yard in length. It had been somewhat crushed and contorted, but the chief component parts were still in their places, though lying on the loose earth; and by means of framing and underplastering it was possible, after nearly three days' careful work,

The Royal Draught-board

to get out the whole as it lay. In the magnificent object thus recovered we have undoubtedly the Royal draught-board. The framework was of ivory, perhaps originally supported on wood, the board having perhaps also acted as the lid of a box to contain the men. The surface of the board formed a kind of mosaic of ivory, partly coated with gold, and crystal bars and plaques backed with silver and blue enamel—the Homeric Kyanos. At one end were a series of medallions arranged like those of the Egyptian draught-boards, such as that found in the tomb of Queen Hatshepsut, already known from the Enkomi example to have been imitated by the Mycenæans. This is followed by a kind of labyrinth of ivory and crystal, to which again succeed four large elaborately-jewelled medallions and nautiluses of ivory and crystal. The whole was enclosed in a frame of marguerites in relief wrought in the same materials.

* * *

AMONG the most interesting discoveries of the present season have been the large number of clay impressions of Mycenæan gems and signet-rings—some of them used for securing the boxes in which the inscribed tablets were originally deposited. The subjects of some of these are of striking novelty, such as a lady with a swallow at the end of a string, which seems to be serving as a lure to another swallow flying towards it. But what are we to say to a creature with the fore-part of a hoofed calf-like animal, and the legs of man, seated on a kind of throne? If this be not the Minotaur, it is surely the Minocalf. That the local monster of the later Greek legends should thus have received illustration in Mycenæan times is a strange and significant phenomenon.

The Minocalf

* * *

EXCAVATIONS just south of the Throne Room on the western border of the central court have brought to light other interesting seal impressions, several of them with religious subjects, which tend to show that there was a shrine in this vicinity. From a series of more or less fragmentary impressions it has been possible, indeed, to put together a whole scene of ancient worship, in the centre of which a goddess akin to the later Rhea or Cybelê stands on her sacred rock guarded on either side by heraldrically posed lions. In front of her is a votary in the act of adoration, while behind is a small temple with two consecrated pillars. The broad steps that ascend from the Central Court near the spot where the seals were found seem to have led to a spacious "Megaron" or hall, resting on basement rooms, into which part of its original pavement had fallen. It was in one of these that there was found the fragment of painted relief already mentioned representing a man holding a gold jewel, which, with other fresco *débris*, gives some idea of the magnificent decoration with which the walls once were covered. At the south end of the same central court remains are at this moment coming to light which shows that on this side, too, rose a hall adorned with painted

A Daedalean *Chef-d'œuvre*

reliefs of human subjects. An admirably modelled thigh and leg of a man, and an arm and breast, perhaps belonging to the same figure, must certainly be taken to represent the highest level ever reached by Mycenæan art. There is, as usual, a tendency somewhat to exaggerate the muscular display, but the human form is here seen as it was never again portrayed till the greatest age of Greek sculpture some ten centuries later. In this brilliant combination of the modeller's and painter's skill we may recognise the masterpieces of the craft associated with the legendary name of Daedalus. Round the breast and shoulders is a kind of chain of honour, the alternate links of which take the form of lilies; but another fragment supplies insignia of still more Royal purport. It displays the upper part of a head wearing a crown which terminates above in a row of five sloping lilies of varied metal-work, with a higher one rising erect in the centre. That the *fleur-de-lis* of our Edwards and Henrys should find a prototype in prehistoric Greece is a startling revelation; but it was perhaps fitting that, as last year's excavations in Knossos brought to light "the oldest throne in Europe," so the more recent researches should produce its most ancient crown.

* * *

AGAIN writing to *The Times* (June 14th), Dr. Evans has yet another startling discovery to announce:

The Architecture of Pre-Homeric Greece

The concluding excavations of this season in the prehistoric palace of Knossos have produced discoveries which throw an entirely new light upon the architecture of Homeric Greece. East of the great central court I have now brought to light a suite of princely chambers with walls descending in places 20ft. and including the remains of upper storeys. A portico to the east opens on a fore-hall with eleven doorways and giving access to the principal hall. A side passage leads from this to a second hall, which shows on two sides the remains of a double tier of colonnades, within which a triple staircase leads to the upper galleries. In this hall was a large deposit of tablets with prehistoric inscriptions, one larger than any yet discovered, and apparently containing lists of officials. In the neighbouring chamber were fallen fragments of human figures of coloured plaster in high relief and of most magnificent execution, the rendering of veins and muscles showing a naturalistic skill never again rivalled till the Italian Renaissance. In the adjoining gallery were remains of bull-hunting scenes, in which girls attired like Mycenæan cow-boys also take part.

* * *

THE results of last season's Egyptian archæological work obtained by Professor Petrie at Abydos, and Mr. Randell-Maciver at El Amrah, and by Mr. J. Garstang at Beit Khallaf, have recently been on exhibition at University College. As the net outcome of these extraordinary finds, we are informed by

High Art in Egypt 6,500 Years Ago

these indefatigable searchers that "the dynastic time stands now almost complete in its early stages, with a continuous record of sixteen kings." "These" kings, to quote from *The Times* of July 1st:

> embracing the whole of the first and second dynasties and a considerable part of the third, carry us from about B.C. 4777 to 3998. There are, of course, later periods subsequent to the sixth and seventh dynasties in greater obscurity than the days of 6,500 years ago. These, too, may be elucidated in time by the spade and the discerning eye of the archæologist. The most interesting broad deduction from the objects brought together in this exhibition is the existence of a high standard of artistic excellence in Southern Europe as early as the first dynasty, The conclusion to be arrived at seems to be that Hellenic and Egyptian civilisation were separate from and independent of each other, but with points of contact. Last season, as in the one before, specimens of early Ægean pottery were discovered. Professor Petrie tells us in the analytical catalogue:—"In the undisturbed base of a chamber in the tomb of *Z*er"—the second king of the first dynasty, dating about B.C. 4700—"were found many vases of the original offerings, burnt and encrusted with resin, etc. Four of these were ordinary Egyptian pottery, but eight were of the red polished ware, with handles at the sides, and of forms quite unknown in Egypt until Greek times. These are certainly foreign pottery of the beginning of the first dynasty; and by their colour, material, and forms are linked to the painted pottery to which we have already attributed an Ægean origin." The forms, indeed, are of great beauty, not unworthy of the best days of Hellenic workmanship.

* * *

The rest of this account will be found under "Flotsam and Jetsam."

# ON LOVE

## From the Greek of Plotinus

(concluded from p. 459)

## V.

But what is the nature of this dæmon and of dæmons in general, which is spoken of also in the *Banquet;* both that of the other dæmons and that of the Love which is born of Poverty and Plenty, the son of Counsel, at the birth-feast of Aphrodite? The conjecture that by love Plato means this world,* instead of the love which belongs to it and is generated in it, involves many contradictions; whereas the world is said [by Plato] to be a blessed God, and self-sufficient, while this love is admitted by him to be neither a God nor self-sufficient, but always in want. Moreover, if the world consist of soul and body, and the soul of the world be Aphrodite with him, Aphrodite must needs be the ruling part of Love; or if by "world" the soul of the world be meant, as by "man" we signify the soul of a man, Love must be Aphrodite. Again, why should this Love, who is a dæmon, be identified with the world, while the other dæmons—for clearly they are of the same essence—are not identified with it? For in that case the world would be nothing more than a collection of dæmons. And that which was said [by Plato] to be the overseer of beautiful young people, how can it be the world? And [when he describes Love as] without bed, and barefoot, and homeless,† how can this be applied to the world, except by quibbling and speaking wide of the mark?

* Plutarch (*Of Isis and Osiris*, § 57) ascribes this meaning to Love in Plato's myth, identifying Eros (Love) with the Egyptian Horus.

† *Banquet*, § 29.

## VI.

But what must we now say of Love, and of his birth as it is told [by Plato]? It is evident that we must understand who Penia and Poros are, and how these are adapted to be parents to him. And it is evident that they must be adapted to the other dæmons also, since dæmons, as dæmons, must needs have one nature and one essence, unless they are to have merely a name in common. Let us understand, therefore, how we distinguish Gods from dæmons, at least when we speak of them as of two distinct races; for we often call dæmons Gods.

We say and believe, then, that the race of Gods is impassive; but to dæmons we attribute passions, and we say that they are everlasting, but lower in degree than the Gods and nearer to us, holding a position midway between the Gods and our own race. How is it, then, that they did not remain impassive, and how came they by nature to descend towards the lower state? And now, too, we have this to consider: whether there is no dæmon in the intelligible world, and again whether dæmons exist only in this world, while God is confined to the intelligible; or whether there are Gods here also, and the world is a God, as is commonly said, of the third degree,* and each of those who dwell as far [downward] as the moon, is a God. It is better to say that there is no dæmon in the intelligible world, but, supposing Dæmon Itself be there, that this also is a God; and again, in the sensible world, that they who dwell as far [downward] as the moon, the visible Gods, are secondary Gods, inferior and conformed to those intelligible Gods, being suspended from them, as the radiance around every star.

But what, shall we say, are the dæmons? Shall we say that with every soul that comes into this world, the dæmon is the token of its descent into generation? But why a token of the soul's descent into this world? Because the soul which is pure [*i.e.*, unmixed with matter] brings forth a God, and we called the love of such a soul a God.

* This is evidently an allusion to the doctrine of Numenius, a philosopher of the second century, whose books, as we learn from Porphyry, were read in the classroom of Plotinus. According to Proclus (*Commentary on the Timæus*, Book II.) Numenius distinguished three Gods: "The first he calls Father, the second Maker, and the third that which is made; for the world, according to him, is the third God."

Now, in the first place, why are not all dæmons loves? Further, how is it that these also are not pure from matter? Those dæmons which are born of a soul longing for the good and beautiful, are loves, and all souls which are in this world give birth to a dæmon of this kind. The other dæmons, being produced, they also, by a soul—*viz.*, the soul of the universe—but by other powers, fulfil and administer everything in the universe to the advantage of the whole. For it was necessary that the soul of the universe should suffice the universe by generating dæmonic powers serviceable to the whole which belongs to it.

But how do they participate of matter, and of what matter? It is not of corporeal matter, or they would be living creatures perceptible by the senses.* For supposing they receive bodies, aërial or fiery, still their nature must needs be previously different [from that of a pure immaterial essence], in order that they may partake of body at all; for that which is altogether pure is not immediately mixed with body; and yet many think that the essence of the dæmon, as dæmon, includes some sort of body, either of air or of fire. But why is one essence mixed with body, while another is not, unless there be some cause for it in that which is mixed? What, then, is the cause? We must assume an intelligible matter, in order that that which participates of it may thereby come also into contact with this matter of bodies.

## VII.

Therefore Plato says that at the begetting of Love Poros was drunk with nectar, whereas wine was not yet;† as if he would say that Love was generated before the sensible world, and that Penia partakes of an intelligible nature and not of an image or apparition emanating from the intelligible;‡ but that she, being generated within the intelligible nature and having had

* Iamblichus (*De Mysteriis*, V. 12) says that "the vehicle which serves as a body to dæmons consists neither of matter, nor of the elements, nor of any other of the bodies known to us." In the same treatise (II. 5) he asserts that dæmons "adorn matter"; *i.e.*, that their function is to exalt the material life by connecting it with the divine.

† By nectar, the drink of Gods, is intimated the intelligible nature; by wine, the drink of men, the mortal and sensible nature.

‡ *I.e.*, that Penia represents intelligible matter, and not merely the matter of bodies.

connection therewith, gave birth to the substance of Love, who is thus produced from form [Poros] and indeterminateness [Penia]; which indeterminateness exists in the soul before it meets with the Good, although it hath already a certain presentiment of good, as an indeterminate and imperfect imagination. A reason, then, being implanted in that which is not a reason, but an indeterminate longing and shadowy substance, rendered that which was born [of the conjunction] neither perfect nor sufficient, but defective, as being born of an indeterminate longing and a sufficient reason.* And the reason which is thus begotten [*viz.*, the dæmonic love] is not pure [from matter], inasmuch as it hath in itself a longing which is indeterminate and irrational and boundless; for it will never be satisfied, as long as it hath in itself the nature of the indeterminate. But it is suspended from soul, being derived from soul as its principle; and it is a mixture, produced from a reason which did not abide in itself, but was mingled with indeterminateness; for it was not [reason] itself which was mixed up with that indeterminateness, but that which emanated from it.†

Love is like a gadfly; needy by his very nature, so that even when he attains his object he is again in need. He is not to be satisfied, since the mixture doth not allow it; for that alone is

* The word *logos*, here translated "reason," signifies the power which produces into manifestation something which was before hidden. Primarily it means "word" or "speech"—the power which manifests the hidden thought of man. It is the "reason" which gives definition to the indefinite, *i.e.*, form to matter; whether it be intelligible form to intelligible matter, or sensible form to the matter of bodies. In Intellect all things subsist as intelligible ideas. The reason which proceeds from Intellect manifests these ideas as reasons in Soul, thus determining what were otherwise indeterminate, and producing potential into actual existence, on the plane of soul. For since all being is in Intellect, Soul derives her being from this alone; considered as independent of Intellect she were neither soul nor substance, but matter only and the possibility of being. Again, the reasons in soul, proceeding in their turn, produce into manifestation, on the plane of sense, the universe with all that it comprises. The universal reason produces the universe as a whole, particular reasons produce its parts. Thus the reason in the seed is the power which produces the plant; the "reason" why it becomes a plant. Only, the reason of the universe produces without impediment, since it comprehends all reasons that are within the universe; while particular reasons are modified in their energies by the energies of others. Plotinus compares the universal reason to the plot of a drama, which unites in one action many contrary incidents; and again, to a concert of musical sounds, which from various tones produces a single harmony (Ennead III., 2, § 16,17).

† Reason in Intellect abides in itself, since to Intellect all things are manifest as Intellect; in other words, Intellect and the Intelligible are one. It is the reason which proceeds from Intellect into Soul, that is mixed with matter—the indeterminate—and begets the dæmonic love.

truly satisfied, which is satisfied in its own nature. But Love is in a state of longing in consequence of the want which is inherent in him, and if for the moment he has reached satisfaction, he does not retain it; since he is both incapable of finding satisfaction in consequence of the want, and capable of obtaining it through the nature of the reason [of which he was begotten]. We must acknowledge, moreover, that the whole dæmonic race is of such a kind, and produced from such principles; for every dæmon has the faculty of obtaining that to which it is appointed and at the same time longs for it, and is in this way akin to love; neither is the dæmon satisfied, but longs for some particular object as its good. Hence, with good men in this world, the love which they have is a love of the Good simply and verily, a love which is not partial [but universal]; but those who are ranked under other dæmons are ranked under one dæmon after another, leaving dormant that which they possessed simply, and following in their actions another dæmon, whom they have chosen in accordance with that part of the active principle in themselves—*viz.*, the soul—which is consonant with it. But those who long for evil things, have fettered all the loves that are in them, by their ingenerate evil desires, as they have fettered the right reason which is innate in them, by wrong opinions supervening.

The loves, which arise naturally and follow a natural course, are beautiful; and such of these as proceed from the inferior soul [*i.e.*, the irrational soul] are inferior in worth and power; the others are superior: all are essential. But those loves which are contrary to nature are the passions of erring men, and are by no means essence, nor essential substances; for they are no longer generated [according to nature] by the soul, but are consubsistent with the vice of the soul, which now generates them in conformity with its own dispositions and habits. For in short it may be said that the true goods of the soul, when it acts according to nature in things determinate, are essence; and that the rest do not proceed from the activity of the soul, but are nothing more than passions. Similarly, false intellectual conceptions [are rather passions than actions], not having any essential basis such as those have which are really true and ever-

lasting and determinate, and in which intelligence and the intelligible and being are united, not only in that which simply is [*i.e.*, in absolute Being], but also in every form [or idea] which belongs to the truly intelligible, and to the intellect which is in each. And [it may be said] that every one of us hath in himself intellectual perception and the intelligible, subsisting in purity, though not unitedly; and that in us this also subsists simply, whence also we have the love of things simple [*i.e.*, unconditioned, or universal]. For indeed our intellectual perceptions [refer to universals]; and if they are directed to any particular, it is by accident, as when one observes that such a triangle is equal to two right angles, inasmuch as this is a property of the triangle simply.

## VIII.

But who is *Z*eus, whose garden [Plato] says it was into which Poros entered? And what is this garden?

Now Aphrodite was taken by us for the soul, and Poros was said to be the reason of all things. What meaning, then, are we to ascribe to *Z*eus and to his garden? For we must not reckon *Z*eus as the soul, since we have assigned this to Aphrodite. We must here again take from Plato the interpretation of *Z*eus; from the *Phædrus*, where he calls this God a great leader, and elsewhere, I think the third God;* but more clearly in the *Philebus*, when he says that in *Z*eus there is both a royal soul and a royal intellect. If then *Z*eus is a great intellect and a soul, and is ranked among causes; and if we are to rank him according to what is better in him, both on other accounts and because that which is royal and chief is causal; he will then answer to Intellect. But Aphrodite, being of him and from him and with him, will have been ranked as Soul, having been called Aphrodite with reference to what is beautiful and bright, and sinless and delicate (ἁβρόν) in the soul. For indeed, if we rank the male deities as

* As the "third" God, Zeus will represent Soul, the lowest of the three Hypostases or substantial principles. The second hypostasis (Intellect) is accordingly represented by Kronos, the father of Zeus; the first (the One) by Heaven, the father of Kronos. Regarded as Intellect, Zeus is the intellect which manifests itself in soul, and, through soul, in the universe, and is thus distinguished from Kronos, the intellect which abides in itself. Poros is, therefore, the manifesting energy of Zeus,

intellects, and call the female deities their souls—as with every intellect a soul is present—thus also will Aphrodite be the soul of Zeus; and this view is confirmed by the testimony both of priests and theologians, who identify Hera with Aphrodite, and call the star of Aphrodite in heaven [*i.e.*, the planet Venus] the star of Hera.*

## IX.

Poros, then, being the reason [or manifesting energy] of the [ideas] that are in the intelligible and in intellect, and being more diffused and, as it were, unfolded, becomes related to soul and existent in soul. For that which in intellect is convolved and does not come to it from another source, becomes to this reason, which is drunk, the adventitious cause of its repletion.† And that which is there filled with nectar, what is it but a reason falling from a superior principle to an inferior? Into the soul, then, this reason, proceeding from intellect [enters], flowing into the garden of Intellect at the time when Aphrodite is said to have been born. Now every garden is an adornment, and a manifestation of wealth. And by the reason of Zeus are adorned his manifestations also, the adornments which proceed from intellect itself into the soul. Or what should the garden of Zeus be, but his images and adornments? And what can his adornments and embellishments be, but the reasons which flow from him? Poros, or plenty, represents these reasons collectively, and the wealth of beauties now in process of manifestation; and this is signified by his being drunk with nectar. For what is nectar to the Gods, but that which the divine nature receives? But that which is below intellect, receives reason. Intellect contains itself wholly, and does not become drunk with what it contains; for it contains nothing adventitious. But reason is the offspring

* "There are two stars which run an equal course with the sun; that of Hermes (Mercury), and that of Hera (Juno), which the many call the star of Aphrodite and Phosphorus (Lucifer)."—Timæus Locrus, *De Anima Mundi*, § 4.

† Poros, being the reason which proceeds out of Intellect into Soul, derives his fullness from the ideas which are in Intellect. These ideas, which in Intellect are convolved or united, so that they constitute one divine substance, Intellect itself, are therefore the cause to Poros of his repletion, and they are an adventitious cause, inasmuch as having gone forth from Intellect, he is no longer wholly one with it. By nectar is signified the divine essence flowing from Intellect into the reason which manifests it.

of intellect, and a substance posterior to intellect, and whereas it is no longer possessed by intellect, but is in something else [*i.e.*, in soul], it is said to be lying in the garden of Zeus at the time when Aphrodite [the soul] is said to have come into existence among beings.

But it is necessary for myths—if they are to be myths—both to distribute in periods of time the matters of which they speak, and to separate from one another many things which in reality subsist together, though distinct in rank or powers; wherein the fables both ascribe generations to things ungenerated, and those that really subsist together they separate. And having imparted their teaching as far as they are able, they now leave it to him who has understood them to put together what they have taught him.

In brief, then: Soul, which is with Intellect, and hath received its subsistence from Intellect; which hath been, moreover, filled with reasons, and is beautiful, having been endued with beauties and filled with abundance, so that in it many adornments are to be beheld, and likenesses of all beautiful things—all this is Aphrodite. All the reasons in her are Abundance and Poros, when the nectar there floweth from above; and the adornments in her, whereas they are in life, are called the garden of Zeus, and there Poros is said to lie down to sleep, being heavy with that with which he is filled. And when Life is made manifest,* though it always is among beings, the Gods are said to feast, since they are in such bliss.

And thus this love always of necessity subsisted, from the soul's longing for the better and the good, and it hath been always, as long as soul also hath been.† But this love is a mixed thing; partaking of want, wherefore it desires to be satisfied, yet not destitute of plenty, wherefore it seeks what is lacking to it of that which it hath; for that which is wholly destitute of the good would never seek the good. Accordingly, it is said to be the offspring of Poros and Penia, that is to say, want and desire,

* *Viz.*, by the birth of Soul, the vital principle of the universe.

† Both soul and love are eternal. What is said of their birth is, of course, an instance of mythological ascription of generation to that which is ungenerated. In such instances generation does not indicate a beginning in time, but the eternal procession of an effect from its cause.

and the memory of reasons,* entering together into soul, produced that activity towards the good, which is love. Its mother is Penia [Poverty], because desire ever implies want; and Penia is Matter, because matter is in want of all things. Moreover, the indeterminate nature of the desire for the good—for there is neither form nor reason in that which longs for this [inasmuch as it is not yet in possession of what it longs for]—causes that which longs, in so far as it longs, to be more of the nature of matter. That which looks to itself is form, abiding in itself alone; but the desire of receiving renders that which is about to receive as matter in relation to that which is about to accede to it. Thus Love partakes of the nature of matter, and he is a dæmon born of the soul; inasmuch as he is in want of the good, and longs for it as soon as he is born.

W. C. WARD.

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# THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS

## THE TEACHINGS OF THE "ÂDI GRANTH"

BEFORE proceeding further with our account of the historical development of the Sikh community and its Gurus, it seems advisable to devote a few pages to sketching the religious aspect of the movement, and its teaching, as set on foot by Guru Nânak and repeated by the Gurus who succeeded him, down at least to the tenth Guru, Govind Singh, who in several respects returned to some extent towards popular Hinduism, though he always asserted the unity of the Supreme and his innovations touched not so much the doctrine as the practical conduct of life among his followers.

The following, therefore, may stand as a reliable outline of the theoretical teaching of Sikhism, as gathered from its bible, the *Âdi Granth*, and can hardly differ appreciably from

* The reasons in soul are as a memory of the ideas in Intellect

what was originally taught by its founder, Guru Nânak, for none of his successors excelled by any originality of thought, and as the *Granth* shows, each succeeding Guru seems to have been content to expatiate on the few ideas handed down to him by his predecessors.

Nânak himself, as has already been insisted upon in our sketch of his life,* was by no means an independent thinker, neither had he any idea of starting a new religion; he followed in all essential points the current Hindu philosophy of his day, especially that of the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, which was extremely popular among the Bhagats, the saints of the Vaishṇava movement, from whom Nânak derived his inspiration. Especially he seems to have followed Kabîr, who was already popular and widely known in India, and whose writings, being composed in the vulgar tongue, or current vernacular, were readily learnt by heart, and so became accessible to the unlearned masses.

The chief point in Nânak's doctrine was the *unity of the Supreme Being*, though it must be remembered that this conception was already very familiar to the educated Hindu mind, as it had been asserted and maintained long before Nânak by most of the Hindu philosophical systems, and even popularised among the masses by the Bhagats, especially by Kabîr.

That the Supreme is One and that there is no other, is very constantly emphasised; thus Nânak says:

> Whom shall I call the second? there is none,
> In all that is that One Spotless One.

And he fully concedes that in this point there is full concord between Hindus and Musulmâns, for he says:

> Know that there are two ways (*i.e.*, of Hindus and Musulmâns), but only one Lord.

He further admits the same thing with regard to the Hindu sects of those days, which, though wearing different garbs, acknowledge the One Supreme; for Nânak says of them:

> There are six houses, six Gurus, six (methods of) instruction.
> The Guru of the Gurus is one, the garbs many.

* See in last number the article "Guru Nânak, the Founder of the Sikh Religion."

This Supreme Being, Nânak, adopting the nomenclature of the Vaishṇavas, to whom nearly all the Bhagats belonged, called by many different names, such as: Brahma, the Supreme Brahma, Parameshvara, and especially Hari, Râma, Govinda.

This Being is alone really existing, uncreated, endless, timeless, eternal; it contains in itself all qualities and is at the same time without qualities. It is therefore inaccessible, invisible, incomprehensible (even to the Gods), and indescribable—statements which are frequently dwelt upon in the *Granth*.

It is the ground or root of all things, the source from which all have sprung, the primary cause. In this sense it is called the *creator*, but this does not mean a creation out of nothing, but a sort of *expansion* of the *One* Absolute into a *plurality* of forms. And it is owing to Mâyâ (? Illusion) that this apparent expansion and multiplication have taken place and that the errors of *duality* and *egotism* have sprung up.

This of course is merely current Hindu pantheism, and in the *Granth* both forms thereof are found; for the Supreme is sometimes completely *identified* with the Universe, while at others (as the *Gîtâ* teaches) the Supreme is spoken of as the Universe *and something much more*, and as *remaining distinct from it*. But although these current philosophical views of the Supreme are held, yet the Supreme is mostly *personified* and regarded under the form of personal qualities and attributes—as an object of *devotion* rather than of *intellectual speculation*.

We should, moreover, be wrong if we fancied that Nânak forbade the worship of other gods on the ground of the unity of the Supreme. On the contrary, he accepted the whole Hindu pantheon, only subordinating, as in the *Gîtâ* again, all other gods to the one Supreme Brahm. Nor did Nânak attempt to unite Hindu and Mahommedân *ideas* about God. On the contrary, he remained a thorough Hindu in all his views; and if he had communion with Musulmâns, and even accepted many of them among his disciples, it was owing to the fact that Sûfîsm, which all these Musulmâns professed, *is in reality nothing but a pantheism* of markedly Vedântic type, derived indeed in all likelihood almost directly from Hindu sources, and only outwardly adapted to the forms of Islâm. And it is on the common ground of this

pantheism that in the Sikh bible, the *Âdi Granth*, tolerance between Hindus and Moslems is often advocated and intolerance on the part of the latter rebuked.

The *human soul* is regarded by Nânak as being light from light, a *scintilla* of the Divine Life, emanated from the Absolute and as being, therefore, *per se* immortal. Some allusions in the *Âdi Granth* seem to show that the Sikh Gurus adopted a popular belief current among the Hindus of the time, that of *human* souls four lakhs (400,000) have once for all emanated from the fountain of light, and that their number neither increases nor decreases. Human souls, however, form only a small part of the total, which is limited to eighty-four lakhs (8,400,000) of forms of existence, *viz.*, nine lakhs of aquatic animals, seventeen lakhs of immovable creatures (such as trees, etc.), eleven lakhs of creeping animals, ten lakhs of feathered animals, twenty-three lakhs of quadrupeds, and four lakhs of men.

The aim and object of the individual soul, as a divine spark, is to be re-united with the fountain of light, whence it emanated. *Why* the soul has emanated at all, is, however, nowhere spoken of in the *Granth*, but so long as it has not attained this reunion it needs must suffer. But its reunion is prevented by the effects of action (karma), and by its impurity, contracted by love and craving directed to other objects than the Supreme, *i.e.*, by duality, and these subject the soul to re-birth or saṁsâra.

But if the individual soul is light, how came it to fall into *impurity* or *sin?* For Nânak clearly admits, and nowhere denies, that the world is under the dominion of sin; indeed, he declares himself that his own mission was to show mankind the way of escape from this misery.

It is further unmistakably taught in the *Granth*, that all creatures are subject to an *absolute destiny; e.g.*, Ravidâs says: "As far as living creatures are, they are subject to destiny"; and Nânak himself says:

> The lot has fallen, none effaces it,
> What do I know, what will happen in the future?
> What has pleased Him, that has come to pass.
> None other is acting.

And Guru Arjûn says very pointedly that, like an actor, man

shows many appearances, but that the Lord makes him dance as it pleases Him. For men are naturally impelled to action by the three qualities (sattva, tamas, and rajas), and their actions are determined by the quality which predominates in them.

Every soul is supposed to have passed through the eighty-four lakhs of forms of existences before reaching human birth, and hence human birth was regarded as so important, since final emancipation can be worked out in it alone.

This final consummation is Nirbân (the vernacular form of Nirvâṇa), and this according to Nânak is only to be obtained during the Kali Yuga *through the name of Hari*.

Austerities, renunciation of the world, bathing at the holy Tîrthas, almsgiving, are meritorious acts; but they do not suffice for gaining complete emancipation, for they are not powerful enough to clear away egotism. This the name of Hari only can effect; the name of Hari is the universal medicine for mankind; whoever mutters it is saved in a moment. The name of Hari can, however, be obtained *only* from the *true Guru*, who alone can bestow the right initiation and communicate the mantra of the name of Hari.

The *Granth* is full of the praise of the Guru; he is the only infallible guide to complete emancipation; he is the *mediator* between Hari and mankind, without whom nobody can become acceptable at the divine threshold; he is the boat that carries men over the water of existence; nay, he is the very fulness of Hari himself. Hence salvation comes only and solely through the Guru and his favour; whatever the Guru does, is done by Hari; and the Guru's saving power is so great that not only are the greatest sinners purified by him, but also his disciples become in their turn the means of salvation to their respective families. This is taught in numberless passages of the *Granth*.

Thus the chief duty of the disciple is absolute obedience to the Guru; his second is service to the saints, washing their feet, frequenting their society, attending upon them, etc.

Charity to animal life is frequently inculcated in the *Granth*, and in consequence abstinence from animal food; but this injunction seems to have been too entirely opposed to the habits of the Jât population of the Punjâb, from among whom the Sikh com-

munity was mainly recruited, and hence its observance was silently and completely dropped later on, only the killing of the cow being interdicted as sacrilegious, though in the *Granth* itself there is no trace of any special sanctity being ascribed to the cow.

On these lines it would seem that the disciples of Nânak would have developed into a mere monastic or ascetic sect, like those of Kabîr or Sheikh Farîd; but this was prevented by the fact that Nânak and his followers taught, in the most emphatic manner, that the state of a householder was equally as acceptable to Hari as retirement from the world, and that secular business was no obstacle to the attainment of final emancipation. Salvation does not depend on outward circumstances, neither on the performance of austerities, but on the inward state of the mind, which even amongst the daily business of life may remain absorbed in meditation on Hari. The evil practices of the mendicant fakirs as well as the rogueries of the Brâhmans, are, therefore, frequently exposed in the *Granth* and severely censured. By such pious tricks transmigration cannot be overcome, but the soul, on the contrary, gets still more sullied and depraved.

It is owing to these sound principles that the Sikhs did not become a mere narrow-minded sect of fakirs, but were able by degrees to develope themselves into a political commonwealth.

Nânak did not directly assail that characteristically Hindu institution—the caste-system; but neither he, nor the Bhagats, from whom he derived his inspiration, laid any stress upon it. He says in the *Granth*: "Thou (O God) acknowledgest the light (that is in him), and dost not ask after (his) caste. For in the other world there is no caste."

Emancipation or Mukti is not confined to the higher castes, but made accessible to all men, even the Chaṇḍâla or utter outcaste; and Nânak received all men as his disciples without any regard to caste, thus laying the foundation of a popular religion. And it was quite in accordance with these principles and the whole spirit of Guru Nânak's life and teaching, that Guru Govinda Singh, the tenth and last in the chain of Sikh Gurus, finally abolished caste altogether in the Khâlsâ or Sikh community, though the deep-rooted prejudices of the higher castes even then refused to submit to and accept its abolition.

But Nânak not only did not attack caste, as such; he also left untouched the dignity of the Brâhmans as family priests, etc., and indeed it is reported of nearly all the Sikh Gurus, that they had their family priests, even though the teaching of the Brâhmans, as well as the authority of the Vedas and Purânas is often impugned in the *Granth*. It was only the last of the Sikh Gurus, Guru Govinda Singh, who positively prohibited the employment of Brâhmans in any capacity, and introduced a new ritual, partly taken from the *Granth*, partly of his own composition.

Such are the main teachings of the Sikh religion as gathered from their bible, the *Âdi Granth;* but we must be careful to bear in mind that although these teachings and conceptions were undoubtedly the actual ideas and thoughts of Guru Nânak and his followers, as also of his successors, *so long as the community remained a small body*, yet when we come to consider the popular notions current among the masses, when the Sikh communion had developed into a powerful political commonwealth, we shall find a very, very different state of things prevailing. The sketch given represents the religion of the Sikhs as laid down by their founder, Guru Nânak, and his immediate successors. It is drawn directly from the *Âdi Granth*, which was compiled by Guru Arjûn, the fifth Guru. What it became in process of time, in the minds of the masses, we shall see later in the course of following out the historical development of the seed which Guru Nânak sowed. To this we shall now, therefore, return; and probably the most convenient and perspicuous way of pursuing the subject will be to give a brief sketch of the life of each of the Gurus in succession, dwelling on each so far as is necessary to make clear the change which the Sikh body underwent in his time.

## The Sikh Gurus

### 1. *Guru Nânak* (*born* A.D. 1469, *died* A.D. 1538)

We have already sketched the life of Guru Nânak at some length, so that here we need only observe that in his case the dates given are those of his birth and death, while in the case of his successors, the dates give the year in which each succeeded to the guruship and that of his death.

### 2. *Guru Angad* (A.D. 1538-1552)

The disciples of Nânak would no doubt have soon dispersed and gradually disappeared, like the disciples of many another Indian Guru before and after him, had Nânak not taken care to appoint a successor before his death. The choice, as we have seen, fell upon Lahanâ, or Angad as he was also called, who, far from being one of Guru Nânak's earlier followers, or indeed, one of long standing, seems to have joined the Guru not long before his death. Indeed, none of his early disciples seem to have remained with Nânak, and it is more than questionable whether there was even one amongst them who had attained to any degree of learning or education. No Brâhman, for example, of any note seems to have joined him, and the large majority of his disciples were ignorant Jâts, most of whom could neither read nor write.

Lahanâ first became acquainted with his Guru at Kângrâ, where he had gone to worship Devî and—as the story of his selection before quoted shows—was selected by Nânak as his successor on account of his absolute obedience and devotion, coupled with unshakable perseverance.

Angad seems himself to have been altogether unlettered, and could neither read nor write. After his succession to the guruship, he settled down at the village of Khaḍûr, on the banks of the Biâsâ, very probably his native place, and there lived the life of a recluse, gaining his subsistence by his own handiwork. He seems to have been a man of little force of character or intellect, and the few verses by him contained in the *Granth* are but a poor and extremely shallow repetition of the words of Nânak. He was however, fully awake to the importance of the "guru-parampadâ" or "successio episcoporum" to the Sikh community, and before his death on March 4th, 1552, he duly installed his devoted servant, Amar Dâs, as his successor, passing over his own two sons, as Guru Nânak had done before him, in the selection of a successor to the guruship.

### 3. *Guru Amar Dâs* (A.D. 1552-1574)

Of Guru Amar Dâs nothing is related that is worth special mention, except that the number of his disciples seems to have been considerable, and that the Sikh community must have

grown considerably since the days of Nânak. At any rate the offerings of his disciples to their Guru were sufficient to enable Amar Dâs to build a great walled well at Govindval, where he resided, in which eighty-four steps led down to the water. A great fair or melâ is still held every year round this same well.

Guru Amar Dâs was a humble, patient and pious man, full of real and sincere devotion, which must have been what attracted so many disciples around him, for there is little, if anything, even to indicate that he possessed any abnormal powers or psychic faculties. Like his master, Guru Angad, he was quite unlettered, and though the latter could only teach his successor the few simple tenets he had himself heard from Guru Nânak, yet Amar Dâs composed many verses which are incorporated in the *Adi Granth*, and are conspicuous for their simplicity and clearness.

### 4. *Guru Râm Dâs* (A.D. 1574-1581)

Râm Dâs was a Khatri of the Sodhi clan and a native of the village of Guruchakk. In early youth he had come to Govindval (where Guru Amar Dâs resided), and remained there, supporting his grandparents, who were very poor, by selling boiled grain.

It is said that one day he sat near the door of Bâbâ Amar Dâs selling boiled grain, when Amar Dâs by chance called his family priest (or Brâhman) and said to him: "Our little daughter has now become of ripe age, go and look out in some good house (for a suitable partner), that we may betroth her." When the Brâhman had gone, the wife of the Guru said: "For my daughter a lad must be sought of the same age as the lad there who is selling boiled grain, the girl being of about the same age." At the same time Guru Amar Dâs said in his own mind: "Our girl is now this lad's, for it is the dharma of the Khatris, that the thought which first comes into the mind, must be performed." Having considered this, he called that lad and asked: "My dear lad, who art thou?" He answered: "I am a Sodhi Khatri." When Amar Dâs had heard this, he thanked God, and said: "Blessed be thou, Lord, that thou hast preserved the honour of my word; for if this lad should be no Khatri, my caste-fellows

would reproach me for giving him my daughter." At that very time he put into the hem of the lad's cloth the betrothal presents, and a few days after the wedding took place, and Râm Dâs took his wife to his native village.

I have quoted this story at length not only for the pretty little picture it gives of village life in the Punjâb; but because it shows how little the caste-spirit and its observance had died out among the Sikhs, and also that they practically, at this time, in no way differed from the rest of the Hindu community, forming merely and simply a body of disciples attached to a particular Guru according to immemorial Hindu custom.

Guru Amar Dâs was particularly fond of his daughter (whose name was Mohanî), so that he passed over his son Mohan and entrusted the guruship to his son-in-law, Râm Dâs, who was a pious and peaceful man.

Râm Dâs was eager in collecting disciples, and great crowds used to flock to his house at Guruchakk, and his income from the voluntary offerings of his disciples must have been considerable; for it enabled him to restore magnificently an old tank which he called Amṛitsar (the nectar-tank) in the midst of which he built a place of worship, to which he gave the name of Harmandar (temple of Hari), now famous as the Golden Temple of Amṛitsar. The new town which soon sprang up round this tank was first called Râm-dâs-pûr (city of Râm Dâs); but afterwards the name of Amṛitsar was extended to the whole town, and the old names of Guruchakk and Râm-dâs-pûr fell into oblivion.

The restoration of this tank and the building of the temple in its midst was of the greatest importance for the consolidation of Sikhism, for the Sikhs thus acquired a fixed central place of worship, where the disciples annually assembled round the Guru and performed their ablutions in the nectar-tank.

Râm Dâs, though without any great amount of education, gave himself much to literary work. He composed a great many verses, in which he expounded his doctrines, and though no originality of thought is to be found in them, they belong to the better compositions of the *Granth*. He spent his days in peace and quietness, as under his guruship the organisation of the Sikh community had not yet progressed far enough to arouse the

suspicion and alarm of the Mohammedan government. He died on March 3rd, 1581, having nominated his son Arjûn to be his successor in the guruship. From Râm Dâs onwards the succession to the guruship remained hereditary in his family, which tended greatly to increase the wealth and authority of the Gurus, as the Sikhs were thereby gradually accustomed to look upon their Gurus as actual sovereigns.

### 5. *Guru Arjûn* (A.D. 1581-1606)

Up to Guru Arjûn, the Sikhs continued to be, what they had been from the first, a community neither very numerous nor much taken notice of; their Gurus leading the life of fakirs and being averse to outward show and pomp, though Amar Dâs, and more so Râm Dâs, had already considerable means at their disposal from the voluntary offerings of their disciples.

This state of things was considerably changed under Guru Arjûn, who was an enterprising and active man, and the first Guru *who meddled with politics*. After the Sikhs had obtained under his father, Râm Dâs, a visible sacred place, which served them as a rallying point, Guru Arjûn's first object was to give them a *sacred code*, in order to unite them more closely by one common religious tie and to separate them off distinctly from the mass of the Hindus. He collected therefore the verses of the preceding Gurus, to which he added his own very numerous (but carelessly written) compositions, and in order to prove that the tenets of the Sikh Gurus were already held and proclaimed by the earlier popular saints (the Bhagats) he inserted considerable extracts from their writings as *loci probantes*, at the end of nearly every Rag. This collection he called *Granth* (or *Granth Sahib*), *i.e.*, *The Book* (τὸ βιβλίον) and it was henceforth held sacred as the Bible of the Sikhs, gradually supplanting the authority of the Vedas and Purânas, which the unlettered people had never been able to read, whereas the *Granth* was composed in their mother tongue and intelligible to the vulgar.

Another measure, which Arjûn also introduced, was likewise of the greatest importance for the organisation of the Sikh community. It has already been mentioned that the Gurus had no

fixed income, but what was voluntarily offered to them by their disciples. Arjûn saw clearly enough that for his aspiring schemes and the extension of his spiritual authority, he required considerable sums which should be forthcoming with some regularity. He reduced, therefore, the voluntary offerings of his disciples to a kind of tax, which he levied by deputies, whom he nominated in the several districts, and who forwarded whatever they collected annually to the Guru.

In this way the Guru was on the one hand enabled to hold a court and keep always about him a strong band of adherents, as well as to extend his authority wherever he found an opportunity by the not inconsiderable sums he thus had at command, and on the other the Sikhs were thereby accustomed to a kind of government of their own, and began to feel themselves as a firmly organised and strong party within the state.

Guru Arjûn was the first Sikh Guru who laid aside the garb of a fakir and kept an establishment like a grandee; he engaged also in trade on a large scale, as he either loved money or was much in want of it.

Under Guru Arjûn, who seems to have possessed a very great talent for organisation, the Sikh community increased very considerably and spread fast over the Punjâb; but in proportion as the Sikhs began to draw public attention to themselves, the suspicion of the Mohammedan Government was roused, and Guru Arjûn was the first who fell a victim to it.

There are different accounts of the causes of the death of Arjûn. The common Sikh tradition is, that Arjûn had a son named Har Govinda. When he had attained to years of discretion, a barber and Brâhman came and brought about his betrothal with the daughter of Chandu Sâh, who was in the service of the Emperor of Delhi. Chandu Sâh heard from the people that in the house where his daughter had been betrothed, they lived after the manner of fakirs, and were eating offerings. He got very angry with the Brâhman and the barber and turned them out of his house. When Arjûn heard of this, he sent word to Chandu Sâh that the betrothal was given up on his part, as he could betroth his son somewhere else. Chandu Sâh became greatly ashamed at this breaking off of the match, and

from that day was a bitter enemy of the Guru. He calumniated him to the Emperor, and Guru Arjûn was several times summoned to Lahore, where he suffered severe treatment. One day Chandu Sâh suggested to the Emperor that he should sew Arjûn up in a raw cowhide, which the Hindus abhor most of all, and burn him. When the cowhide was brought, Arjûn begged to be allowed to first bathe in the Râvî. This was granted; Arjûn jumped into the Râvî and was lost in it; the people searched anxiously for his corpse, but could not find it. Guru Arjûn died in A.D. 1606, having nominated his young son, Har Govinda, to the gurushîp.

This Sikh tradition as to Arjûn's death is by no means satisfactory. Whatever the personal malice of Chandu Sâh may have been, it is very plain that the real cause of Arjûn's being put to death is passed over in silence in the Sikh version. The account given by Muhsîn Fâni in the *Dâbîstân* throws some light upon the matter. There we are told that the Emperor Nuru-ddîn Jehangîr summoned Guru Arjûn to his court at Lahore because he had offered prayers—and most probably also given much more substantial assistance—to the Emperor's son Khusrau, who had risen in rebellion against his father. Khusrau having been captured, the Emperor imprisoned his supporter, Guru Arjûn, and seems to have endeavoured to extort a large sum of money from him. The Guru was helpless, and, according to the *Dâbîstân*, was kept prisoner in the sandy country of Lahore until he died from the heat and ill-treatment.

It thus looks as though Arjûn—whose innovations in the constitution of the Sikh community point undeniably to political aims and ambitions—was put to death for having joined Khusrau in his rebellion against his father. Probably this was true and Guru Arjûn had hoped to gain considerable accessions of power and wealth from Khusrau in case of success. But whether the verdict of history upon Guru Arjûn should be "served him right," or not, there is no doubt that his followers ascribed his death to the bigotry and cruelty of the Mohammedan government, and were on fire with an eager desire to avenge it. The death of Guru Arjûn is therefore the great turning-point in the development of the Sikh community, as from that moment

a struggle began which changed its whole character both as a religious and a politico-social movement.

It will be well therefore to pause here for a moment and realise, as well as we can, the position of affairs.

In the first place it has been plainly shown that up to the time of Guru Arjûn, the Sikhs were merely a religious community, slowly growing in numbers, but of small importance.

Guru Râm Dâs gave them a rallying-point, and Guru Arjûn a bible, to which he added a definite semi-political organisation and himself adopted the worldly state of a king rather than that of a religious ascetic.

But it is fairly evident from the character of the *Âdi Granth*, which was compiled by Guru Arjûn, that he felt no special hostility to the Mohammedans, as such, nor even sought to exclude them from entering the Sikh community; although it seems probable that by his time the number of Mohammedan members had become quite infinitesimal. Moreover Arjûn seems to have got himself into trouble, not by leading or attempting any rising of a *religious* nature against the Moslems, but simply by the political mistake of supporting Prince Khusrau in his rebellion against his father. Hence his death was not due to religious bigotry or persecution, but to ordinary political reasons, whatever his followers may have thought. This at any rate seems to be the most reasonable view of things; but we must recognise that other causes must have been at work, probably for a considerable time, if we are to account satisfactorily for the remarkable and sudden change which came over the followers of Guru Nânak upon the death of Guru Arjûn.

Another factor in the general history of the time which must not be lost sight of, is that the death of Guru Arjûn (1606) took place within one year after the death of the great Emperor Akhbar. Now Akhbar was notable for his rare toleration in religious matters, which indeed has earned him copious abuse at the hands of the more orthodox Moslem writers, and far from encouraging or taking part in persecution on religious grounds, Akhbar sought rather to reconcile and unite all existing forms of belief in a new and wider synthesis. Hence it is extremely im-

probable that any persecution on religious grounds should have been directed against the Sikhs or their Guru during his reign, and although his successor, Jehangîr, was at times prompted by religious fanaticism, we must, I think, fall back upon the statement of the *Dâbîstân* and regard the imprisonment and death of Guru Arjûn as the result of his own political intrigues and his participation in the conspiracy of Prince Khusrau against his father.

But the death of Akhbar was followed by a recrudescence of religious fanaticism and persecuting zeal among the Moslems, which broke out in virulent form and was everywhere stimulated and encouraged by their rulers, notably by the bigoted, fanatical and cruel Aurungzeb. And this change in the attitude of the Mohammedans themselves most likely constituted one of the active causes which assisted in transforming the Sikh community into something almost totally different from what its founder, Guru Nânak, had called into existence.

But the story of this transformation and the further history of the changes which began with the death of Guru Arjûn must be left for subsequent treatment.

BERTRAM KEIGHTLEY.

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## THE BEAUTIFUL AND GOOD

THERE is no good that can be got from objects in the world. For all the things that fall beneath the eye are image-things and pictures as it were; while those that do not meet the eye are the realities . . ., especially the essence of the Beautiful and Good. Just as the eye can not see God, so can it not behold the Beautiful and Good. For that they are integral parts of God, wedded to Him alone, inseparate familiars, most beloved, with whom God is Himself in love, or they with God.—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

# THE RELATION OF THEOSOPHY TO THE FUNDAMENTAL LAWS AND DOCTRINES OF CHRISTIANITY

THOU shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—ST. MATTHEW, xxii. 37-40.

THE peculiarity of laws is that they mean what they say, neither more nor less. Proverbs, parables, or ordinary conversation, indicate a general direction of thought, but a law, like the needle of a compass, indicates one point only. If it is not precise, it is useless. Laws are never figurative.

Again, there are ranks or gradations among laws, according as a greater or smaller number of ideas or institutions depend upon them.

The Master tells us that the above named are the support of all moral ideas and institutions whatever. "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Now we do not hesitate to say that these laws are incomprehensible except on occult principles.

Let us see. We understand of course what love means. Every parent and child, brother, sister, husband and wife, friend with friend, knows what it means, and the word properly used never means and cannot mean anything else. We also understand what the "Lord God" means—the invisible, omnipresent Creator. But what is meant in saying "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," regard Him, that is to say, with the intensity of feeling which the word love implies, and that we shall do so on all the planes of our nature, is, I repeat, incomprehensible, save on occult principles. And yet Christ never modifies these demands in any after saying. On the contrary, "He that loveth father

or mother more than me is not worthy of me." He goes even further, "Except ye eat my flesh and drink my blood"—absorb me perfectly that is—"ye have no life in you." The whole Bible is strung to the same pitch. The feeling towards God which it insists upon is like that of lovers, of the intensest kind, amounting to a passion.

The second of the fundamental commandments is no less incomprehensible. It is not: Thou shalt treat thy neighbour with impartial justice. That would be a small matter. It is not even: Thou shalt never try to excel or surpass him. That would not be entirely out of reach and is merely altruism raised to its highest power. But the commandment is not altruism. There is no "alter" in it. It is nothing less than this: Even as thou lovest and cherishest thine own being, so art thou to love and cherish thy neighbour. There is to be no separateness between you. But surely society would go to pieces if men loved God in this fanatical fashion, and if each of us treated every other man as if he were not another man, but actually as if he were himself! That may be in the present stage of human evolution. The peculiarity of spiritual laws is they are not made with a view to particular stages of evolution, but always with a view to perfection. It may very well be, as a matter of fact it is, true, that the average good man is not yet efficiently evolved to be a Christian, but only to be the beginning of one.

It is possible that between his present performances—during which he is "following after," as St. Paul expressed it—and the ultimate attainment, when he shall be perfect, that is, "knowing Christ and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death"—as the same apostle describes it—between this following after and that attainment, numerous incarnations will have to intervene. That all may be. Only you will observe this: firstly, that Jesus Christ Himself obeyed these laws; secondly, that in the light of Ancient Wisdom they are not only reasonable, but inevitable. I need not dwell on Christ's literal obedience. His raptures in the Father seem to have been scarcely interrupted. There are little things that indicate it as well as

great. Take this: "As He went to Jerusalem His disciples followed Him, and as they followed Him they were afraid." He was rapt, that is to say, in a higher element, and they were afraid of Him as of a ghost, or as birds are of men. However, as I said, it is unnecessary to dwell on Christ's perfect obedience to the two great laws, for no one has ever questioned it.

Speaking of the second commandment we see that He reaches out His hands to lepers, as one would caress a child. He loves persons possessed with devils. He sympathises with the vilest classes of our species. Now turn to the reasonableness of these laws and the constitution of the universe out of which they proceed. Love the Creator with all thy heart and mind and strength and thy neighbour as thyself. Looking at the word more closely, what do you mean by "love." It always means the same thing, however it may be applied, *viz.*, the union of beings who are similar to one another. Expand that a little: (i.) Love implies contact; (ii.) it implies the contact of like natures; (iii.) it implies contact so close that each, losing thought of self, becomes identified with the other. Mother and child for instance. The one is developed beyond the other, yet *au fond* they are alike. Each nature contains something of the being of the other, with this result: the mother by the side of the child's sick bed sits up all night, forgets her own comfort, her own hunger even, and receives every scream of the boy's pain into her own heart like a knife. For the time, she is the child—the two are one—and if the child were as developed as the mother, he would identify himself with her in the same way. The relation in that case would be perfect. The union would be complete. This then is the way in which we are to love God.

But the ordinary conception of God is one of size, force and distance, so that the difference between Him and a man is the difference between infinity and six feet, which amounts practically, you will observe, to a difference in kind. Christianity does not say this, but its teachers too often imply it by their silence. They do not speak of the God within us to be clasped and held on to. They do not speak of the God in man's own heart to be loved with the love of a lover. They have not personally received these truths. They are not evolved enough.

These teachers are only on a level with our steam-engine making or our political period. So they take their pictures of God out of manufacture or government. He is the Infinite Inventor, Engineer, Controller, Magistrate, Decoration-giver and Executioner. That is God. Now then, given a being bigger than the universe and enthroned outside of it, who is occupied with giving work and tears and graves to men and women—Heaven to some of them and Hell to the rest—it stands to reason this is not a portrait for a man to love with all the enthusiasm of a lover or, as the law expresses it, with all his heart and mind and soul. He cannot do it.

Then the habit of our mind with regard to man makes obedience to the second great commandment equally impossible. The use of men, I mean the use for us of *other* men, is that we may excel them, surpass them and overcome them. That is what they exist for so far as we are concerned, and the greatest men are those who excel and surpass and overcome the greatest number and bring home the most bones to their own cave. It is true that Christianity goes directly against this. Christian saints and heroes, that is the dead ones, rank according to their degree of self-renunciation. But, unfortunately, the public teaching on this point is not so distinct as it should be, and besides, men's view of the truth is blurred by inconsistencies in the Church itself. They see mitres made crowns, and pastoral staves turned to sceptres. They see rank assigned to sanctity of character, or positions of rule bestowed upon humble spirits only in exceptional instances. Moreover, in the present stage of evolution, our Western race is still largely animal—the dog, the wolf, the fox, without the man's heart. Witness our absurd manners of suspicion and distrust towards everybody that we do not happen to know. *The Spectator* says that the average Englishman is mostly "looking round for somebody to despise." But in any case, it is certain that unless our age gets some new teaching and gets conducted by some short cut to a higher turn of evolution than what we have reached yet, the second great commandment of Christianity is absolutely hopeless. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

And yet—and yet there is a "remnant," as the Bible calls

it, there are a few people to be found at the present day in different parts of the world who literally keep these commandments, who have so lost sight of their own personality that they love their neighbours—not their *nice* neighbours merely, but all their neighbours—as truly as themselves, and who love God passionately—sometimes. And to be saints sometimes is as much as can be expected at our present stage of evolution. As to how many such persons there are in the world, not in Christendom only, but everywhere, I think we can say as much as this, that there are probably no cities or even large towns without a few persons who would willingly give life itself for others. And there is an even greater number who find their chief pleasure every day in the secret contemplation of the Infinite One; they recognise that He is kin to them, they touch Him spirit to spirit, and after the manner of Mary with Jesus, scatter upon His being, so to speak, the perfume of their whole nature, and wash His feet with their tears.

Needless to say, the God whom these good people adore is not enthroned outside of the Universe. He dwells in their own hearts, which are thus "temples of the Holy Ghost." He is the inner light, the Logos, which, as St. John says, "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and which, when we recognise it, produces in us what St. Paul calls "Christ formed in us, the hope of glory." Lacordaire speaks of it with a strange simile: "the sting of a bee." Our own Mrs. Besant speaks of it also—in fact, all the mystics do. The Divine Ego and the Human Ego—the two currents touch, with the result of a flash, so to speak, in consciousness. This becomes a ray unbroken between our breast and the ineffable One; and, whether they recognise it or not, all men and women, the most ignorant as well as the most illuminated, are truly connected with the Infinite Spirit or Âtman, just as, one day, we all shall be equally enlightened, and the veils on our faces equally removed. We are not fit for that yet, of course—we should go mad. We are not evolved enough. But it is in anticipation of the rapture succeeding all the incarnations that the passionate Law is given: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart and all thy mind and all thy strength."

The ray of Divine Light extends from the Soul, not only to the Seven Spirits and the Throne of white fire, but laterally as well to all mankind, making the solidarity of the race. The separateness among men is an illusion. Savage and civilised, the vilest and the most saintly, have already in their hearts the same Logos, and are destined, in the course of the æons, to attain the same glory. Save in the number of æons there is no difference from the standing point of God. Perhaps I am wrong in making even that exception. The relationship among them is in reality so close, that nothing closer can be conceived. Each is a variety of the substance of the other, and all are substantially one. For the present this is only imperfectly perceived. Before very long, however, in all likelihood, it will become quite plain, and the reasonableness of the Law appear distinctly: "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

It is not alone, however, to the *laws* of Christianity, but also to the doctrine that a priceless service is rendered by the Ancient Wisdom. Theosophists allege that there exists a great body of truths, philosophical, scientific and moral, which includes all that is trustworthy in the philosophies, sciences and religions of the ancient and modern worlds. This body of truths is known among us as Theosophy, which thus, though not a religion, is, nevertheless, the highest authority on the subject. The truths vouched for by Theosophy are universal in their nature, they prevail on all the planes of the Kosmos, physical, emotional, intellectual and spiritual; they are independent of history or locality, time or space, and are, therefore, eternal in the nature of things. Theosophy, like our Master Christ in His parables, postulates that the universe is throughout one substance, directed by one method, animated by one life. Everywhere there is a similarity of organs and modes, as between the protoplasm of the worm and the elephant, between the eye of the infusoria and the eye of man.

Theosophy maintains that a law existing anywhere prevails inevitably everywhere, from the nebular mist to humanity, and in all the planes of yet higher evolution till man is one with God, each plane expressing the law according to its own dialect, as it were, in its own spelling or handwriting. From the atom or the

insect to the prophet or the angel, the whole is continuously pervaded by the Living God. There is no gap anywhere. Separateness is an illusion. The planes, physical, emotional, intellectual and spiritual, mutually interpenetrate. The whole is one web, the robe of the Living Deity, without seam, woven throughout. In this way Catholicity or Universality is the test of truth.

As an illustration of how Theosophy applies it, take the cardinal doctrine of glory or perfection by means of humiliation. She finds this development through limitations or growth, through death on every rung of the ladder, and, in one form or another, from the vegetable or animal cell all the way up to the Christ.

Theosophy points out that the cross is both the most ancient and the most universal of all symbols, human instinct having everywhere and always discerned that Evolution is by the Cross, that the Cross is to the universe what the six-sided star is to the snowflake, what the geometrical figure is to the crystal—the foundation on which the whole is built. In short, Theosophy holds up to men's acceptance, not only the Cross, but the same Cross to which the Master invited the rich young man, while as yet there was no sign of His historical crucifixion—a Cross which antedates the very creation of the planet itself, for we are told that the "Lamb was slain before the foundation of the world" (*Rev.* xiii. 8).

It is in this manner that the Ancient Wisdom vindicates her claim to the position of an authority in matters of faith. Her test of truth is its catholicity. A doctrine existing on all the planes is beyond the reach of cavil or contradiction. It takes its place among the eternal facts. How is it possible, for instance, to disbelieve the saying of the great initiate, which every portion of the universe confirms: "There is none other name given under heaven whereby men can be saved," when we understand that Christ crucified is the eternal Law without us and power within us, effecting perfection through the Cross. In religious dissensions the body of Ancient Wisdom is the High Court of Appeal.

C. GEORGE CURRIE, D.D.

# A RELIGION OF MYSTERY

## Krive-Kriveïto and the Creed of Litwa*

> Thou art not to rise from the dust of the ages
> . . . Beauteous light of fair Livony.
>
> Yasykoff.

Of this ancient cult little remains, there linger but hints in scarce chronicles, unearthed and studied by a few specialists and scholars. As we watch the faint foot-prints traced by the vanished worshippers on the grey dust of the past, we can see rising before our eyes the shadow of a mysterious power, of a might once widely known—the power of the head of this unknown and vanished cult, the head who bore the generic name of Krive-Kriveïto.

The country swayed by this power of the past was composed of the lands of Lithuania, Prussia, Samogynia (which did not receive its name from Samo, the legendary Sage who ruled the Baltic Slavs), Kurenia, Semgallen, Livonia, Lemgallen, and the land of the Krivean Russians;† it was also called Ymond. The district of Lithuania now shows no traces of that religion which once raised it so high above its sister lands. The ancient charm has departed, save that which lingers about some vast and beautiful forests, more like the haunts of fairy and elf as pictured in old tales, than like modern woods.

Ditmar (or Thietmar) VII. tells us that under the influence of Retra, when Boleslav reigned "behind" the Elbe and the Danube, over Volyn and Prussia, and made war against Henry II. of Germany, the Slav tribes, with their gods at their head, came to help the Emperor, the cause of this alliance being their fear of the enmity of Boleslav to their creed. Pagans and

* Lithuania, now a province of Russia.

† Russia itself, since the days of Wladimir, was nominally Christian; but for the students of its early literature it was (and is) Pagan.

Christians are said to have fought side by side, and when the Christian soldiers insulted the images of the Pagan Gods, Henry paid a fee to appease the offended deities. The great Duke of Russia, Yaroslav—that typical ruler of the early days of a nation—also, it is said, entered into this alliance. This co-operation of Christian and Pagan was, however, of rare occurrence, and the evidence of its existence is not conclusive.

Peter of Duisburg tells us that the power of Krive-Kriveïto was equally great in Prussia and in Lithuania; also that the Russians went to Kurland to see the Augurs, who were there leading a monastic life, and to receive from them predictions as to the future. Thus it seems that a portion of the Russian land was under the sway of that priesthood and teachings which shine faintly upon us through the medium of dim tradition, and of which we shall try to give an outline in the following pages.

## I.

### *Cosmos and the Gods**

As to the Lithuanian conception of cosmogony only one precise and definite statement remains. The Lithuanians believed the earth to be a great circle covered by seven seas. The Sun, held in Litwa to be a goddess, roamed over the world in a cart driven by three horses; these horses were one of gold, one of silver, and one of diamond.

Two stars were the light-bearers of the Sun-goddess; these were the morning star (Aouschrinne) and the evening star (Vakarinne). The world, according to Lithuanian belief, has existed for ever; all that has been brought into manifestation is divine; all that exists is the manifested Deity. Two Principles reign in the universe; these opposing powers are good and evil, ever wrestling, ever in opposition, but proceeding from one source. The wrestling of these conflicting powers was symbolised by the flashing of the Aurora Borealis playing in the skies of their northern home.

Buslaeff quotes another saying of these people, giving a somewhat different, but equally suggestive cosmogony. This

* See *Some Features of the History and the Life of the Lithuanian People*, compiled by leave of the Vilno Statistic Committee, Vilno; 1854.

belief is to the effect that when the earth was destroyed at the Flood, certain men and animals were preserved, for they were supported by the shell of an egg cast down to them by the great God, Pramjimas.

The traditions of these people are those of an exiled race. From generation to generation was handed down the tale of their lost home in the East, where the Sun is born, where its palace towers golden; to that lost land, of which their traditions told, their souls returned as soon as the dense veil and prison of the body was rent away by death. Their songs tell of roses, of palms, of mighty wild beasts unknown in the adopted country wherein they dwelt, where only the lost buffaloes roam in the almost antediluvian forests. Ancient as the famous wood of Belovej is their tradition of the pre-historic world. They have two records of the flood; these are the tales of the great flood, Paskindimas, and of a minor one, Tvanoï. Before these floods the earth existed, say the legends, in another state. Two of the traditions dealing with this period are startlingly like portions of the Stanzas of Dzyan; they are as follows: The greatest of the gods, Sotwaross, having created the earth, saw that it was full of poisonous evil monsters; these beings—unfit to live—he gathered together, tied them, and gave the order that they should be drowned. The second legend tells of a "woman" Blinda, who could give birth to children from all parts of her body (by exudation ?).

After these first processes of creation the earth changed her form. The second story of the flood describes the chief of all the gods of the earth, Pramjimas, looking upon the *flattened* world; the God, gazing thus on the creation, sees much evil, vice, and disunion; so far indeed have men departed from brotherly love and the concord in which they dwelt in the beginning, that the God sent again the Giants Vandu and Veya (Vayu and Varuna ?), Wind and Water, to submerge the guilty race. This latter legend seems like a last glimpse of the fate of Atlantis glimmering through the mists that hide their real past from the eyes of Litwa.

The gods who watched over the race were many; but the accounts we have of them are few, and not very clear. Mention

has already been made of a highest God, the Creator of the dawning worlds, Sotwaross. From this deity came twice three gods; the first, or higher triad, was Atrimnos, Perkoun, and Pokluss (Neptune, Jupiter, Pluto); by and through the name of this, the higher triad, Krive-Kriveïto and his successors received their power; through them alone could priests be consecrated and the will of the gods known to the people. To the second person of this trinity, the god of thunder and lightning, the oak was consecrated. The lightning was held to be a power of the god, and all that it struck was sanctified. The images of the three deities stood under the mighty oaks on the field of Romow; tradition—and even Prussian chronicles—assert that these sacred trees remained evergreen, summer and winter; before the altars of the first triad burnt the inextinguishable fire, sacred to these deities, and called "*znitch*."

Pramjimas, with Vandu and Veya, formed a lower triad, a reflection of the higher, but alike in attributes and functions. Earthquakes were ascribed to the wrath of Pramjimas; he was not omnipotent; his name signifies predestination and he ruled life; but his ruling was controlled by the destinies traced on the "Stone," on which were drawn the things to be; of this Stone Pramjimas was the keeper.

The Creator was above all; but between the higher and lower triad was Laouma, the Litwin Lada, Lady of Love, and goddess of abundance.

Laouma bestowed her heart on a man of earth; from their union was born a son who "thrones in heaven on a diamond seat."

Laouma (or Layma) sometimes appeared to human sight; when she did so she wore sometimes a green vesture, sometimes a red, and sometimes a black robe; denoting severally a good harvest (green), war, or plague to come. The rainbow (the Lithuans called it "consolation") was named "Layma's Girdle," or the Heavenly Girdle (*dangaou tosta*). It bore also the name of a deity, Podaga (in Russian, Radonga), which name is derived from *padangis*=ether. Narbutt likens the goddess Layma to Perkounatele, the spouse of Perkoun, a goddess whose existence is still believed in by the Lithuanians. Narbutt calls her

Menelia, and thus links her to the twins Lel-Lelia of the Slav mythology.

In the names of these gods we can faintly trace the conception of a world of seven planes: three worlds below, and three, their archetypes, above; a dual principle in the Heavenly Mother, and above all a Creator.

The Lithuanian pantheon also includes Karalouni (Prakṛiti), a goddess of light. She is represented as a beautiful maiden; her head crowned with the sun; her mantle aglow with the strewn stars, clasped on her shoulder by the moon; the ray of dawn is Karalouni's smile; diamonds are her tears, and when the sun shines through the glittering rain-drops, the Lithuan murmurs, "Karalouni weeps."

Devevitis guards the sea; he watches over the sailor; the fishers, even in the present day, when they go out on the Baltic on the sunlit rosy summer nights, sing to him the prayer for protection. In the sea roam the Cheltizi; sirens they, beautiful virgins clad in robes of silver, fish scales and pearls, their heads crowned with amber. The queen of these sea-maidens is Yurata, daughter of Pramjimas. Yurata, like her mother, Layma, loved a man of earth; he was a fisher, and the goddess was condemned to fall into the sea depths, bound to a stone, at the foot of which her lover was chained.

In Lithuanian homes dwell the fireside fairies; these are the Kaouki, gnomes "as long as a finger," helpful little men, but proud. If they are offended they will depart, and set the home they leave on fire ere they go.

Undines swim in the Lithuanian rivers; and to the borders of the streams there come, on moonlight nights, the seven Lithuan "Parques"; through the forests roams the Mezioyma, a gigantic manlike Diana, wrapped in a bear's fell, crying out, "Litwa consists in her woods. Destroy the woods; Litwa shall be no more. Destroy the woods."

The seven Parcæ sit spinning in the moonlight, on the river banks; they sit—these seven mysterious sisters—on consecrated stones; their names and their offices are as follows:

Vernantey—who spins the thread of life.

Metantey—who rolls up the threads,

Audetey—who spins of them linen.

Gadutoy—who charms her sisters with her songs, and seeks to spoil their work; unfortunate is he whose thread of life falls into the hands of the fourth sister.

Sargetoy—who hinders her from doing evil; fortunate are the men whom she shields.

Noukiretoy—who cuts the thread of life.

Outkaletoy—who washes the linen, and surrenders it into the hands of the highest Deity.

The robe that men must wear after death is fashioned of this linen woven by the Norns. Each man in Litwa brought offerings to a consecrated stone placed in these weird places where the seven sisters sit and spin in the moonlight.

Wherever flowers bloom, whether in wood or field, there passes on wings of air, from one to another, the god of bloom, Pouzas; he of whom the song says:

> O flower! may breathe coolness on thee
> Pouzas, and his little sons, the sweet friends of flowers.

## II.

### *The Nature of the Soul*

The Lithuanians held that their ancestors were Sons of the Moon; and they believed them to have been gigantic in stature.

They believed the central force or spirit of man to be a spark from God. The forces of the spirit were: intellect, memory, imagination, concentration, penetration; the last-named subject to the intellect. Qualities and tendencies were believed to be born with man.* The authority from whom our previous statements have been gleaned, says that "soul" was unknown to the Lithuanians; but another author, Kadloubek,† says the Goths (Latysch) and Lithuanians (Litwa) believed that souls go out of bodies.

We appear to have hints, in the above mentioned powers of the spirit, of the "seven principles," spirit, soul, intellect, penetration, subject to the intellect, the psychic power of imagination,

* See Manuals iv. and v., *Karma* and *Reincarnation*, and compare the statements therein.

† See Kostomaroff, *Slav Mythology*, iv. 19.

and the mânasic power of concentration,* the lunar germ from the Sons of the Moon, the astral, the body, and that in which "the soul went out of the body."

The highest "light-spark," the "divine fragment" of the universal Life, seems to be hinted at in the imagery of the following graceful tradition: Some stars came to be born with men; the Parque attached these stars to the human life-threads; when the man dies the star falls from heaven.

Death was no enemy in the eyes of the Lithuanian; we shall see in the next section with what simple dignity it was met.

## III.

### *Death Ceremonies*

The Lithuan word for death is *nahwe*, and this word was adopted by the Slavs to indicate that after-death state described by the term Kâma-loka in theosophic literature. The Lithuanians believed that men retained their rank and duties after death; thus the noble remained a noble, and his servant died with him in order that he might follow him into the after-death condition even as he had followed him on earth. The bodies of chieftains were burnt, and with them a horse, a servant, dresses, arms, and also the claws of a bear or lynx, with which "to climb the mount of bliss," a provision for the future which implies an intermediate state in which bliss was not attained. For thirty days after the departure of the soul the widow came to shed tears on her husband's grave; she came twice daily, at dawn, and at sunset. On the third, sixth, ninth, and fortieth day a feast was held at the tomb, and an offering of food and drink was made to the soul; the food was thrown on the burial place; then the funeral meal was served, the men ate without knives, and in perfect silence. At these feasts the leader was always the priest; it was his office to begin the *rauda*, or "song of the hero who ascends the Mount of Eternity to dwell with his fathers among the spirits of the Good."† The people

* A curious proverb of Litwa says: "The father of thought lies in the pond."

† Some of these *raudas* have been collected by Philip Rouik and Dr. Resa. The only Lithuan songs which have come down to our times are the *daïnos*, or songs of love.

of Litwa dearly love song; on these occasions all sang—priests, wandering beggars, maidens, and fortune-tellers, all, in short, who were present—so that the place of burial was made bright with harmony and colour. The maidens described in the songs are pictured as beautiful and fairylike; crowned with flowers, robed in brilliant draperies of green, white and gold, their golden hair free and flowing.

On the second of November was celebrated the feast of "Ilgi"; this was the day of commemoration of the departed, an "All Souls" day. The Ymond tribe held this feast in the bath-rooms—a part of the house which is still believed in Russia to be haunted.

The divine spark within the soul of man rose again, at physical death, into the bosom of its god, or remained on earth to enter a new body. It appears here as though two stages in the pilgrimage of the soul had been confused by the collectors of Lithuanian lore. It was after the death of the body that the soul received reward or punishment, the existence of sin in the world was the consequence of its fate; this appears to denote a belief in cosmic karma, the collective fruit of the separated or concerted actions of men. The most terrible penalty which could fall upon the sinner was the annihilation of the soul; crime and error could be expiated by self-sacrifice or the giving up of some beloved being or object; the same belief appears to have been held by the Slavs who died for the dead of others; the same feeling probably prompted them later, when they are reported to have sacrificed children to the gods, to gain salvation for sacrificed and sacrificer.

We have seen above that man was born with innate inclinations and aptitudes, tendencies inherent in the babe, who, when he opened his eyes on earth, had a star born with him in heaven, a star linked by the Parque to his "thread of life," the thread that linked stage to stage in the great pilgrimage, and joined the past to that future in which lay possibilities of fuller life, as the "hero" of the *raudas* ascended the "mount of bliss" robed in the linen garment spun and washed by the seven sisters; but the soul which rose to the highest spheres, and yet lingered among men on earth, did not therefore cease to be one with the Eternal.

## IV.

### *Exoteric Worship*

The ancient Litwa held that Truth and Law were one, the Law could not be created, it *was*, and had to be found; to guide men in this search the Lithuans had an outer creed, of which few details and scarcely any monuments remain; they possessed also a teaching, the inner meaning of which was imparted to the few.

The exoteric creed, so far as we can learn, consisted chiefly in the worship of Perkunas (or Perkoum), the fiery god. This worship was paid to him under the sacred evergreen oaks, at his ever-flaming altars. In this outer worship we find no indications of any divine honours paid to the highest God, the Creator of the "first" earth. But His symbol was adored in olden times; this was the "holy fire" (*znitch*), which was tended by men and women of ascetic life. These were the Vaïdelotes, who were priests and priestesses of the eternal fire, ere it was brought to burn upon the altars of Perkunas and the gods. This worship is said to have owed its origin to the sun-myth; undoubtedly the sun, the heart of our system, the universal symbol of the Logos, was venerated in this, as in other systems, as the giver of the holy fire of life, the source of growth and being.

But all the remnants of the Lithuan faith to which reference has been made are but later rays—rays of the setting sun of the Lithuan creed.

There is a record of a shrine built as late as 1265, when the great temple of Perkunas was erected in Vilno; it was built on the spot where now stands the Roman Catholic cathedral, and round it was the sacred wood of Perkoun.

This great temple at Vilno had no roof; the entrance was to the west, and in the opposite aisle was a chapel containing the objects consecrated to the divine service; beneath it was a cave wherein, it was said, "serpents" dwelt. Part of the building was raised about twenty metres above the rest; here stood the chief altar, up to which led twelve steps, whereon was painted the orbit of the moon. The ever-burning fire shone on the altar; it was kindled in an excavation in the wall, made with such skill

that not only were the wind and rain powerless to extinguish the holy flame, but their rage only increased its brilliancy.

A curious feature of Lithuan astronomy lay in the fact that they had a year of thirteen months; every hour of the day and of the night bore its peculiar name; and they reckoned time by nights, not by days; they also had a method of dividing time into nine periods, following a Scandinavian custom. Scandinavian lands appear to have exercised an unaccountable influence over Litwa; we find that the head of their creed, Krive-Kriveïto, was chosen "in the way of the head-priest of Upsal." The temples were maintained by the war spoils. These were divided into four parts, and bestowed as follows: (1) to the gods; (2) to Krive and the priest; (3) to the army; (4) to the citizens.

## V.

### *Krive-Kriveïto*

At the head of the Lithuan system was Law—the unswerving Law which could not be changed nor invented; the Law which had to be found. The power of the visible head of this faith, Krive-Kriveïto, was not arbitrary nor unlimited; for it depended on the Law, and his rule was in the name of the gods, the higher triad. He was compelled to issue his orders as the mouthpiece of the gods, in accordance with custom and old traditions. From the gods Krive-Kriveïto had his might; even Pramjimas, the ruler of earth, could but follow the lines of fate traced on the mysterious stone. The gods consecrated Krive-Kriveïto, and he consecrated his chosen priests. These chosen ones, the Vaïdelotes, men and virgins dwelling in temples by the sea or in woods, were, so the sagas tell us, versed in magic arts.

In the night of the origins of this primitive faith we can dimly distinguish a great figure watching over and guiding the settling of the race, as they moved into the country of their adoption from that legendary land of the roses and the palm trees. Tchtiminas (Fish?) he was called; a great sage who taught the child-nation the arts that served their needs; to sow cereals, to shoot with the bow and arrows; a ruler who gave them the Law from Heaven; it was when the Lithuans forgot

this law that happiness left their homes. Some axioms, attributed to that first ruler, still live; we quote two of them as follows:

"Evil germs grow, even without careful sowing; but the good ones, even when sown, do not always bring the fruit expected."

"Wisdom, courage, and virtue are the foundation of heavenly bliss, as of earthly welfare."

The Prussian historian, Peter of Duisburg, thus tells us of the power possessed by the head of the Lithuans, him to whom the care of the Law of old, the Wisdom first bestowed by the legendary sage, was entrusted. In Prussia, says the historian, the Krive-Kriveïto was so highly respected that his bidding was law, not only to the Prussian tribes, but to the Lithuan and Livonia lands as well. His sway was so mighty, so widely extended, that all who were of his blood, or any messenger bearing the rod which was his sign of power, were, on entering a realm subject to the same faith, received by rulers, princes and people with the highest honours.

Peter of Duisburg confirms the statements made by another old chronicler (Adam of Bremen) who reports that the Russians were in the habit of consulting the augurs, who led an ascetic life, dwelling in Kuronia (Kurland). Karamzine* also gives it as his opinion that the Krivean Slavs belonged to the cult which owned for its head Krive-Kriveïto. It is certainly proven that a part of the Russian land (as well as Prussia and Lithuania) recognised Krive-Kriveïto as the head of its faith. In *The Compilation of Church History* (Narbutt, *Lith. Mythol.*, "Dodatek iv."), it is stated: "The 28th of July, 1414, in the village of On-Kamim (Duchy of Samogytia) died the last Krive-Kriveïto, named Hintowl LXXIV., high priest. With him disappeared a function very important in olden times; important in all questions of justice and of religion for the whole of Lithuania, Prussia, Samogytia, Kuronia, Semgallen, Livonia, Lemgallen, and the land of the Krivean Russians. This office had been held there continually since the eleventh century."

What was the real inner teaching of this vanished creed?

* *History of the Russian Empire*, vol. i., note 26.

Who shall say? Belief in magic was a part of the faith; it took, however, a form opposed to the usual mediæval view of magical practices and magicians. The Lithuans held that those men and women who were endowed with physical beauty were also those most highly fitted for practising magic. Magic to them, as to the Prussians, was truth-telling, and the beautiful was the true.

The key to the power of the Krive-Kriveïto is perhaps to be found in an old proverb which runs thus: "There is little white light here." With them the phrase "white light" or "white world" (*svet* means both light and world) is to be taken in what we might almost call a "technical" sense. It does not mean the light of the stars or of the sun; it does not mean the world of mankind as we know it; it rather alludes to an inner world of righteous men, of "chosen ones" of whom Krive-Kriveïto was the representative. Of this "white light" there is little in the world of men.

Litwa recognised a Higher Law, a wisdom entrusted to "chosen ones," brought and bequeathed to the people by their legendary ruler; this was the Law which "had to be found," and when discovered was known to be "one with Truth."

The religious chief of this faith, therefore, had a power equalled only by the sway of Arcona in the Slav lands, or by the influence of the Pope or the Dalaï Lama in our times; its area truly was much smaller, but the obedience it exacted was as full, and it extended over all kindred nations and children of the faith.

There is an old proverb which runs: "When you will light the light of the Serpents, all the Serpents will gather around it." Under the great Vilno temple there still existed, in the thirteenth century, the "Cave of the Serpents." This hint is significant to those who have studied the symbolical meaning of such words and phrases as "serpents," "light of the serpents," and "cave of the serpents."

Over the grave of the ancient creed of Litwa is now piled a mass of outer misleading facts, an over-growth of popular mythology, much of it, possibly, of late date. Litwa is poor and of darkened knowledge, though her woods are green and

light, not sombre as the forests of the Volga tribes; nevertheless no accretions of popular belief and lack of understanding can wholly conceal the meaning of the beliefs and phrases we have outlined and quoted.

It seems almost as though a Turanian stock had been led thither of old, bearing with them the Fire of Heaven—a fire which they failed to preserve, for on Russia's inner life the beliefs of Litwa have left next to no trace.

A RUSSIAN.

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# THE PRINCE AND THE WATER GATES

OLD folk who live away westward—where the Cornish sea crashes on blackish grey rocks and many-hued marble, and plucks, whispering, at silver-grey sand—folk who dwell where the Gulf Stream keeps the air mild and soft with the perfumed balm of an eternal spring-tide, will tell those whom they favour of Lyonesse. Such favoured ones, even to-day, may hear somewhat of the Lost Land, of which the wee isles, veiled in summer by shining, milk-white mists and in winter by clouds of wind-whipt spray, are all that remain. For the sea-fairies claimed the rest of great Lyonesse and drew it down under the water to sleep there out of hearing of the din and strife of this wonderful world of to-day; to lie still beneath the purple cloud shadows that flit over the surface of the green Cornish waters; to hear only, and that dream-wise, the hiss of the spray and the laughter of the milky-winged gulls.

The wise old folk who trouble themselves so little about new things, and are so chary of speaking of the old, keep their legends which they half believe; and these tell of things that happened in lost Lyonesse, and also in the "shining land," the wonder-country, Hy Brésil, which is not lost, but only waits for ever to be found, to which a few heroes of the old race won their way. The story that follows is one of the legends told to

the youthful unbelievers of these latter days; but it is likely that the thing whereof it tells was far otherwise, and has neither been heard nor told aright.

It is said that in the last days of Lyonesse there reigned in the land a great king, but all about him seems to have been mystery. This was either because he did indeed come from a mystic land which no man knew, or because, the country being large, the people of the outlying regions never saw his face, and therefore simple folks made legends concerning him; this is the later view, and therefore no doubt it is the wiser. Some traditions say his court, held in the great city where his knights and councillors gathered, was but an illusion worked by a great mage for the bewilderment of unlearned men. There are legends which declare that it was from Hy Brésil he came; and yet again others which say that this great king never left Hy Brésil at all. Moreover, some assert that the young prince went thither to him after he had opened the water gates after the manner in which shall now tell, even as it was told to me.

The region of Lyonesse, of which that which is now Cornwall was a part, was under the rule of a prince of the same lineage as the king. This prince was a great patron of learning, so that though his land was far from the court of the king, it was exceedingly full of wise and gallant men and virtuous and delicate ladies. In the capital of that region learning had made great strides; and the buildings there were wonderfully beautiful and noble. The father of this prince had been a great warrior; he it was who, aided by the magic of a mighty mage, had driven back the savage hordes of people who would not own the rule of the king. He had driven them so far away that the dwellers in the city had well-nigh forgotten the days when these savage men caused the people to fear them. The citizens grew more luxurious; they lived at ease and multiplied possessions, they applied themselves to the arts and sciences and to the increasing of civilisation and learning.

The city was built in a broad green valley; hills rose about it on three sides, north, east, and west; from them flowed streams like crystal. Where the valley opened out was a fertile plain watered by a great river fed by the streams, a river which

flowed for many miles to the south. Beyond the northern hills there was a wide sandy plain; in the hills to the west was a great reservoir, whence streams were led through the city streets. The northern hills were the steepest and highest; in them there was also a great reservoir, but from it no water flowed. A deep channel grooved in the rocks led down from the hills to the more level ground, and so onwards, in a broad dry river bed, through the centre of the city to the southern river.

For once, through the evil magic of the bard of a chieftain of the west, a plague of drought fell on the city. The bard sang upon the streams and they dried up, and by means of his song the clouds were hindered from giving down rain, so that both men and cattle died of thirst. Then the father of the prince who now ruled the city, being a strong warrior and a great general, made war on the chieftain of the west and slew him, and took his bard and buried him alive under a cairn on the western hills; then the rain fell and the people rejoiced. In the reign of this warrior prince they were fiercer and more cruel than in the reign of his son, who encouraged peaceful arts.

After this drought there came a great mage from the king himself, who, by his art, carved a huge cleft in the northern hills, into which streams flowed and made a vast lake, stretching so far that the eye could not see its limits; and all this deep sea of waters was pent within walls of the living rock, and by a mighty brazen gateway which stood across the spot where the mage had cleft an outlet for the waters. He cleft the channel to the city by the power of the peoples of the earth and the air, the water and the fire, who obeyed his voice and did according to his will; and he girdled the hills and the lake and the great gates with a most mighty spell; and no man knew that spell save the king only, from whom the mage learned it.

Now the ruling prince was jealous for the glory of his city, and he, as aforesaid, encouraged learning and gave much honour to those who fashioned new appliances by means of which men could travel swiftly either on the earth or in the air, or in any way increased the splendour of the city; therefore men who desired that their powers and skill should be recognised and held in honour flocked to the city; and it grew wiser

and wiser, and more and more luxurious and beautiful. Now the prince had a brother who was younger than he, to whom he was much attached, for this prince was not only fair to see, tall and gallant, of a gentle and winning speech, and versed in all courtly arts, but he was also of a brilliant wit, and of a learning beyond his years. The prince advanced him greatly in the Council of the city, and even sent messages to the king praying him to cast his royal eyes upon his brother, the younger prince, and see how meet he was to rule, and how fit for great honours and advancement.

But before the messengers reached the king there fell upon the younger prince a great weariness and lassitude; and he seemed no more to care for learning nor advancement, nor the glory of the city, so that men said his brain had broken under the strain of study; and the ruling prince, his brother, was greatly grieved.

When the days were ripe for the return of the messengers, there came with them an aged statesman high in honour with the king; and he brought greetings and fair messages from his sovereign to the prince; and to some of the most learned of the city he brought great advancement. And on the third day of his stay he begged the younger prince to ride out with him alone and hear the king's words to him. The ruling prince rejoiced, because he thought his brother was to receive some great honour.

The prince and the statesman rode to the northern hills, and drew rein at the foot of the steep ascent to the great reservoir; there the aged statesman dismounted, and slowly and painfully, helped by the courteous prince, he climbed the hill and stood by the brink of the water that filled the great cleft which had been quarried, like a huge basin, in the rock. And the water lapped at the summit of the great brass gates that barred it from the deep dry channel.

The statesman listened to the lap and fret of the ripples; at last he said:

"Most noble prince, the king, my master, sends greeting to you, and begs you to undertake a trust which he will place in your hands."

The prince answered: "By the power His Majesty hath on me, he might well have commanded me, my lord."

The statesman replied: "Within the bounds and limits of his laws the king loves to set free choice before his subjects. The day is at hand when this city, which the prince your brother worthily rules, shall perish if these gates be not opened. Now the king alone knows the secret of their opening; and he bids me say: To no man save to a prince of the blood royal may the opening of these gates be given. Wherefore, the king asks you to consider well before you pass your royal word to him to take such a trust upon you. Within this sealed scroll is the secret whereby the gates may be opened; it must not be known save to him who opens the gates in the hour of the city's peril; and he who will take on himself this trust must leave the city and all the tasks that life hath claimed from him till now, and dwell here, be the time long or short, to watch these gates till the hour of the city's need."

As the statesman spoke the prince felt fear in his heart, for a sudden love for the things of which he had wearied came upon him, and a great longing seized him for those ways and works of which in his heart he cried: "I care for them no more." He stood still, and before him in a vain show there passed, phantom-wise, all the dreams of glory by land and sea, as warrior, as ruler, as mage and dreamer, that had ever charmed him. All noble visions of great service of his fellow men passed before him; all the powers within him rose up, and he felt the throbbing of their life, and rejoiced that they were his; also the face of a very fair lady, who waited on the princess, his brother's wife, shone before him; he saw her with babes about her knee, most pure and serene in gracious, tender motherhood. And he looked on the wide surface of the pearl-grey water, that was like to that lady's eyes; the farther shore of it was wrapped in mist. He saw also the far stretch of barren sand, over which a hawk poised, and he heard the lap of the water and the faint plash of drops that oozed through a cranny in the brazen door. The plash and drip made the place more still and lonely; moreover it was very cold on that high ground to one who came from the sheltered city, with its press of human life and many hearth-fires.

Then the thing he left seemed to be no longer fair, and the thing that he desired he knew not, nor was the present to be desired either, nor could he dream of any future which should be more dear than that which he left. The minds of men were darkened to him, and in his own was a great barrenness and folly. Therefore, in tones dull and cold, he answered:

"As well this task as any other, my lord, for, to speak truth, I am tired alike of tasks and idleness. I pray you tell my king that I will abide where he would have me, and straitly guard the scroll and in no wise open it till the appointed hour, and to this I pledge my royal word."

Then the statesman bowed and kissed the prince's hand, and delivered to him the scroll. After which he rode back to the city, leading the riderless horse.

The prince built himself a hut of bent boughs beside the lake. He sat therein alone, drinking the lake water when he thirsted, and eating only the herbs and wild fruits of the moor and wood. Sometimes his former friends rode to the northern hills with news of the great strides that science and art were making in the land. The king had sent honours to the learned men and princes and noblemen of the city, whereby they were urged to greater efforts; but to the young prince he sent neither word nor greeting. The ruling prince himself rode up to the water gates with his train and besought his brother to return to the city; for he said:

"Solitude and idleness will make thee mad. What strange wild lore dost thou follow here? What false fire lights thee? It is not the king's pleasure, brother, that you should dwell here in sloth, while the toil of the city waits for the doing. You are a man of parts and learning. You should dwell in the city and stand at my right hand in council."

The prince replied: "In truth, my lord and brother, I do not know the king's pleasure, but I know the promise whereby I am bound."

"You are bereft of your wits," cried the elder prince. "A peasant or a slave could open these gates should need arise. Or if it seemed good to you, and you are in any wise pledged thereto, you could yourself ride forth from the city when the time was ripe."

"My word to the king is passed to watch these gates," said the prince. "Wherefore urge me no more."

So the elder prince left him, crying out on his folly. The people in the city, saying that the prince was mad, or perchance idle, or in any case unworthy of the traditions of his race, mocked him a little, and then well-nigh forgot that he watched alone beside the dripping water gates.

The prince thought: "Perchance the king hath shown his scorn of me in honouring others, and in thus answering my brother's prayer concerning me. In truth he does well to scorn me, for my heart knoweth its own weakness. It turns ever to the city, though I know well if I were there I should be weary of it. For what profit is there in the city? What profit in watching a gate that a slave might watch as well as I? What profit in aught under the sun?"

And there fell about the hut a great loneliness and stillness; in the stillness certain words came to his mind: "All men within this land, whether of the city or the savage hordes, toil, will they, nill they, at the king's business. And there be those of the mightiest toilers whose hearts would grow faint, so that they would toil no more, if the king did not cheer them with honours and fair fruitage of labour, and show to them the greatness of their service. For twice ten thousand who will give breath and life toiling in the city, there is but one who can abide with patience to watch a closed door."

As these words came to the prince there fell on his soul a great peace, and his mind grew as still as the waters of the lake. He sat looking southwards, his face turned towards the city. Seated thus, he heard the smiting of the ground by the feet of one who ran very fast. Circled about with dun sand that rose around him cloudlike, there came a man, whose gasping breath the prince could hear while he was many a pace away. This man fell down speechless at the prince's feet; his eyes were glazed with weariness, his face was grey, his parched lips shook, and his body shuddered and twitched, so that the prince thought he would die with his news unspoken. The prince hastened to bring water from the lake, and the man drank greedily; he sat up and gazed about him like one dazed. Then he sprang from

the earth where he lay, crying: "Save the city! O my lord and prince, save the city!"

"What peril menaces the city?" said the prince.

The man cried: "The savage peoples, wild, barbarous men of the South, have come up against the city and ringed it round about. The warriors hold them at bay, but the men are as the sand of the shore in number, and our city is slenderly guarded. A knight of my lord the prince's own bodyguard broke through their lines and rode to summon aid from the cities lying eastwards, whither many warriors have gone because these cities lie on the frontier where defence is chiefly needed. Now if he win to them safely we must prevail, but many days must pass before they come to succour the city."

"Can ye not hold it for so long?" cried the prince.

The man cried: "We could hold it, most gracious prince, we could hold it! But the enemy have seized the western lake and stopped the flowing of the streams, so that we die of thirst. Nevertheless, we will die thus, sooner than yield. For these barbarians are monstrous in their cruelty; they have fired each city that hath yielded, and slain men, women and babes alike. Three citizens have striven to reach you, my good lord, and these men have taken them; two they seized and struck off their heads; and the third they sent, tongueless and eyeless, back to the city. I marvel they have not spied this lake where you abide, most noble prince, save that the place is surely girdled with a most mighty spell. And now my dread lord the prince sends you his loving greeting, and prays you to loose the water gates and send the waters down the channel that we may drink and live."

"To that end have I waited here so long," said the prince. "But ye may not see this wonder of the gates; for, save the king, I only hold their secret, and even I do not yet know its nature."

The man cried: "The gods forbid, my lord, that I should pry into the secrets of our lord the king. I will fly to my kinsmen who dwell in the land nigh to the sea."

So saying, he bowed his forehead in the dust at the prince's feet, and fled swiftly.

The prince, left alone, broke the seal of the scroll, and read the writing heedfully. It bade him descend certain small rock-cut steps a mile southwards from the gates, and so descending into the dark channel, walk up that steeply carven water-way till he stood before the gates; standing thus he must spy out two carven circles on the doors, and place thereon the palms of either hand and press lightly upon the gates. The task seemed to be a very simple one; and the prince marvelled that this mystery should be a thing so small and slight, and so readily to be compassed when it was known. He walked a mile southwards, and the path was easy and smooth. The rock steps were very small, and the descent was a hundred feet and more down the sheer rock of the channel side. But the prince was young, and very strong and agile.

He descended lightly, and up the channel he returned. The ascent to the gates was hard and steep; the rock walls nearly met at the summit, so that the place was in shadow and strangely cold and damp. A hundred yards before the gates were reached the bed of the channel rose so steeply that the prince was fain to fall on his hands and knees, crawling painfully, and slipping back a pace for every two he climbed. The loose stones slid beneath his weight, and his hands were bruised and cut. Often he thought he should roll down the incline and have to climb again to the summit. At last he reached the damp-stained gates, and stood before them on a little level space of rock. The place was very still—still as though life had stopped; as though a loneliness was there through which no voice of man could break.

The prince shivered, as he panted for breath. He could see the rock slope sliding away for a hundred yards ere the channel grew less steep, though still narrow and deeply walled. Arrow-like the great swirling flood would break from its prison and dart raging down that narrow way ere it reached a broader channel, and flowed into the city to give life to the dying!

Arrow-like!—the prince panted no more, because his breath seemed to still suddenly; he shivered as he stood alone in that narrow channel before the water gates. The channel was just wide enough to suffer the gates to swing, and no more. And the

prince saw at last what was indeed the task the king had set him; for he who would loose these doors and give water to the men who were athirst, must give his life to do it. At last he saw the reason of his long, lonely waiting. The prince who would leave the city and wait thus, could be trusted also to open the doors and give himself as the price of their opening when the need should arise. For no man who will desert his post in life, can be trusted to die there if duty bids him do so.

He put his bruised palms on the appointed spots and pressed till his hands whitened. Then he dropped them to his sides and waited. Softly and swiftly the great gates swung back, and he saw, but for a moment, the amber-green wall of foam-tipped water stand high above him ere it fell on him and swept roaring down the steep way, taking him, and with him life, to the people who had first mocked and then forgotten him. Some legends say that through the storm of those waters he saw the king's face shining on him, but how that may be I know not.

The citizens heard the distant roar and set up a great shout; the waters which quenched their thirst swept in a shining flood down the broad channel and passed smoothly, their rush and roar silenced, through all the streets and away to the great southern river. And in their haste and greed to drink, the people never saw that the flood bore with it the body of the man who opened the gates so that they might quench their thirst, but it is said that had they seen his face then, they had seen the semblance of the face of their king.

MICHAEL WOOD.

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HÔRUS.—And how are male and female souls produced?

ISIS.—Souls, Hôrus, son, are of the selfsame nature in themselves, in that they are from one and the same place where the creator modelled them; nor male nor female are they. Sex is a thing of bodies not of souls.—*The Virgin of the World*.

# THE LIFE-SIDE OF CHRISTIANITY*

In things religious, as we have seen, the only field of research with which official science is competent to deal at present, is bounded by her own presumed limits of the possibilities of happening on the plane of this *outer* physical world. Within these limits she is, for the most part, on safe ground, and especially is this the case when dealing with the literary criticism of documents and estimating the *general* historicity of the statements of their writers. But this boundary of science is marked out for her by the self-limitations of her officials and not by nature, for they ignore, when they do not reject with contempt, a multitude of abnormal *objective* phenomena known to students of so-called "spiritualism" and "occultism"—for instance, all that large class of phenomena belonging to what is called "exteriorisation" or "materialisation," where there is no question of subjectivity, or vision, or clear-seeing, but simply added possibilities of happening in the outer physical world.

Here it is evident that with the official recognition of the possibility of such phenomena, the area of presumable historicity of writers who deal with such subjects would be considerably widened; and this is especially the case with the writers of the Gospel-documents and of their sources. In this it is evident that the present standpoint of the critic is in all cases defined by his personal experience, or rather limited by his lack of experience; for once he has had definite experience of any of such phenomena, purely objective though abnormal, he will never be able to deny their possibility, and he will feel himself bound to allow for it in judging the question of historicity of the statements of the evangelists and all other writers of this class.

* See in the last four numbers the articles: "The Gospels' own Account of Themselves"; "The Outer Evidence as to the Authorship and Authority of the Gospels"; "The Present Position of the Synoptical Problem"; "The Fourth-Gospel Problem."

At the same time it does not follow that because he admits this possibility, he, therefore, accepts such statements without further investigation. On the contrary, he knows that it is just such abnormal happenings which are most liable to exaggeration, and that though he is bound to admit the possibility, he has most carefully to consider the *probability* of such a statement being an accurate description of the occurrence.

For instance, we are told that the Christ appeared to His disciples walking on the lake, and are told, with pleasing *naïveté*, of the ill-success of one of them who attempted to leave the boat and go to Him. Of the Buddha also it is recorded that He not only walked across a river, but that He took with Him ten thousand of His Bhikṣhus. By those who believe in the possibility of such happenings, it will be at once conceded that in this instance what is recorded of the Christ is ten thousand times more probable than what is recorded of the Buddha. Indeed, this particular Buddhist legend may be safely classed as an instance of historicised metaphor, for it is easier to conceive of the myth as having its origin in a belief in the attainment of Arhatship by this number of the Buddha's disciples—"the crossing over the river" of birth and death, and reaching the "further shore" or the Nirvâṇic state of enlightenment—than to think it entirely due to the unaided but gorgeous exaggeration of the Oriental imagination.

Of course it may be that some allegorical meaning may also be found in the statement concerning the Christ; but at the same time it is not only possible but very probable that He was "*seen of them*" on many occasions. Whether, in this instance, it was a collective, subjective seeing, or they saw Him with their physical eyes, His subtle body being made temporarily objective to them, matters little. There, however, remains the further question: But may it not have been His actual physical body? This of course must depend, in its possibilities and probabilities, upon the further belief that such a physical happening can actually take place. In little things the phenomena of levitation create a presumption that so great a Master of nature could, had He wished, have done greater things. But the further question would still arise: Would He have thought it neces-

sary to do so great a thing, when a less would have amply sufficed ?

In this direction then, as it seems to us, future science may very probably, at no distant date, enlarge her hypotheses of possibility, and in such matters judge more leniently the historicity of the Gospel-writers; but in other ordinary objective matters the scientific critic is compelled to persist in his present attitude. The historical critic has no other concern than to ascertain what took place down here, or rather what is the most probable account of what took place externally down here, as far as can be gleaned from the contradictory, confused and exaggerated statements of the records.

In this, unfortunately, we can get no help from any independent historian of the period; we are dependent entirely on writers who not only loved but who worshipped the Master. So far are they from being historians, that they were born and bred in a literary atmosphere and the heirs of literary methods which are demonstrated on all hands to be the very antipodes to our modern sense of history. It is, however, absolutely impossible for anyone fully to realise this state of affairs until he has familiarised himself with the criticism of the Jewish apocalyptic, apocryphal, and pseudepigraphic literature of the times. When, moreover, we find a Rev. writer going so far as to call his treatment of this subject *Books which influenced our Lord and His Disciples*, it is plain that there is good evidence that such books strongly influenced early Christian writers, and that such methods of literary composition were directly and naturally inherited by the scribes of the new religion.

On the other hand, we have to reckon with the fact: that *in spite of* this unhistorical literature (for we deny that it was precisely *because of* this, as some claim) Christianity grew and prospered, and has eventually taken its place not only as one of the great world-religions, but as the present religion of the most active and vigorous nations of the earth. In our opinion, it is very evident that a satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon can never be arrived at by the mere dissection of externals; we can no more account for the life, growth and persistence of Christianity by an analysis of outer phenomena, than we can find

the soul of a man by dissecting his body, or discover the secret of genius by a mere survey of its environment. To all these things there is an inner side. And it is just the inner side of the origins of Christianity which has been so much neglected by those who have so far approached them from the present limited view-point of scientific enquiry. The life-side of things is at present beyond its ken.

It is because of the stupendous power of this life-side, more than for any other reason, that the results of scientific biblical research have been and are so strenuously resisted by the mass of believers in the ever-present power of the Christ; they feel that the religion which has given them such comfort cannot have its source in the mediocre elements left them after the analysis of what they consider to be their most authoritative documents.

Many of them have in themselves felt in some fashion the power of the life of their faith in emotions or subjective experiences, and the conviction in its truth brought about by such feelings and experiences leads them to resent the progress of criticism, and to deny the validity of the methods which seem to aim at depriving them of their security in this conviction.

This regrettable opposition to free enquiry into the truth of certain selected records is owing to their natural clinging to forms instead of centring themselves in the life. They are not yet convinced of the incontrovertible truth—the fundamental law of evolution—that forms must change. It is an amazing fact that not only the mass of believers but also to a large extent the majority of the critics themselves (in spite of their free enquiry into the documents) are still under the influence of a traditional orthodoxy of doctrinal form. No matter how freely critics may treat the documents, they seem still persuaded that the genuine teaching of the Christ is to be deduced from these selected documents alone; while the mass of believers are horror-struck at the suggestion that the very selection of these documents involves the begging of the whole question. It is, they think, because they have not only believed with all their hearts in these writings, but have vehemently rejected all others as heretical and mischievous, that they or their fellows have experienced the life of their religion.

Now all this is a most grievous misunderstanding of the universal love of the Christ, and founded on the error that He is a respecter not only of persons, but of the limitations which they establish; and these, not only for themselves, but, more strangely still, for Him. They do not yet know that a true Master of religion demands nothing but love of truth and a sincere endeavour to live rightly; He is ready to help all, even those who deny any form of Him He may have used on earth; and above all, to help those who seek to clear away from that form the misconceptions which His professed orthodox followers have woven round it, in a too great love of the form instead of a love of the Truth whose servant He is.

Now, there must ever be a great mystery connected with the work of such a Master—a great mystery we say, for it would be foolish to avoid the use of the word, merely because it is out of fashion in the passing phase of arrogance of some who would measure all things by their own limited experience. We are surrounded by mysteries on all sides at every moment of our lives, and the mystery of the Christ is the mystery which, in its hypothesis, none but the perfected man can fully know.

His unity, "which hath many faces," is not to be seen in greater fullness by shutting our eyes to all but an arbitrarily selected number of documents, and declaring that the rest contain mere counterfeit presentments of His presence. If the manifold literature of the early centuries teaches us anything, it is the truth of the ancient saying: "He hath faces on all sides, on all sides ears and eyes." And, strangely enough, it is just in the arbitrarily excluded literature that we find most distinct traces of an effort to understand this spiritual side of His nature, and of unequivocal statements of the nature of His appearances and continued help after the death of His body.

In much of it we are put in direct contact with the inner circles of those devoted to the spiritual life, who gave themselves up to contemplation and the developing of those inner faculties of the soul, whereby they might experience the life-side of things in moments of ecstasy, or visions of the night. These men were poets, and prophets, philosophers of religion, allegorists, mystical writers, for whom external history was of very minor im-

portance. They were in contact with the inner side of things in all its multitudinous phases; contact with this life gave them the feeling of certainty, and the truth of ideas became for them so vastly greater than the truth of physical facts, that they failed to discriminate in the way we now call upon men to discriminate in such matters. What they saw or experienced in the inner spaces was for them the truth, and things "down here" had to be made to fit in with things "up there"; if the prosaic facts of history did not fit the "revealed" truth, so much the worse for the facts. Not, however, that they definitely so argued to themselves; for we do not believe that the phenomena can be explained by the crude and impatient hypothesis of a widespread conspiracy of deliberate falsification. They wrote looking at the things from within, where time and space are not as here, and in so doing, sometimes picked out scraps of outer history that might correspond to the inner happenings, but so transforming them and confusing the order and transposing the details, that no one could possibly disentangle it from outside, while the many believed without further question because of the piety and known or felt illumination of the writers.

This, no doubt, seems very reprehensible to minds trained in the exact observation of physical affairs, but from a more extended point of view, it may be doubted whether such a method was in reality any farther from the truth of things than that of those who would measure the possibilities of the inner world by the meagre standard of outward things alone, and who deny the validity of all inner experience other than the dim subjective imaginings of the normal brain. We are, however, not defending the shortcomings of the mystic, but are only pleading for an unbiassed investigation of *all* the factors which enter into the problem of the origins of Christianity and its subsequent evolution. The truth can never be arrived at by consistently neglecting the most powerful factors in the whole investigation, or, on the other hand, by assuming that these factors are to be classed as the outcome of mere hallucination, pious self-deception, ignorant superstition, or diseased imagination.

On the other hand, we do not deny that hallucination and the rest are to be duly allowed for in our investigations, for they

are part and parcel of human nature; but we protest against the narrow-mindedness and egregious self-conceit that presumes to class the experiences of religion among the phenomena of criminological psychology.

As we have welcomed the light which scientific research can throw on the outer problems, so we still more warmly will welcome the application of the same method of accurate research into the subtler field of the inner nature of things. But here we are face to face with a different order of facts, or rather of facts of a nature far other than physical happenings; it further goes without saying that a scientist of these inner things must have some personal acquaintance with them, for the only instrument he can work with is himself.

On the other hand, there are many who have some acquaintance with the soul of things, but who have not the slightest notion of applying an accurate method of analysis to their experiences, or of checking them by the experiences of others; least of all of submitting themselves to any mental discipline, or devoting themselves to study. They consider their inner experiences sacrosanct, and refuse to mix them with earthly affairs, or submit them to the test of reason. They think that because the experience is from "*within*," it necessarily is "*higher*" than things down here. They regard themselves as privileged recipients of spiritual truth; many hold themselves apart as blessed beyond their fellows, and some are so persuaded of their special "election" that they proceed to start some new sect of religion. They seem to think there is something new in this, instead of it being as old as the world. They have, it is true, brought through to their physical brain some experience of their soul; but they do not remember that the mind also has to play its part. For the Mind of the universe is the Logos of God. It is the Light; while the Life is the Soul of things, the spouse of the Light. The Soul supplies the experience, the Mind orders it in harmony with the Wisdom which is its counterpart.

Therefore is it that writings based on the utterances of seers and prophets, or composed by them, should be submitted to the most searching light of the reason; and not only so, but the seer himself should more than all others use his reason. In saying

this we do not beg the question of the superiority of the mind to the soul; for it seems more reasonable to suppose that these are co-partners, or rather two aspects of one and the same thing—the reflection of the "Great Man" in the "little man" down here. Reason alone seems unable to add to our experience, we must seek our experience in life. When our reason finds itself at the end of its resources, some new experience may give it new material upon which to work; but when it has the new material presented to it, it is bound by the laws of its being to bring this into harmony with the rest of its cosmos, for, if it refuses to do so, chaos is only increased the more for it.

It is just on the one hand this refusal of the modern reason to attempt to order the materials supplied by mystic experience, and on the other, the rejection of reason by emotion, which leave the problem of the origins of Christianity in so chaotic a state.

That way, official science thinks, madness alone must lie; and its reason fears to advance into contact with a life in whose embraces it would grow into its full stature, instead of remaining in its present dwarfed condition.

On the other hand, the true freedom of the life of the spirit is manifestly unrealisable by any who limit the activity of their reason by the self-imposed bonds of formal dogma. For is it not self-evident that no form can fully manifest this life, not even the most subtle creation of the most lofty intelligence known to man; how much less the imperfect attempts of those who more often were engaged in polemical controversy than in striving for freedom?

Now Christianity can only be cut apart from its sister faiths by those who shut themselves in their own theological prisons, and then claim that they are palaces large enough to contain the universe. The philosophic mind which cannot thus imprison its ideas in water-tight cells, on the other hand, is compelled to admit similar phenomena in all great religions. A study of these religions and their history enables it to recognise similar elements in Christianity; for a really independent mind absolutely refuses to have certain particularistic views selected for it, and labelled as Christian, when it finds that the early history of the religion records the existence of many other views which bring it

into contact with the general thought of all great religious efforts.

But what is of more importance is, that one who has not only a philosophical mind, but also some appreciation of the inner nature of religion, can sense behind these sister-faiths the working of some great plan for the helping of the common family of mankind. In all this apparent chaos there seems to be here and there manifested, especially in the innermost circles of the adherents of the greatest world-faiths, some intuition of an inner cosmos or order—an economy in which the teacher plays a prominent part.

On the other hand, those who seem to have been most devoted to the personalities of the great teachers are often found to claim that the working out of the plan is to be by means of their particular religion alone. This widespread persuasion in the minds of many disciples of the greatest religious teachers is very remarkable, when we should rather have expected that a great teacher of religion would have impressed upon them the prime necessity of recognising the utility of other forms of religion for other times and races, and not have apparently preached that one mode only was sufficient for all men. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but the exceptions are to be found only among the philosophers of religion, who apply the full force of their reason to a consideration of the problem.

The reason for this we believe to be in a misunderstanding of the office of the Teacher, and the standpoint from which He speaks. He is a servant of the great economy, and speaks in its name and in the name of Him who directs the whole ordering. A Christ, or a Buddha, is one who has attained to perfect manhood, and has authority given Him to speak in the name of the Lord of the world. Looked at from below and by the eyes of those who can see the Teacher only as He appears to them and not in His real nature, He is taken to be not only the representative of the Law, but also that Law itself, and the Lord of it. Through Him they have been brought into contact with the Truth, and rightly owe Him all their gratitude, and love, and reverence. But why because of this should they deny the right of others to show the same reverence, love and gratitude to

another of like nature, who in His turn has brought the knowledge of the Way to the souls of their fellows ?

Within the life of the world, we are told, there are degrees of consciousness where the exclusive nature of the individual self begins to yield to a higher phase of individuality; nothing is lost but much is gained, for in this way the "gate of heaven" swings open for a man, and he begins to perceive the still higher possibilities of the power of a Master of Wisdom who has entered into the "Fullness." Some dim idea of the nature of those who have not yet attained such lofty heights as those of perfect masterhood, but who have won their way to one of the intermediate summits of the Holy Mountain, may be gleaned from the following words of the philosopher-mystic Plotinus (Enn. v. 8, 4):

"They see themselves in others. For all things are transparent, and there is nothing dark or resisting, but everyone is manifest to everyone internally and all things are manifest; for light is manifest to light. For everyone has all things in himself and again sees in another all things, so that all things are everywhere, and all is all and each in all, and infinite the glory. For each of them is great, since the small also is great. And the sun there is all the stars, and again each and all are the sun. In each, one thing is pre-eminent above the rest, but it also shows forth all."

What wonder, then, that anyone coming into contact with the influence of one whose consciousness embraced not only such possibilities, but even far higher (as we hold that of the Christ did and does), should have been so overwhelmed as to imagine that that consciousness was the end of all ends, and the source of all sources. Moreover, when the Master, from within and with the authority of His office, declared: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life," we can easily recognise the inner truth of the declaration, while perceiving how grievously the words could be misunderstood, if they were taken to apply to any individual man on earth. Equally so when Kṛishṇa declares, in the teaching preserved in the *Bhagavad Gîtâ*, that whatever religious path men follow they all come to Him—we must take this not as applying to the mortal man, or even to the immortal Master, but to the

One with whose authority the Master was clothed to carry out the plan of the Divine economy.

We do not in this presume to do anything else than indicate in the crudest fashion some elements of the inner life, which must be taken into consideration in this great problem of the mystery of the Christ, and the evolution of Christianity; but without a consideration of this life-side there is no solution of the problem.

G. R. S. MEAD.

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# A DIALOGUE ON DECK

*Characters*

CAPTAIN X., a recent convert to Roman Catholicism.
MRS. VAN DER WEYDE, his sister-in-law, interested in Theosophy.

*Scene*

Between New York and Liverpool. Second day out.

## I.

CAPTAIN X.—By the way, Mrs. V. der Weyde, did you know that we have a Cistercian friar on board, a great theologian? I told him about our discussion yesterday afternoon, how you had accused me of dualism, and expounded what you call your higher pantheism. I said you had finished by asserting that the Creator and creature are not two but one; that the Cause contains the effect, and God contains both. Then you said: "God is both noumenon and phenomenon, yet He is not two but one—one not by confusion of words, but by unity of thought."

MRS. V. D. WEYDE.—Yes; but I should not have ventured to paraphrase the Athanasian Creed if the father had been on deck at the time.

CAPT. X.—Oh, he was quite pleased with it! He said it was very neatly put, and then he said: "Tell her if she is sharp

enough, she can weave a web out of that which will be impenetrable. But she will have to stay inside it! She will find herself what we theologians call a "dubious entity" in the middle of it, but as such she will be quite unassailable. It will be a pyrrhic victory!

MRS. V. D. W.—You mean that I shall have whittled away my own existence and become "a horrid formless thing." I suppose a "dubious entity" is what some Theosophists would call a "a blanket spook," isn't it? I am sure I do not wish to become one.

CAPT. X.—Well, then, how do you define an unassailable premiss?

MRS. V. D. W.—A premiss that no one could possibly doubt; but, as a matter of fact, I don't believe there is such a thing.

CAPT. X.—There, now you *have* given yourself away! There is a premiss which you must admit as unassailable, and that is the fact of your own existence.

MRS. V. D. W.—You can't prove it is true, all the same.

CAPT. X.—My dear lady! He who doubts or denies his own existence cannot argue with anyone.

MRS. V. D. W.—Very well, then, you certainly exist, as I wish to continue the argument.

"*Il y a quelque chose d'entièrement certaine—c'est moi-même, et d'entièrement inexplicable par autre chose—c'est encore moi-même.*"

CAPT. X.—Precisely! "*Individuum ineffabile!*"

MRS. V. D. W.—But it seems to me so easy to say "I am," and it is true no one ever said, "I am *not*." On the other hand who has *not* said at some time of their life, "*What* am I?" and who can answer? However, I see what you mean. For general purposes there must be a premiss recognised as unassailable by the general public.

CAPT. X.—And therefore true—*vox populi*, you know.

MRS. V. D. W.—I don't agree with you in the least; that is the way you always begin, and before I know where I am you will have arrived at "Truth is One," and almost immediately afterwards, "Thou art Peter." "Logic is a broken reed which will not save anyone's soul or comfort any human heart."

CAPT. X.—You are quoting Green, and I am not aware that his opinion on logic is worth having in any event. Even in this quotation he betrays a great amount of ignorance of it.

But to return to your idea of an unassailable premiss; as far as I can see, seriously to go into this is deliberately to start on a road which must lead to lunacy. I think all that can be said is this: No other person can suggest to me a doubt as to my own existence, because whatever arguments he advances must apply also to himself, and if his existence is doubtful, then it is no use wasting time in listening to him, and then—"Here we go round the mulberry bush!" and get into a circular argument.—Result: lunacy. Also neither can one doubt one's own existence and remain sane.

MRS. V. D. W.—Then I hope you will never feel those "fallings from us, vanishings of sense and outward things," which the sanest of poets had evidently experienced.

CAPT. X.—Except when I get a heavy fall bicycling, and then I shouldn't mind.

MRS. V. D. W.—You are flippant.

CAPT. X.—I am in deadly earnest, Mrs. Van der Weyde. Your conclusions can be quite legitimately drawn from your premisses. But I deny your major, that is your definition of an unassailable premiss; therefore, I deny your conclusion, which amounts to this: that *nothing* can be proved, and therefore that Truth is for us unattainable on any subject, and certainly and certitude are mockeries. This is where the bicycle comes in with stern realities; do you see what I mean?

MRS. V. D. W.—You mean that he who proves too much, proves nothing, and that I cleared the ground so effectually that there was no one left on either side. Well, I will regard you as an unassailable premiss for the sole purpose of the present argument.

CAPT. X.—May the argument have a long life.

MRS. V. D. W.—Well, we have got so far. Our own existence and the existence of a first Cause? Then you come out with the whole of your scholastic theology in an unbroken torrent. The Cause, you say, does not contain the effect. God is a Spirit. He is not matter, but He made matter out of nothing.

I say that God is immanent in matter as well as spirit. He is in Himself both Cause and Effect. *Ex nihilo, nihil fit.*

CAPT. X.—A very sound maxim. You are quite correct in a way, in that even an Infinite Cause cannot produce something out of absolutely nothing. But you forget that the Cause is infinite both as subject and object, and that to take a finite number from an infinite number, leaves an infinite number. Hence if an Infinite Cause fashions a finite universe out of an Infinite Subject, the originally Infinite Subject remains infinite. Something finite has been made where there was no finite before. This is the mystery of creation.

MRS. V. D. W.—When you can't make a thing logical, I observe you always say, "This is a great mystery." But if you chop a chip out of infinity, is it not an infinite chip?

CAPT. X.—Not in aspect, obviously. It would be infinite in essence, but it will have a finite aspect.

MRS. V. D. W.—Only from our point of view, remember. Let me finish! The Infinite Cause having created a universe out of an Infinite Subject and remaining infinite—what and who is there to prove that the finite exists at all? It must be nothingness—*ex nihilo*—and conversely from the Infinite nothing but the infinite can proceed. If we see an aspect—apparently finite—of that infinity, it must be an illusion. Time is then an illusion—perhaps an infinite illusion. Space an infinite illusion. What are time and space according to the Schools?

CAPT. X.—We describe them as indefinite, not infinite.

MRS. V. D. W.—But "things produce after their kind." Therefore if time and space and matter and you and I, as material beings, are indefinite, the First Cause is also indefinite.

CAPT. X.—Wait a minute, according to you, time and space and matter are mâyâ, yet they proceed from the Eternal?

MRS. V. D. W.—Yes, they are eternal illusions, but none the less illusions. You say they are real, but indefinite, and you keep them in a separate compartment from the Infinite Cause. You are too logical to put the Infinite as immanent in finite matter, and so here follows the whole of your theology. Hard matter, quite real. God, Infinite, quite outside it, a "distant omnipotence," someone called it. Great misery of the souls

encased in the hard finite material bodies. Necessity of an Infinite Redeemer coming down from outside—a great mystery. He draws them out of matter to the Infinite. Result: Salvation—another great mystery, no reasoning any use—blind faith and no continuity of ideas after the first outset. I should think that at about this point language would become useless. Let us return to our illusions!

CAPT. X.—Yours, if you please; I haven't any.

MRS. V. D. W.—Very well, then, let us return to our hard dry facts, quite real and quite finite.

CAPT. X.—I hold that the existence of matter is a physical certainty. But what *is* a metaphysical certainty for you? If matter has not been created out of nothing then all that exists has been from all eternity, and *bathybios* and *osmosis* appear on the scene. Don't they?

MRS. V. D. W.—Let me answer that to-morrow. I must go and look up *bathybios* and *osmosis* in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. There is one in the reading-room.

A. L. B. HARDCASTLE.

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EACH soul, accordingly, while it is in its body is weighted and constricted by these four [*sci.*, elements]. Moreover it is natural it also should be pleased with some of them and pained with others. For this cause, then, it doth not reach the height of its prosperity. Still as it is divine by nature, e'en while wrapped up in them, it struggles and it thinks, though not such thoughts as it would think were it set free from being bound in bodies. Moreover, if these frames are swept by storm and stress, or of disease or fear, then is the soul itself tossed on the waves, as man upon the deep with nothing steady under him.—THE VIRGIN OF THE WORLD.

# THE SEEDS OF GOSSAMER

THE king lay face downward on his couch ; his robes of state he had cast from him, and his attendants moved silently, for they hoped that sleep would come upon him.

There was naught but dust without, and the hot street cried for breath. Through the lattices came now and again the moans of a beggar, and the tired shuffle of feet along the pavement. The king knew the voice of the beggar, for he had cried there the summer long, and was parched with thirst and want till he was more like to a burnt lath or a withered river-rush than a man.

The soft sound of a feather-fan was all that was heard in the darkened room where the king lay. He had but just done hearing the requests and complaints of the people, therefore was he greatly wearied ; in sooth, it was with him as with a tired rider who letteth the reins fall on the neck of his horse after a long day's travel, or as one who lets his thoughts drift where they will.

And it came to pass that as he so rested, behold the voice of the beggar ceased. Thereon the king called and sent certain into the street to enquire into the matter, and they returned saying : " O king, the man hath died suddenly in the heat of the day."

And the king said : " It is well. See that he be buried honourably, and in a fair green place, for surely his path of life hath led through places barren and desert enow."

And he sighed, and spake in his heart saying : " Why is it that these my people die and not I ? Lo, I am an old man, and have outstript my generation in age, so that there is none left of my aforetime friends and lovers. And there are no longer any to greet me with eager looks when I return to my palace from the council-house, seeing that the youths and warriors of the palace are impatient for bold ventures and high places under the young

heir that succeedeth me; moreover, I have lost the desire of women, and delight no more in the musicians or the story-tellers. And what pleasure is there in life? O Allah! let me even now go to my fathers."

And while he thus meditated and was sorrowful, behold there shot a gleam of steel out of the dusk, and the stain of the king's blood was red upon it as it drew slowly away.

A darkness fell upon him, and then, after a brief space of pain and noise, a great silence. So the spirit of this king of small renown—ruler over so little a nation—became once again freed. His soul felt at first only a rare and strengthening sense of breadth, of scope, and calmness. It was like to the fulfilment of that mute yearning a young warrior feels when, sick with the redness of battle, he longs toward the beauty of the setting sun, and the grandeur of the sea, as, leaning heavily on his shield, he sees it from the hills. And the pleasure it felt was by reason of the extreme loveliness of death.

The king's soul wandered on through rich sweet-hued clouds and vapours that were as mysterious with colour and wonderful in shape as the bodies of young women, or the forms of fair flowers, till it came to a great shining, as of an invisible flame. And at that sight, the soul of the king fled in terror. On it fled, whimpering and naked, until it found that it was within a desert upon which the light was exceeding strange and white. And there the soul rested weeping.

And presently the spirit of the king perceived that another spirit stood beside it. And when this one beheld him, it laughed for joy, for it too was afraid.

"So," it said, "I am he which parted thee from thy body. Thy servants parted me from mine. That is many years since."

"Nay, friend," said the king, astonished. "It is surely but a few hours agone."

"Verily I am persuaded that there is no time in this place," the other made answer. "Howbeit, in good sooth, I am rejoiced to meet thee, for I was driven by a great terror hitherward, and the solitude of the desert is as the moon of the solstice, which begets madness."

"Prithee, good friend," then said the king, "tell me if

thou hast seen aught of Allah or of his holy prophet in this place."

"I have seen naught of Allah, and naught of his prophet," replied the spirit.

And they both marvelled and wondered within themselves if haply they had misadventured into that land of unholy spirits which own neither Allah nor Eblis for master, but dwell as it were betwixt Paradise and Hell, in a territory that is dead and fruitless, whereof the prophet hath spoken in his holy inspiration.

"Doubtless," said the spirit of the king's murderer, who doubted nevertheless, "we shall be judged anon, thou and I."

The king was silent, for he thought of his judgment-hall in the city over which he had ruled, and fear came upon him. A wind arose to the east of them, and passed in a breathing sob over the white desert, leaving stillness in its wake. Then said the king: "Let us make use of the time that Allah in his mercy hath afforded us, to recount our deeds, for verily I fear lest at the tribunal I should give a false account of my righteous and unrighteous actions, by reason of the awe that I shall feel in the presence of the holy angels and of the prophets. Surely my tongue will cleave unto my mouth, and by my silence I shall be confounded."

Whereat the other cried: "Be it even as thou hast said. But let us therefore first recount the good that we have wrought, so that we may be the better heartened for the telling of the evil."

And the king agreed thereto, and when they had cast lots, it fell to the share of the assassin to begin.

"When I was a child," said he, "I was accounted quick of hand and light of foot. And because the times were hard and food was scarce, I was taught to pilfer whatsoever lay unwatched in the bazaar or in the market place. And one day as I returned, my tunic full of fruits and vessels of wrought metal that I had stolen, and bulging as the paunch of the chief cellarer in the palace, behold there came an aged man that besought alms of me. And in my compassion I did give him all that I had acquired that day, for which I was sore beaten when I returned

empty to those that sent me forth. But my heart rejoiced that I had assisted this infirm ancient, for his need was great."

"Hold," said the king. "Did this thy beggar stand by the eastern gate?" And the other replied that it was so.

"Then was thy deed evil and not good, for I remember that this same beggar was bastinadoed so grievously for thieving such goods as thou describest, that he died thereafter from his hurts. I did see it when I was but a lad."

Whereat the other was amazed and grieved. "Sir," he made answer, "this I never knew. Yet was my motive good. . . . Moreover, it came to pass that when I reached years of discretion, I did renounce my evil trade and did seek to earn my bread by toil in the fields. But the master of the cornfields which I tilled was a hard and tyrannous man, and paid us whom he had hired scarce enough to live upon. When I saw, therefore, that the labourers were naked and ague-stricken at the time of the rain, how the women were abused, and the children feeble for lack of food, my heart grew large within me, and I did call my fellow-labourers together, urging them to burn the storehouse if the master of the great cornfields refused to hear our complaint. But he turned a deaf ear when we cried unto him, so I fired the storehouse according to my word, and that same hour we and our children and wives did leave the ploughed land, and fled westward towards the mountains, where we laboured each man for the community."

"That same year," said the king, "there was sore famine in the city, for not only did the granary burn, but a mighty wind blew the sparks eastward, so that the standing corn was for many miles destroyed and blackened. So this thy deed was evil and not good."

Then the other smote his breast crying: "Woe is me! Yet had I intended to strike at injustice and tyranny alone; and for this cause did I slay thee, oh king, for when I beheld the miserable ones that crawled in the market-place, whilst thou didst ack nothing, save power to enjoy more that which thou in superabundance didst already possess, my heart was hot and sorrowful for the poor."

"O foolish one, and plotter of little cunning," the king made

reply; "knowest thou not that in the footsteps of the killing of a king follows either tyranny or anarchy? Thou hast destroyed the sheep-dog to make way for the wolf."

And the assassin wist not what he should answer. "Speak thou then awhile," said he. "I would hear of *thy* good deeds, for truly I have heard little but evil concerning thee."

"In my time my people have been ruled with justice," the king said, "and I have made many excellent laws for their benefit. I did lessen the taxes . . . ."

"Hold!" then cried the other. "In our province the taxes were grievous, and exceeded the taxes of thy father's reign."

"How could this thing be?" asked the king, astounded.

"The governor whom thou didst appoint because he praised thy clemency and justice did doubtless beguile thee with fair words, and kept the residue of the taxes he had collected."

And the king felt ashamed that he had not enquired more diligently concerning the revenue, but had instead relied indolently on the words of a flatterer.

"But," said he, "I have also raised many noble monuments, of great size and beauty, to add glory unto the nation; so marvellous that the people round about have envied greatly their excellence and strength."

"Lo," then said the other, "I have been in the quarries whence the marble was hewn, and the soil was thick-strewn with the bodies of quarry-slaves that had perished of much labour, and the air was full of the curses of them that toiled beneath the lash."

"Alas!" the king replied in consternation. "This thing was hidden from me. Natheless, commerce and arms have prospered exceedingly under my rule, for I have added new territories to the old, and so enriched my people."

"So hast thou turned the hearts of the people from virtue and simplicity to bloodthirstiness and greed for gold. And heardest thou nought of the pestilence, shame, dearth, and sorrowing that follow in the van of thine army, even in times of peace? And did not the cry of the vanquished provinces reach thine ears? For the prosperity of thy nation was the ruin of theirs, and in the eyes of Allah all nations are alike and equal."

And the king, perceiving that he spoke truly, was much troubled in spirit. And in very truth, when they had still further considered their deeds, they appeared to be of but scant worth.

"Have we then done naught but evil?" they cried in despair.

But none answered. And they lifted up their voices and wept heavily, and the sound of their tears was the only sound in that silent place.

Then suddenly, behold a man of a mild countenance and of excessive radiance stood before them, and spake unto them, saying: "O fools, and blind as cavern fish! If deeds were indeed all, then were each living being accursed, seeing that good and evil are one, and that without action ye cannot live. For the good and the evil are as the light and the dark facets of a diamond, and are as interchangeable as they. But motives are and abide dark or light. Therefore, await the judgment in peace and be comforted, for the weight of your good desires hath been weighed by Allah, and ye have not been found wanting in these. For deeds are as gossamer-seeds against full ears of wheat when they are weighed in the balances with motives, and they will pass on with you to good and evil destinies when you are born once again on the green earth ye have left awhile. And here ye shall lay up knowledge against that time."

And he bade them follow him, and they, abashed for their ignorance, replied that they would gladly do so. But more, save that peace fell upon these two, was not vouchsafed unto this scribe, who saw these things in a dream between the cornfields and the sea, for the cry of a seagull broke the vision, and a passing priest bade him rise and pray.

E. M. STEVENS.

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SEEK'ST thou for God, thou seekest for the Beautiful. One is the path that leadeth unto it—devotion with knowledge joined.

—HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

# FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

CONTINUING to quote from *The Times*' account of the latest discoveries in Egypt given in "On the Watch-Tower," we append the following on the so-called prehistoric period.

Scraps from "Prehistoric" Egypt

OF the earlier work, the specimens or the casts, part is assigned to the prehistoric age and part to the first and third dynasties. "The prehistoric results," we are informed, "have been obtained from two cemeteries—one belonging to the first half of the prehistoric age, the other extending from the earliest time down to the first dynasty, and covering, therefore, the interval between the prehistoric series and the historic, which has not yet been well defined." These include slate palettes, worked flints, mace-heads, whorls, marbles, pieces of ivory, two flint knives, a finely-worked forked lance of flint, a flint hoe, domestic pottery, a human figure apparently holding a hippopotamus by a rope, and two animal figures in limestone. Some pottery cylinder jars came from the tomb of King Ka—the earliest yet known; and with pieces of large pottery jars, all having his name incised on them while wet. A large alabaster jar is assigned to King Narmer—the third of the predynastic kings—to whom also several other objects are attributed. An interesting, but somewhat obscure, object is a gold bar of King Mena—circ. 4777—with his name Aha engraved on it. This bar weighs 216 grains, the amount of the earliest standard for weighing gold. But its use has not been ascertained or conjectured. The Queen of Zer's bracelets—Zer was the second king of the first dynasty—were the most important finds of gold work, of which the originals are in the Cairo Museum. Four bracelets were found in the *débris* left by the builders of the Osiris shrine, by the Coptic destroyers and the Arabs employed by the French mission. They are intact, and photographs are shown. Interesting objects were recovered from the tomb of Sma—the immediate predecessor of Mena—an ivory cylinder, part of a syenite cup and part of a basalt jar, with many other things belonging, it is thought, to Neithotep, the Queen of Mena. Of the last-named king there were discovered beautifully wrought arrow-heads, ivory gaming reeds, draughtsmen, bodkins, pieces of alabaster cylinder jars, and several sealings. Of very human interest is a false fringe of curly hair and plaited locks. There is also a point of flint set in a wooden rod for tattooing—a practice

known in prehistoric times and also in the 12th dynasty, though no implement for the purpose had hitherto been found. Of the third dynasty abundant remains were found of Hen-Nekht and Neter-Khet, the two first kings of that series. The last king of the second dynasty—Khasekhemui—has left his sceptre more than 6,000 years after his death. A fragment only is shown, another piece, about five inches long, having been kept at Cairo. It is made of cylinders of sard, surrounded with bands of gold, the core being a rod of copper. The colour of the sard is still rich, and the gold bands are thick and strong.

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Beneath the Gobi Sand-dunes

Is it legitimate to hope that perhaps some day the sands of the Great Central Asian Deserts may be found to hide almost as rich records of the past as do the sands of Egypt? If the present discoveries of Dr. Stein are, as they have every appearance of being, only the forerunners of other and greater "finds," then it may be hoped that in no long a time we shall have in our hands a rich material for reconstructing an, at present, almost totally blank page of history. There is here, of course, no question of the records of the very ancient Central Asian civilisation spoken of by some of our Theosophical writers; the documents discovered may go back 1,500 to 2,000 years or so. The following, from *The Times* of March 30th, on Dr. Stein's recent discoveries in Chinese Turkestan, will make the matter clearer:

News has been received in this country of some important archæological discoveries in Chinese Turkestan. The Takla Makan desert, now one vast expanse of sand-dunes, and, during a great portion of the year, the scene of raging sandstorms, was formerly the site of a flourishing civilisation. Travellers have from time to time told of the finding of relics of this civilisation which was overwhelmed by the sand probably some eighteen or nineteen centuries ago.

Dr. M. A. Stein, of the Indian Educational Department, is at the present time carrying out, under the orders and at the expense of the Indian Government, a systematic exploration of some of the ancient sites in this now deserted and desolate region. For a number of years past it has been recognised that this old civilisation was, to some extent at least, of Indian origin. The most ancient coins found in the neighbourhood bear inscriptions both in Chinese characters and in the alphabet, now usually called Kharoshthi, which is found on the coins and inscriptions of the Indo-Scythic rulers of North-west India in the first century of our era; and many of the manuscripts of paper and birch-bark, which have more recently been ob-

tained from the same part of the world, are written in Indian characters. Dr. Stein's discoveries place this conclusion beyond doubt. At Dandan-Uiliq, in the desert, nine days' march to the north-east of Khotan, the manuscripts discovered were chiefly of paper; and, as the buildings chosen for excavation were chiefly ancient Buddhist shrines, their contents were, as might naturally have been expected, chiefly religious in character. Curiously enough, these manuscripts were written in a variety of the other Indian alphabet of the period to which the name Central Asian Brahmi has been given.

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Central Asian "Papyri"

THE excavations which have been continued in another part of the desert, to the North of the present Mahomedan shrine of Imam Jafar Sadik, where the river Niya disappears in the sand, have been even more fruitful of results. Here the wooden houses and Buddhist monasteries, situated amid the orchards and the avenues of trees, the trunks of which still remain in the ground, have yielded up great numbers of inscribed documents, as well as works of art, household objects, and antiquities of every kind. From one find alone more than 500 wooden tablets inscribed with Kharoshthi characters were recovered. The contents of these seem to be correspondence of both a private and an official character; and it is quite possible that we may eventually gain from this source an interesting glimpse of ancient life such as the *papyri* of Egypt have recently afforded us. In some cases, the original clay seals, by which the validity of the documents was attested, and the very string by which they were fastened have been preserved intact. The art of these seals, moreover, is said to bear traces of the Græco-Roman influence, which has long ago been recognised in the sculptures of the extreme north-west of India, which have been brought to England in such quantities since the recent military operations on the frontier. One of these seals, for instance, bears the figure of Pallas Athene, armed with shield and ægis, as she so often appears on the coins of the Græco-Indian princes of the Kabul Valley and the Punjab. Not the least important point about the inscriptions themselves is that they are in many cases dated in the year of the reigning Sovereign.

There can be little doubt that these discoveries will prove to be of the utmost interest for the early history of Central Asia. Much patient work in deciphering will have to be accomplished before their evidence is available, but there is at least a reasonable hope that when this work is done we shall have recovered some at least of the outlines of a lost chapter in the history of mankind.

For the account on which this seems to be based see "Archæological Work about Khotan," by M. A. Stein, Ph.D., M.R.A.S., in the April number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*.

# REVIEWS AND NOTICES

## The Beginnings of the Intellectual Development of the West

Greek Thinkers: A History of Ancient Philosophy. By Theodor Gomperz. Authorised Edition. Vol. I. Translated by Laurie Magnus, M.A. (London: Murray; 1901. Price 14*s*.)

This is the first volume of Professor Gomperz' great work *Griechische Denker* (1896) in English dress. It is not only well translated by Mr. Laurie Magnus, but has been carefully revised by Dr. Gomperz himself, who has been able to bring a thorough knowledge of English to the task. It reads well and smoothly, but it is too like an ancient MS. for weary eyes, endless paragraphs succeeding each other in unbroken sequence.

The Professor of Philosophy in the University of Vienna devotes his first volume to the thinkers of Greece prior to Plato, and deserves the gratitude of students who have had previously for the most part to rely on Zeller's artificial and self-complacent expositions. It is gratifying to find that Dr. Gomperz has given the Orphic line its proper importance, and cut himself apart from the negative and materialistic conclusions of the Lobeck school. But what surprises us still, even with so judicious and sympathetic a writer as our author, is that he can say so much about so little. We do not mean to say that the subject of the dawn of reason in ancient Greece is a little thing, but when we refer to the small collection of fragments which remain to us from those early thinkers, and turn over the few pages which contain a phrase or two or a few lines here and there preserved from what must originally have been a very considerable literature, we are astonished to find so full and confident an exposition of what a Thales or an Anaxagoras thought and intended. We are further still astonished to find, though we always do find it, that when the same idea occurs in a writer later in date, he is instantly assumed to have taken it from a prior writer, as though the same idea could not occur to two minds without any physical or traditional contact.

That, however, Dr. Gomperz is an excellent scholar, and that, moreover, he has thoroughly digested his learning, a rare thing with the German schoolmen, is evident on every page. It is of course a comparatively easy thing at this late hour to sit in judgment on these early thinkers and air our present superiority, but it is not always, in our opinion, even now that the whole of wisdom resides with the modern critic. These early thinkers, in so far that they were not over-hampered with detail, as we are to-day, sometimes arrived at conclusions, rough and ready conclusions if you will and clumsily expressed, which have not been bettered in essence even by the most brilliant thinkers of to-day. A child may often have a more correct intuition than a grey-haired philosopher.

But where all histories of ancient Western philosophy break down (and the same remark will apply to histories of Eastern philosophy, for the historians of these things are Westerns), is in the inability of scholars to understand the nature of the conditions preceding the dawn of intellect and the nature of the environment surrounding its beginnings. By the "dawn of intellect" we mean the "unaided" development or self-evolution of the human reason applied to the observation of natural phenomena and the solution of the problem of existence—the conquering of the ground of knowledge by the force of our own arms, as opposed to the whole prior period of human nurturing which went before the first feeble attempts at walking alone.

The favourite method is to equate all that preceded this all-important moment in human history with the notions we find to-day existing among savage tribes, to the practical neglect of all those thousand centuries of civilisation which indubitably preceded the dawn of self-developing intellect. The transparent fact that almost without exception present savagery is the degenerate residue of prior great civilisations is hardly ever given its proper place in the enquiry.

There is no subject on which we require further light than the nature of these past civilisations of our present humanity. The modern mind seems at present quite incompetent to understand the mind of this antiquity. It is on the one hand compelled to admit the high degree of civilisation reached, to admire the gigantic structures reared by this infant humanity of ours, and yet when it seeks for an explanation it is face to face with an apparent ignorance of the most elementary facts of modern science, and involved in a chaos of superstition and magical mystery that affronts its reason and disgusts its self-complacency.

The school that attempts to solve the problem by endeavouring to trace the evolution of humanity on purely materialistic lines, to find the origins of religion solely in primitive man's fear and ignorance, can satisfy no unbiassed student of history. The only hypothesis that will at all account for the facts, in our opinion, is to be found in the common tradition of all antiquity, that it was taught, watched over, and directed by superior men, gods, demi-gods, and heroes. These were the nurses of our infant humanity, these were they who gave them their laws, arts and sciences, who taught them. They incarnated in the bodies of our humanity, and were the visible leaders and divine kings, whose knowledge and power were unquestioned. But the men of our humanity had not the intellect to understand the "why" of their rules and doings. They could at best but obey and imitate mechanically. Hence the degenerate relics of magic and the rest, and all that mass of irrational superstition.

If this be true, then the mythologists and theologers of ancient Greece may well have preserved in a mass of rubbish some things admirably good and true, the inheritance from those teachers of old; and in the beginnings of the intellectual development of Greece we shall find, as we do find, many a notion of the theologers far nearer the latest conclusions of modern science than the speculations of the nascent physicists and empirical philosophers.

But because we believe that wisdom is with careful seeking to be found imbedded in the rubbish heaps of ancient tradition, we are not to be supposed to be adherents of the methods of the feeble and unintelligent copiers of the teachers of this infant humanity of ours. We aspire to learn the wisdom of the teachers as they understood it themselves; for them it was science in the best sense of the word, for the sheep they shepherded it was superhuman magic.

G. R. S. M.

## One Who Watched o'er Erin's Destinies

In the Gates of the North. By Standish O'Grady. (Published by Standish O'Grady, Kilkenny; 1901. London Agent: J. M. Watkins, 53, St. Martin's Lane. Price 3*s.* 6*d.*)

In this "semi-historical romance" Mr. O'Grady tells us how the great legendary hero Cuculain held the "Gates of the North," singlehanded, against the invading hosts of the semi-divine Queen Maeve. The tale defies criticism, for around it is woven the unconquerable glamour of all Celtic legends, about which linger still the

ancient power of the Tuatha De Danann, warping the judgment of the critical reviewer and surrounding it with a "Druidic mist." Mr. O'Grady has the power of making these men and women of old time breathe and live, so that no amount of historical research and learned analysis of the nature and origin of myth and legend could persuade the reader, at all events while he reads, that Cuculain and Maeve, Fardia and Laeg, are mere figments of the imagination, clothed in gorgeous garb. We gather that Mr. O'Grady believes the legendary heroes of Ireland to be creations of the national imagination. "The legends," says the Introduction, "give us the imagination of the race; they give us that kind of history which it intends to exhibit, and therefore, whether semi-historical or mythical, are prophetic." With this statement the writer is fully prepared to agree; at the same time it by no means follows that the heroes and their deeds are imaginary. In every nation we find legends of an heroic age, of semi-divine heroes; in such stories the student of Theosophy finds a profound meaning. The lives of such heroes doubtless picture the possibilities that lie before the race; the possibilities that are within the grasp of every individual soul who helps to build the nation to which he belongs. The lives of all great souls, whether such be represented as heroes mighty in battle, or as divine incarnations sent forth to teach the world the truths of the inner planes, strike the keynote of the race in which they appear. The stories of their lives, played out in actual fact on the physical plane, are reflections of the story of the inner life. The key to the partial understanding of the legend of Cuculain, of the story of Arjuna, of the story of Parsifal, as of other heroes of poem and legend, lies in a phrase used in the introduction to this book, wherein Mr. O'Grady says the action of the strange tale takes place "half in and half out of the world." Apart from this more subtle meaning wherein lies the chief charm of the story to those who study mysticism, there is abundant beauty in the heroic tale itself. It must be a dull imagination that is not stirred by the portrait of the subtle queen, with her blending of feminine charm and warrior strength, by the noble figure of Fergus MacRoy, by the great beauty and pathos of the scenes wherein the hero Cuculain keeps the ford alone; true, in his loneliness, to those whom he believes to have abandoned him to death; it is difficult to believe that the battle with Fardia, and the grief of Cuculain over the friend whom duty has compelled him to slay, are pure "romance." The tale has living power in it; the "mental darkness" of the Irish hero,

though more poignant, is reminiscent of the despondency of Arjuna; in the one case the hero is comforted and instructed of the "Blessed Shee," in the other, also, a divine voice speaks in counsel, from the lips of the great Avatâra Kṛishṇa.

I. H.

## Concerning the "Covent Garden" and Other Current Theories of the Origin of Religion

Magic and Religion. By Andrew Lang. (London: Longmans; 1901. Price 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Since the days of Bryant, with his fantastic "arkiteism," we have had innumerable theories of every sort and description to explain the complex problems of mythology and the sphinx-like mystery of the origins of religion. The inaccurate data of the early pioneers in this rich field of research have now given place to a laborious and painstaking collection of material of a truly encyclopædic nature, and to a sifting of the evidence which is gradually bringing about conditions that may in the near future lead to some theory which will deserve with some show of justice the name of scientific.

Up to the present, however, we have been assisting at a series of funerals of short-lived hypotheses, all of which have been crushed out of life by the gigantic weight laid upon them. No doubt some of these theories may still be of service to give partial explanation to some special group of facts, but their ability to explain all that has been claimed for them by their foster-parents must be for ever abandoned. Thus we have given decent burial to the "solar-myth" theory, the "disease of language" panacæa, the "dawn" theory, the "polar" scheme, and many another. And yet, strange to say, although all these have been abandoned, there exists, even to-day, a strong body of scholars of the anthropological and folk-lore persuasion who have succeeded for the moment in imposing their authority on a great part of the scientific world by means of hypotheses which are often even less satisfactory than those we have mentioned.

The Herbert Spencer-Tylor-Fraser-Hartland school of savage customs, and the rest, reign sovereign in the present "empire of hypothesis." For these scholars religion in its origins is a very poor thing indeed; ignorance, fear, superstition, and savagery, are its only nurses. The poetry of the past, the romance of antiquity, the beauty of mythopœia, the comforting tradition of help and teaching given to infant human kind, of love and protection bestowed on child

humanity, are relentlessly eliminated. They will interpret the whole of the past by means of the existing savage present, and will have it that this present preserves nothing but what is low.

This much, however, can be said of this work, that it is marvellously painstaking in the collection of material; it for ever puts out of date the vague and unscholarly compilations of the past. But where it breaks down is in the fact that the material is on the one hand too vast in quantity for any mental stomach to contain, and too poor in quality to allow of its beneficial assimilation.

In other words, the domain of the "history of religion" is a world too vast for any present-day Columbus of letters to sketch out in his study, even in its most general outlines. He can only construct a fantastic "mappa mundi"; he cannot draw a scientific chart of its real land and water distribution. And having made this fancied map of human history and human nature, he proudly prances upon his special hobby-horse across the lands of this imagined world in quest of "vegetation gods," or whatever other mythologic freak he is collecting.

And yet there is no doubt that many men of intellect, some of very great intellect, are very pleased to take shares in this latest syndicate floated on the anthropological market. They seem dazzled by the figures on the prospectus. Now all the world at this late hour knows something about hypnotism; but there is such a thing as the "higher hypnotism" of which as yet but little is known or even suspected. In this higher hypnotism the subject is not sent to sleep by some bright object, or by gazing at a spot on the wall; he is glamoured by far more subtle means. For instance, the best way to glamour the "careful student," and the man who clamours for "a scientific work on the subject," is by means of lavish citation of authority; give him only enough notes and quotations, with careful reference to page and edition, with the original text if in a dead or foreign tongue, with proper names and technical terms correctly transliterated if in translation, and he will almost unconsciously accept the card castle of the author's "perhaps's," "it may be inferred's," "if we are permitted to conjecture's," as a solid structure of proved fact.

In such a state of affairs it is pleasant to see a David with a few pebbles from the brook of commonsense coming forward to do battle with this Goliath. Mr. Andrew Lang, in a collection of essays under the general title *Magic and Religion*, continues the good work he inau-

gurated by his *Making of Religion*, and boldly attacks the champion of the Philistines in the study of the origins of religion. He singles out specially the theories put forward in *The Golden Bough*, which Mr. Fraser has just brought out in a new and greatly enlarged edition. For some ten years scholars of a certain class of mind have spoken of *The Golden Bough* with bated breath. Here at last was the really scientific method applied to myth and legend, and the genesis of the religious idea! Mr. Lang does not content himself with criticising some unimportant details, he boldly attacks the main contentions of Mr. Fraser, and the "Golden Bough," with its "rex nemorensis" and the "Sacæan origin" of the crucifixion-drama, instead of remaining the invulnerable breastplate of the champion of a truly scientific school of mythic exegesis, is pounded into scrap iron. The "vegetation god," the totem of one class of this tribe, taken as a scientific hypothesis, is shown to be a fetish and no "high god." When Mr. Lang is most restrained he politely insinuates that "the agricultural motive is somewhat over-worked"; when he can no longer retain his laughter he refers to it as the "vegetable" or "Covent Garden" theory, and so with the rest; it is entertaining as well as instructive reading.

Lack of space only prevents us following the *critique* of this able writer in detail, and this to our regret because of the very great service his work is to many of ourselves, not only in insisting on what a really thorough sifting of evidence means, but also in clearing the way for some of the ideas which we believe throw a brilliant light on the gloom of our human origins.

G. R. S. M.

### "Metaphysical" Mummification

How to Live for Ever. By Harry Gaze. (Oakland, California, U.S.A.)

This book is only worth our notice as a specimen of a large and apparently increasing class of American writings. Ideas of the power of mind over matter, and of the progress of mankind of which this power seems to be the pledge, are taken up in the States, and especially on the Californian side of the Continent, with an enthusiasm wholly out of proportion to anything which our stolid English mind can show. The logical working out of Faith-healing is that if faith were strong enough we need not die at all; and this is the thesis which Mr. Gaze sets himself to prove. Readers of the well-

known *Elixir of Life* will be aware that there is a certain foundation for this statement, but will also know how miserably inadequate for the purpose are the means suggested. This, however, is hardly to be regretted, for the "practical" American mind is not satisfied with mere spiritualities. Our author says: "To sum it up, the sub-conscious nature under the influence of the death-dealing delusion of limited life, has repressed the vital forces instead of freely expressing them. Expression is life; Repression is stagnation—death." And what *that* means, we have had abundant illustration in this kind of literature already. We need not be too much alarmed at the evident predominance of the Black side in all this; it is but temporary—the scum of the fermenting vat. The next step is to learn to distinguish between the lower nature, whose "vital force" must be sternly repressed, come what will to the body, and the higher Soul and Spirit whose "expression *is* life," the "Eternal Life" alike of Pagan and Christian. And we have full confidence that, under the guidance of Those who are laying broad and deep the foundations of the new Race in the very country of which we speak, this step will be taken before long, and these extravagances swept away for ever.

A. A. W.

## The National Movement in Modern Europe

A Lecture delivered by K. Sundarama Aiyar, M.A., Prof. Gov. College, Kumbakonam, at the Srirangam Club. (Trichinopoly; 1901.)

Although the subject of this well-printed booklet takes it outside the range of books generally noticed in this Review, for it deals with history in its political aspect, yet it cannot be left unmentioned in these pages. For though not in any sense theosophical, it is yet written in such good English, shows so wide and intimate an acquaintance with the modern history of Europe, and displays so much original and careful thought and study, that it claims at least a few words of commendation and recognition—especially as its author is an old member of the Society.

Its appearance is the more gratifying as it raises at least a hope that this booklet may herald the awakening of a real interest in historical study, and a spirit of careful, unbiassed research into ancient history as well as a study of its modern phases, which is greatly needed in India to-day. Let us hope that some day a school of historical research will grow up in India and that the past of its ancient

civilisation may be investigated by competent Hindu scholars with that accuracy, care and industry which its immense importance demands. B. K.

## Magazines and Pamphlets

In the June *Theosophist* Colonel Olcott continues his experiences amongst the French schools of hypnotism. He makes a valuable quotation from Seeligmüller, which applies equally to certain other commissions and reports: "When we consider the history of animal magnetism we see that commissions always find what they wish to find; the result is always what they expect. Commissions, in fact, are much influenced by auto-suggestion." The other articles are the conclusion of C. W. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Unseen World"; and that of Mr. Cattanach's "Lessons from the Life of Anna Kingsford," which is a model of reasonable treatment of a somewhat thorny subject. As to her experiences with H.P.B. at Ostend, his remarks seem to answer a difficulty which some of us may have felt: "Once more it is asserted that the T.S. is 'an association at once powerful and hostile' to Mrs. Kingsford and Mr. Maitland, because of certain experiences they had at Ostend. It seems strange that from their own experiences they could not recognise that the influences which they found 'powerful and hostile' to them, may have been of the same nature to their hostess, considering that her mission was exactly the same as theirs—the restoration of Truth. And that they found the influences particularly powerful and hostile is not a matter for surprise, as very likely they were the same which were trying to hinder Mme. Blavatsky's work. It takes strong influences to stop a strong worker; and as I consider Mme. Blavatsky was an infinitely stronger character than either Dr. Kingsford or Mr. Maitland, the influences that were trying to stop her work, coming within the sphere of the weaker workers, though equally earnest, would naturally be more than usually distressing to them, although quite accustomed to similar influences themselves." M. A. C. Thirlwall concludes "Hindu Morality, from the *Mahâbhârata*." The account he gives of the two chapters on the duties of the Kshattriyas and Brâhmaṇas is especially valuable to those who are not clear as to the duties of the men of the Western world. These are, for the most part, those of the Kshattriya class, to fight, bravely and nobly; and it is but a small number of *us* whose progress lies in the self-abnegation and renunciation which is the Dharma of the Brâhmaṇa—the Saint, as we should call him. Nothing but mischief can come of that "mixing of

Dharmas" which ensues when these spiritualities are enforced on the other caste—the fault of nearly all modern religions, and one which it needs much watchfulness and courage to keep our own Society free from. The next article, Mr. George Simpson's "Renunciation," may seem to contradict this, but only in seeming. There was "renunciation" enough in the life of the mediæval knight or the Japanese feudal warrior; and in it lay all his power and the grandeur of his character; though it was directed to making him a noble warrior instead of an humble saint—*that* was the fulfilment of *his* Dharma. "Matter and Its Higher Phases," by F. M. Parr, and the *Râma Gîtâ*, by G. Kṛishṇa Shastri conclude a good number.

*Prasnottara*, June, has the continuation of Prof. M. N. Chatterji's "Philosophy of Religion"; of "Sri Krishna"; a few notes of a lecture by Mrs. Besant, and some questions, published, as seems the Indian custom, without any attempt at giving an answer. The Editor of *The Vâhan* wishes *his* work were so simple. His readers are not so easily satisfied!

*Central Hindu College Magazine*, June. In this number Mrs. Besant continues her short but important papers, "In Defence of Hinduism," speaking this time of the correspondences in the lives of Shrî Kṛishṇa and Jesus Christ, with the needful warning that "you must not make the common mistake of thinking that the later story was *copied* from the earlier." A. C. Lloyd speaks of the Royal Library at Nineveh; H. Banbery of Indian Heroes; H. Whyte of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, and Mrs. Lauder of Giordano Bruno. We are glad to find from the Report that the Plague has almost entirely ceased at Benares.

*Theosophic Gleaner*, June, contains a good selection of original papers and reproductions from the American magazines.

The most interesting articles in the May *Brahmavâdin*, are the continuation of Swâmi Vivekânanda's "East and West," containing an enthusiastic, but on the whole not overdrawn panegyric on France and Paris; and a reprint of Sir A. C. Lyall's "Brâhmanism," with a long and temperately expressed defence against his criticisms.

The Colombo *Buddhist* for June continues to do credit to its new editor. From his hand we have "The Higher Criticism of Christianity," and there are various papers of more local interest, and a portion of Mr. Leadbeater's "Unseen World."

Also received from India: *The Dawn; The Âryа; Awakener of India; Sat Mârga Bodhinî; Indian Review*.

*The Vâhan*, July. The questions treated in the "Enquirer," are as to the growth of the soul during spiritual periods, cremation, our attitude towards socialism, cosmic consciousness, and the black problem in America! It may fairly be hoped that all readers will find *something* to interest them.

From the "Chronique" of the *Bulletin Théosophique* for July, we are glad to find Dr. Pascal's labours in Geneva are prospering; two branches already formed, with a prospect of a third before long, so that, "without wishing to appear unreasonably optimistic, we should not be astonished at the speedy formation of a Swiss section of the Society."

*Revue Théosophique*, June, opens with Mrs. Besant's "Some Problems of Morality"; then follow Dr. Pascal's concluding lecture at Geneva; E. Seyffert on Karma; W. C. Worsdell's treatise on "Vestiges of Submerged Continents"; "Phenomena of Crystal Life," by Ch. Blech, junr.; and the continuation of C. W. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*.

*Theosophia* for June, in addition to translations from H. B. P.'s "Fragments of Occult Truth," Mrs. Besant's *Path of Discipleship*, C. W. Leadbeater's *Clairvoyance*, and the Russian fable "From the Life of the Bacilli," published in our own May number, has more of the *Tao-te-King* from J. van Manen, who also furnishes us with a report of the public wrangle for the Doctorate of Dutch Literature, in the Great Hall of the Amsterdam University, wherein the candidate, Mynheer Chr. F. Haje, maintained as the twenty-second of his theses the following: "The Theosophical Movement started by H. P. Blavatsky, and for which she laboured, has not yet been estimated at its due value by the learned world." Mynheer J. v. Manen, himself opposed, and between the two many good things were said which must have astonished the hearers. M. Reepmaker contributes a paper entitled "Over-population." The "Movement" has the report of the Convention, 15th June last.

*Théosophie* has a very well chosen set of selections, and makes a useful little paper.

*Der Vâhan*, No. 1 of the third volume, opens with the usual analysis of our June REVIEW, and the questions and answers from the English *Vâhan*. The number is completed by translations from Mrs. Besant, C. W. Leadbeater and the discourses in memory of H. B. P., published at the time of her death. It is a good idea to republish these, as there are, by this time, many new members to

whom Mme. Blavatsky is hardly more than a name; and these in England as well as abroad.

*Sophia* for July opens with Mrs. Besant's lecture on "Thought-Power." It contains also, "A Chapter from the Spanish Thinker, Sánchez Calvo;" Dr. Pascal's Geneva Conférences; a portion of the *Idyll of the White Lotus* and a few questions and answers selected from *The Vâhan*.

*Theosophy in Australasia* for May is chiefly occupied with the Convention, which met on the 4th of last May. The state of affairs revealed in the transactions seems to be highly satisfactory, with the two important exceptions that the number of members remains nearly stationary, and that they do not support their own magazine—this last, a complaint not unheard nearer home. We have a lecture by Dr. Marques on the "Spiral Law in Nature," and a fifth part of A. Fullerton's "Death as viewed through Theosophy," as the main literary contents of the number.

*N.Z. Theosophical Magazine* for May has an interesting paper read by Mrs. Bell at the Harrogate Lodge, entitled "No Cross, no Crown," and Helen Horne continues her "Theosophy applied to the Education of Children." It is all very beautiful; but surely the unhappy parents have some claim to consideration; they don't exist *entirely* for the children's sake! There is somewhere an unreality in all this; the true lessons of life are not those taught to the child by parent or teacher, even the best; they are learnt only in the world outside, and each must learn for himself. A fairy story for the children and some little child's letters about the "Golden Chain" make up the lighter portion of the entertainment.

*The Theosophic Messenger*, June, contains the continuation of Mr. Leadbeater's lecture on "The Fourth Dimension," and some questions and answers from *The Vâhan*. The exceedingly useful Index work is continued, the book indexed this month being C. W. Leadbeater's *Astral Plane*.

Also received: *Light; Humanity; Theosophischer Wegweiser; Neue Metaphysische Rundschau; Metaphysical Magazine; Mind; Notes and Queries; Review of Reviews.*

Also: *Reincarnation*, the Universal Religion of the 20th Century, by Alexander Joyce, Christchurch, New Zealand; *El Vegetarismo* como Fundamento para una nueva Vita, por Dr. Foerster, Arequipa.

A.

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